MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

APRIL

NO. 42

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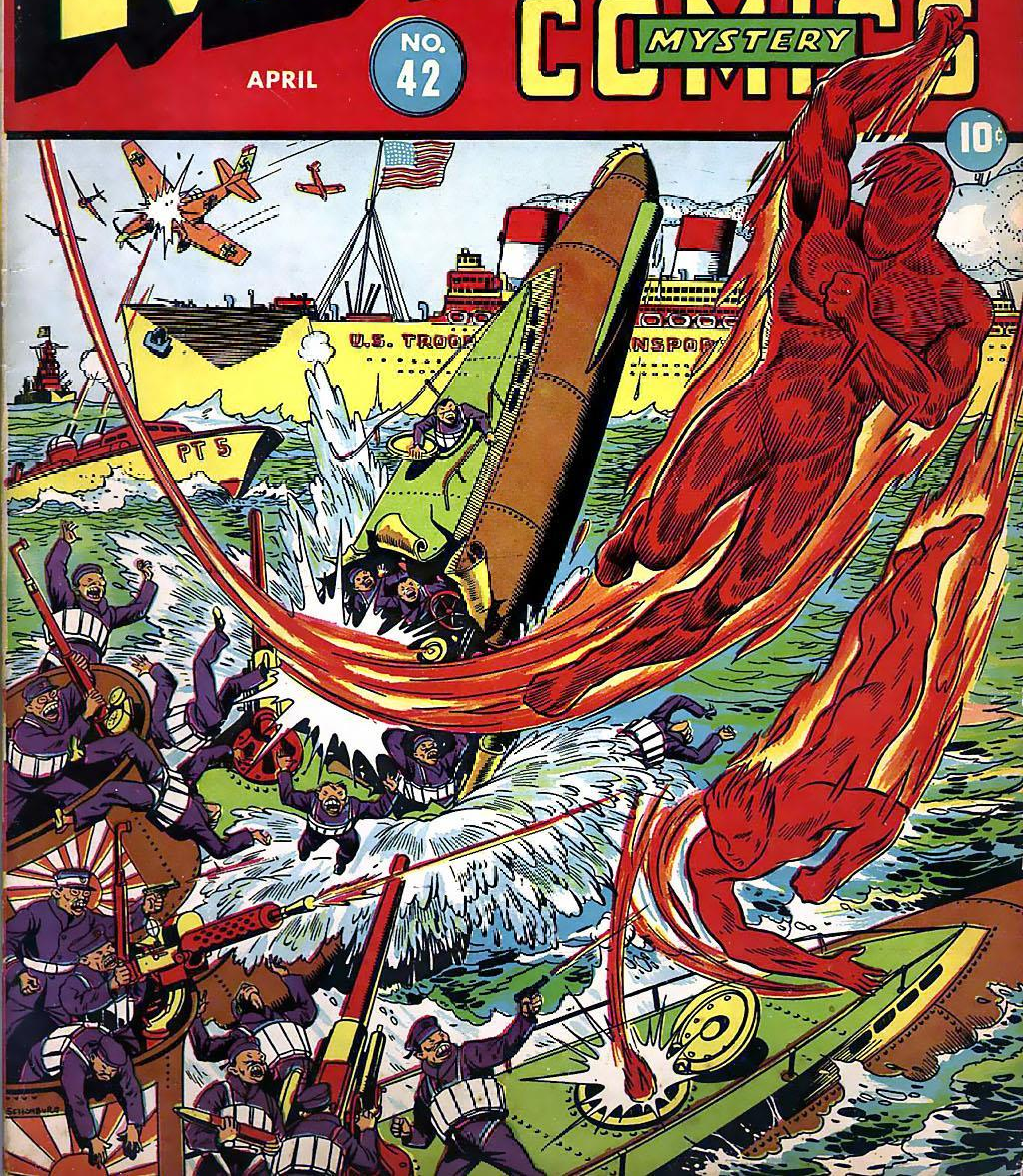
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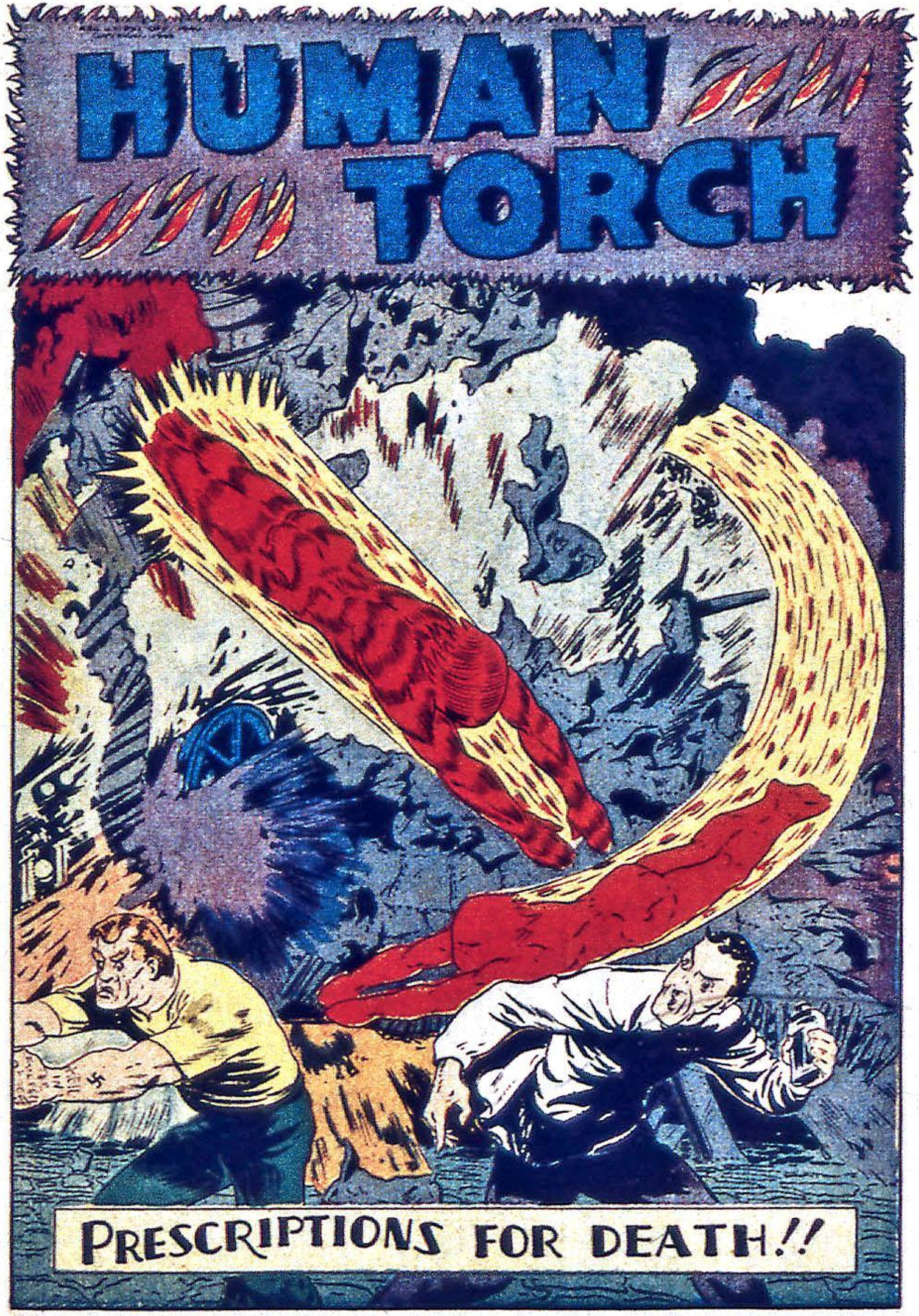
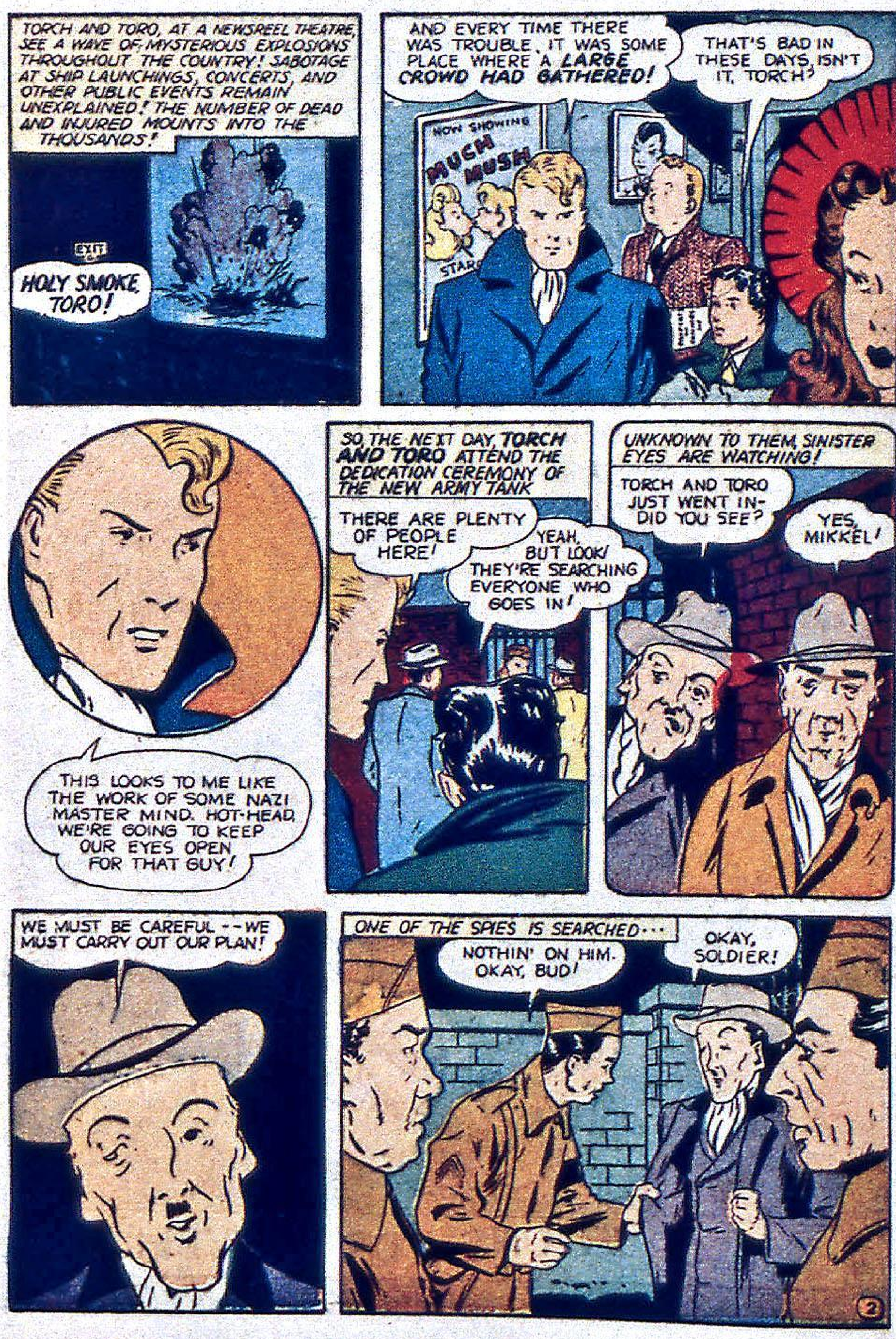
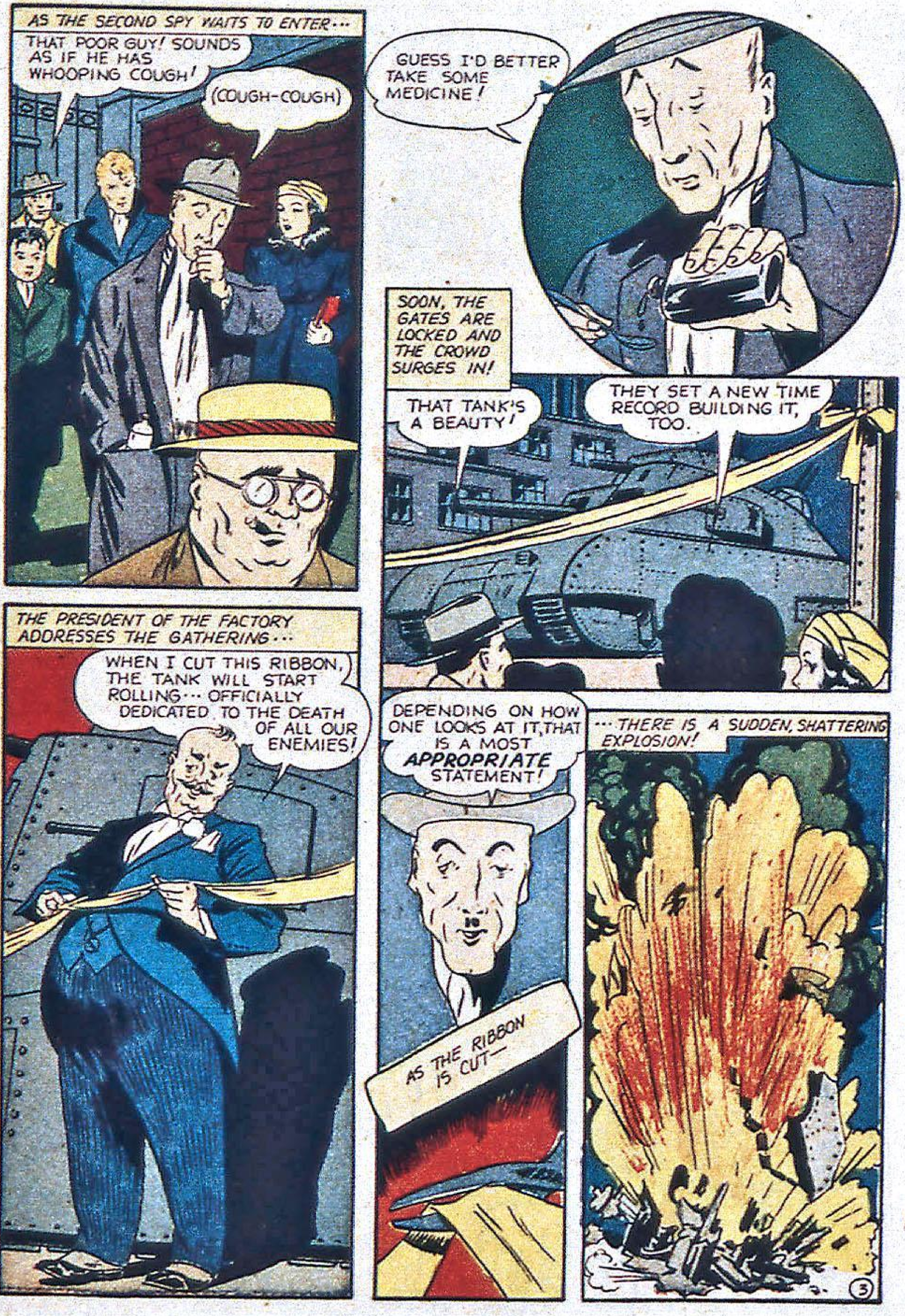
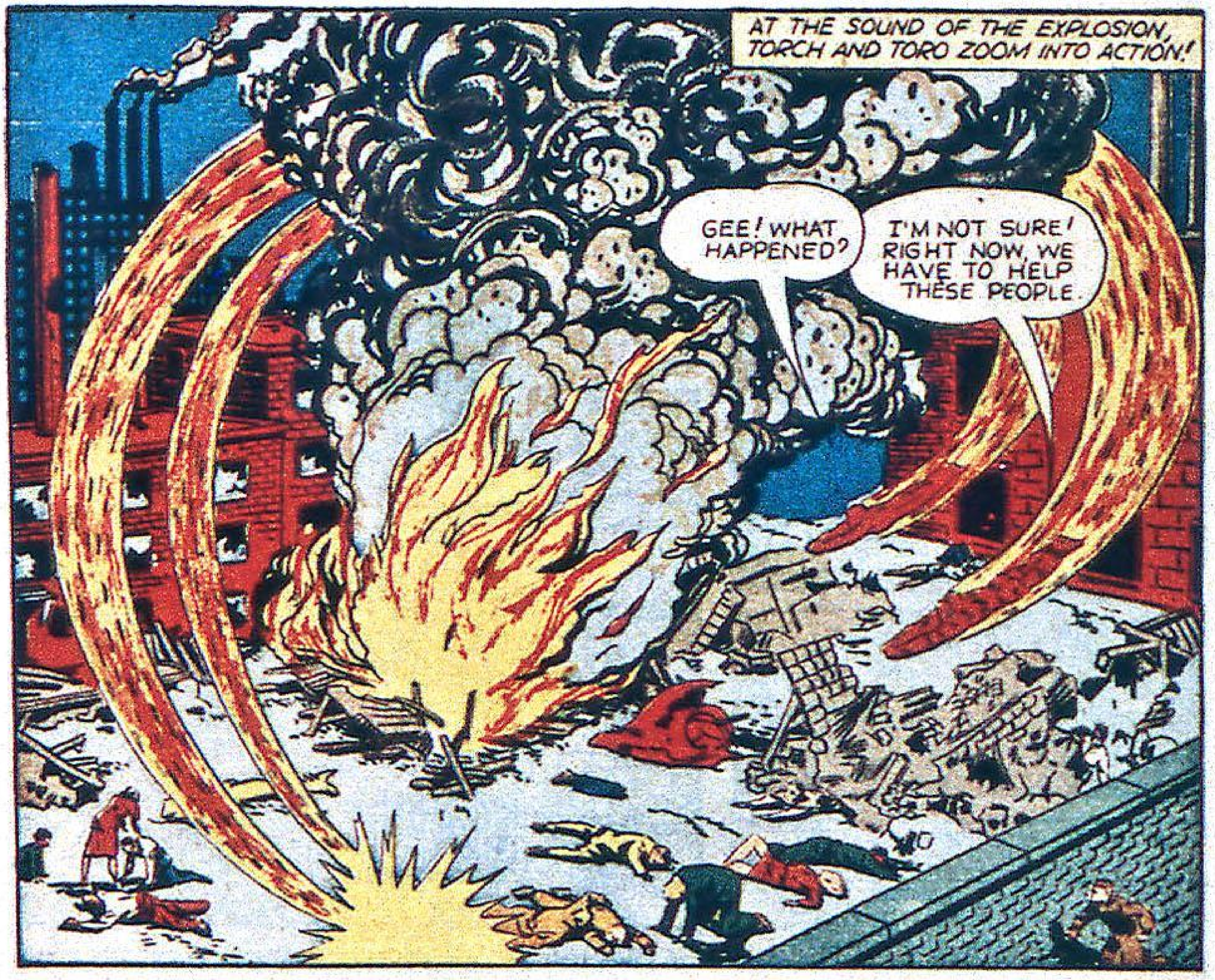
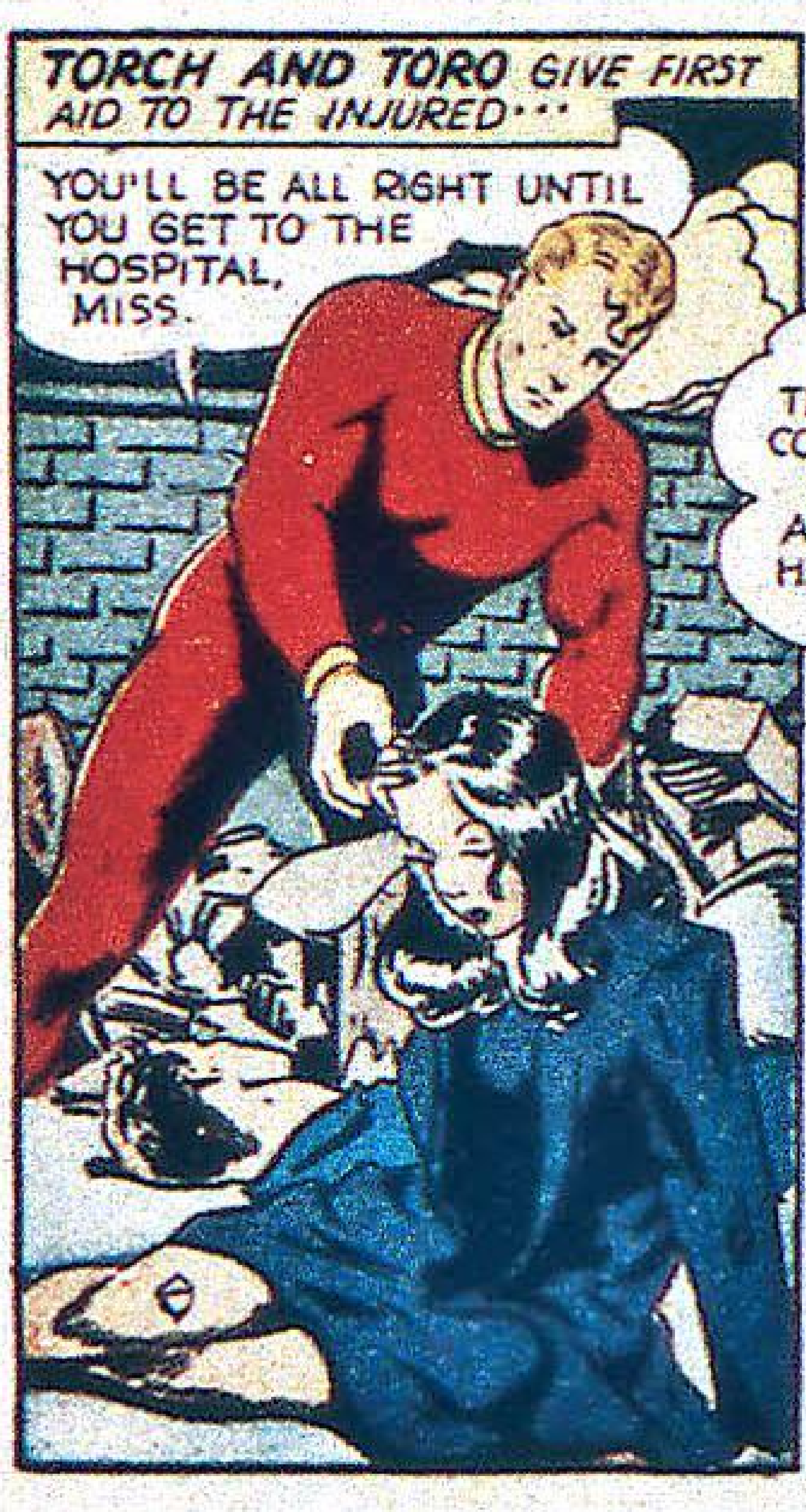
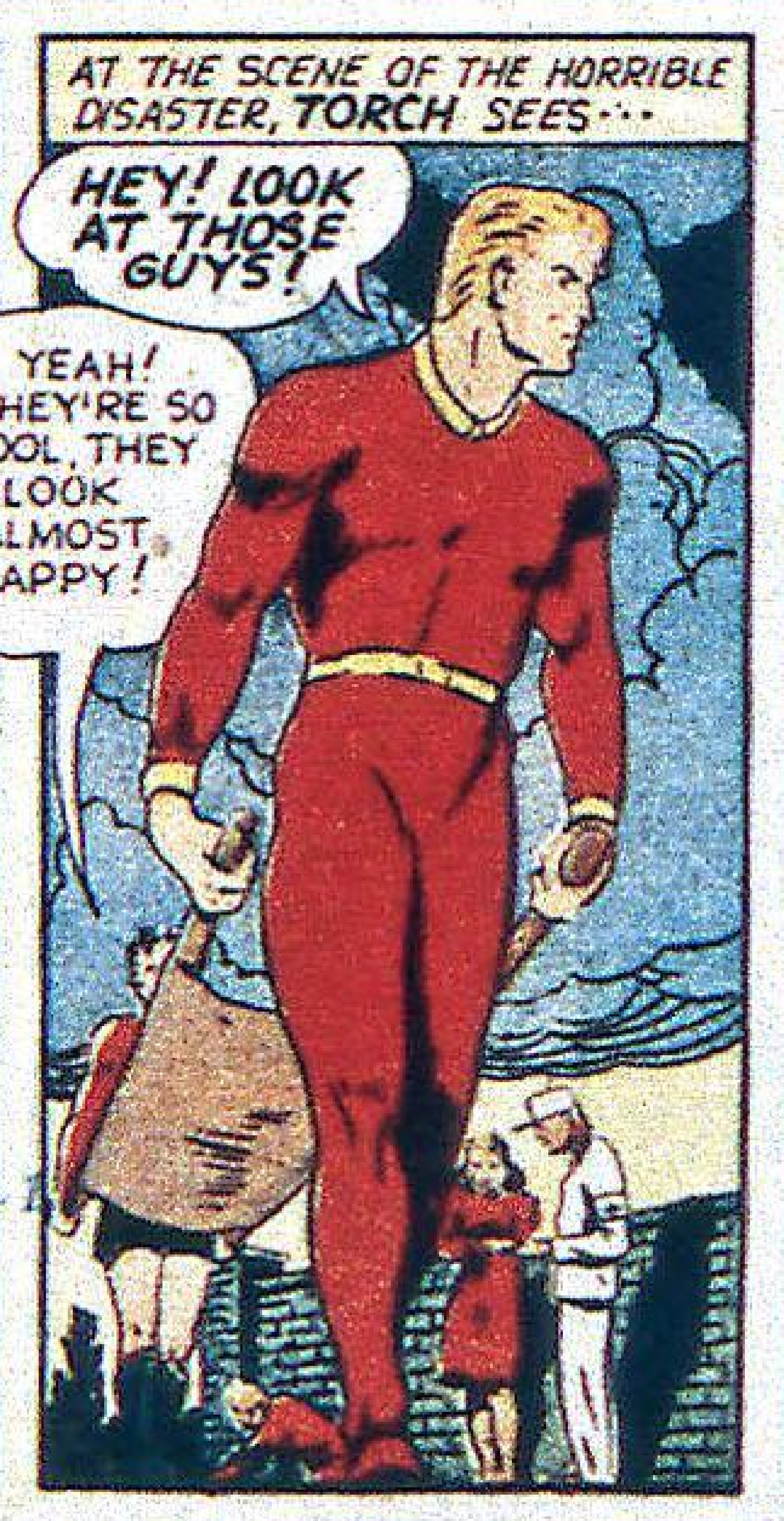

HUMAN TORCH
PRESCRIPTIONS FOR DEATH!!

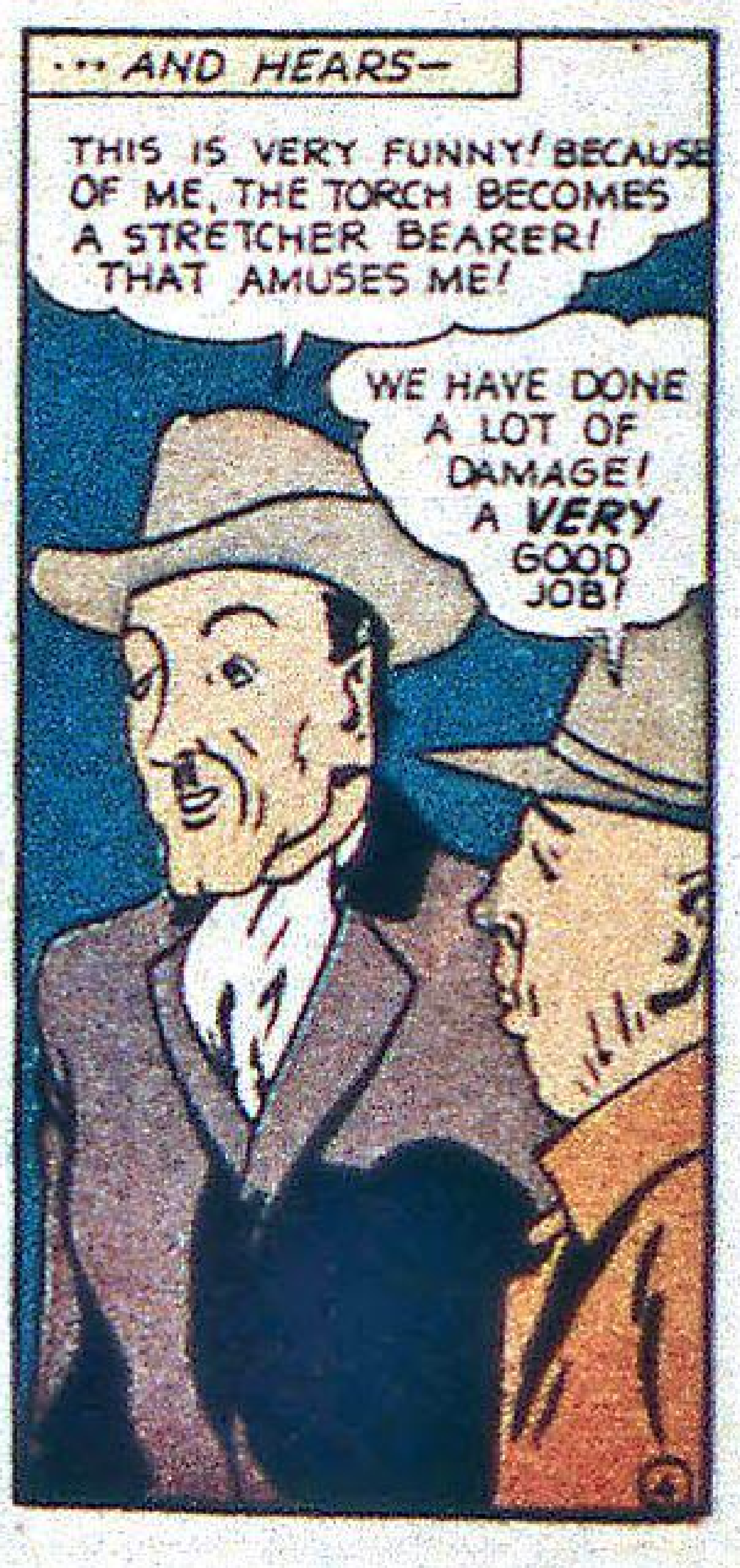

TORCH AND TORO, AT A NEWSREEL THEATRE, SEE A WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY! SABOTAGE AT SHIP LAUNCHINGS, CONCERTS, AND OTHER PUBLIC EVENTS REMAIN UNEXPLAINED! THE NUMBER OF DEAD AND INJURED MOUNTS INTO THE THOUSANDS!
EXIT
HOLY SMOKE, TORO!
AND EVERY TIME THERE WAS TROUBLE, IT WAS SOME PLACE WHERE A LARGE CROWD HAD GATHERED!
THAT'S BAD IN THESE DAYS, ISN'T IT, TORCH?
NOW SHOWING
MUCH MUSH
STARS
THIS LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE WORK OF SOME NAZI MASTER MIND. HOT-HEAD. WE'RE GOING TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN FOR THAT GUY!
SO, THE NEXT DAY, TORCH AND TORO ATTEND THE DEDICATION CEREMONY OF THE NEW ARMY TANK
THERE ARE PLENTY OF PEOPLE HERE!
YEAH, BUT LOOK! THEY'RE SEARCHING EVERYONE WHO GOES IN!
UNKNOWN TO THEM, SINISTER EYES ARE WATCHING!
TORCH AND TORO JUST WENT IN-DID YOU SEE?
YES, MIKKEL!
WE MUST BE CAREFUL -- WE MUST CARRY OUT OUR PLAN!
ONE OF THE SPIES IS SEARCHED...
NOTHIN' ON HIM. OKAY, BUD!
OKAY, SOLDIER!

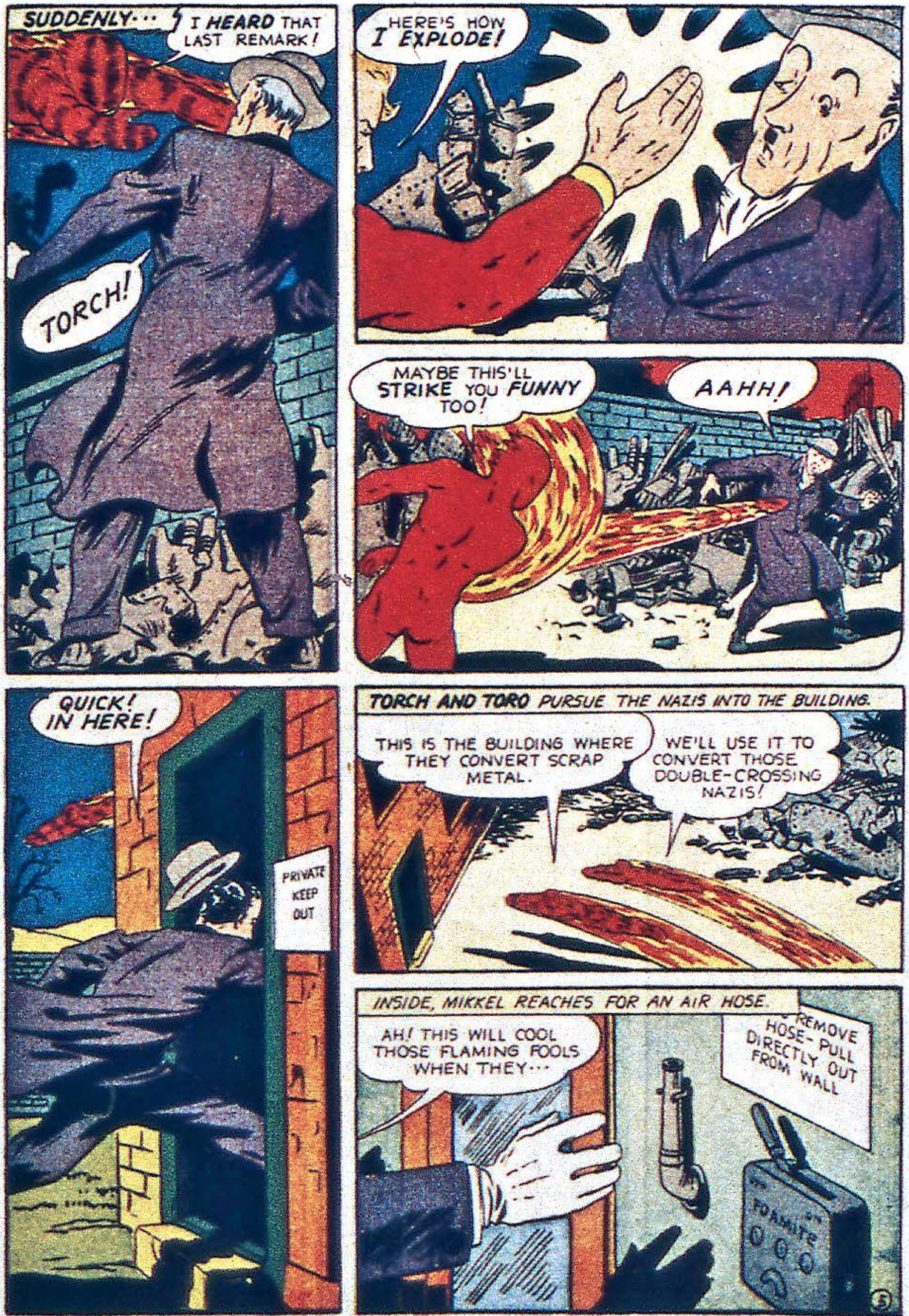

AS THE SECOND SPY WAITS TO ENTER…
THAT POOR GUY! SOUNDS AS IF HE HAS WHOOPING COUGH!
(COUGH-COUGH)
GUESS I'D BETTER TAKE SOME MEDICINE!
SOON, THE GATES ARE LOCKED AND THE CROWD SURGES IN!
THAT TANK'S A BEAUTY!
THEY SET A NEW TIME RECORD BUILDING IT, TOO.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE FACTORY ADDRESSES THE GATHERING…
WHEN I CUT THIS RIBBON, THE TANK WILL START ROLLING… OFFICIALLY DEDICATED TO THE DEATH OF ALL OUR ENEMIES!
DEPENDING ON HOW ONE LOOKS AT IT, THAT IS A MOST APPROPRIATE STATEMENT!
AS THE RIBBON IS CUT—
…THERE IS A SUDDEN, SHATTERING EXPLOSION!

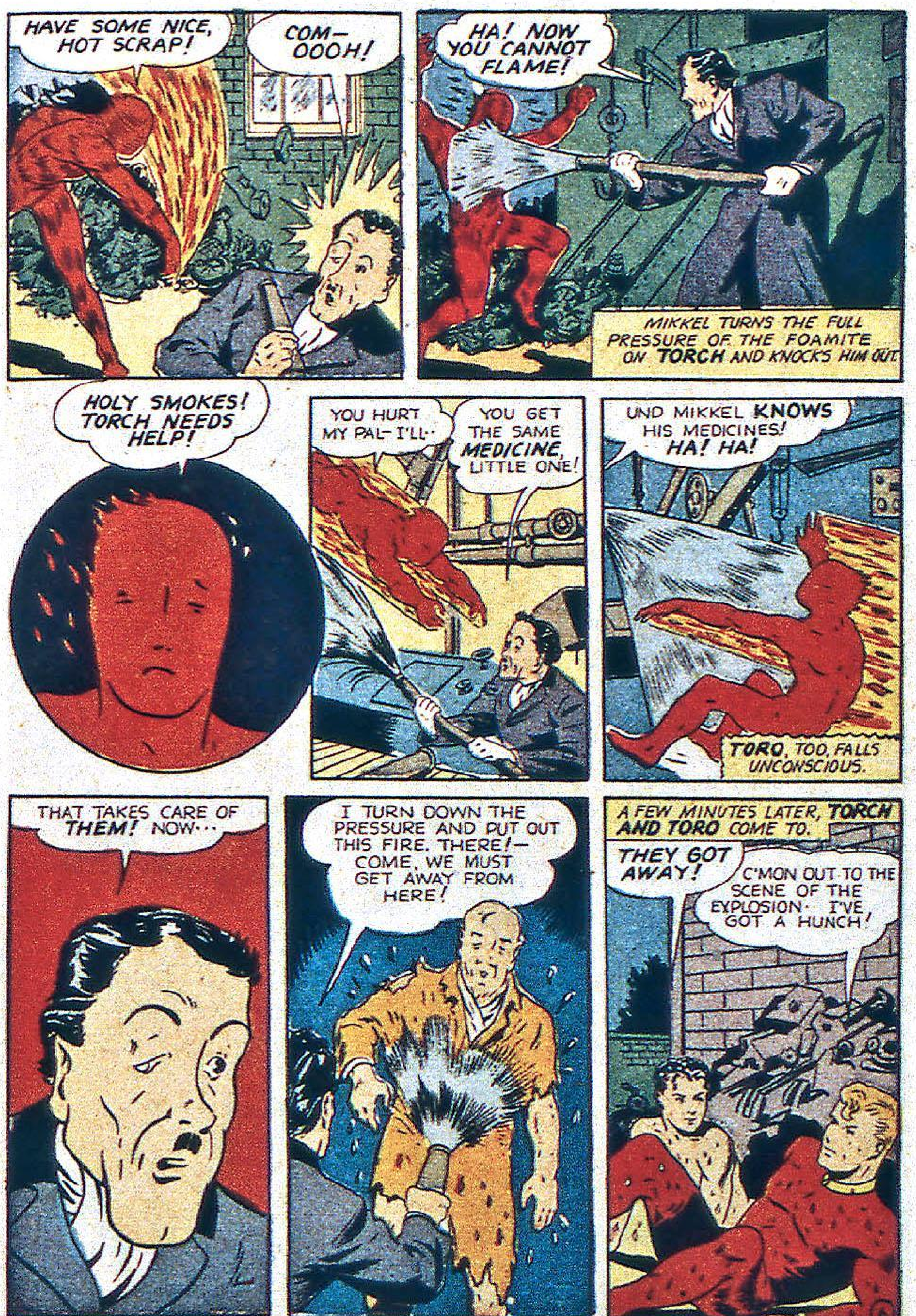

AT THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION, TORCH AND TORO ZOOM INTO ACTION!
GEE! WHAT HAPPENED?
I'M NOT SURE! RIGHT NOW, WE HAVE TO HELP THESE PEOPLE.

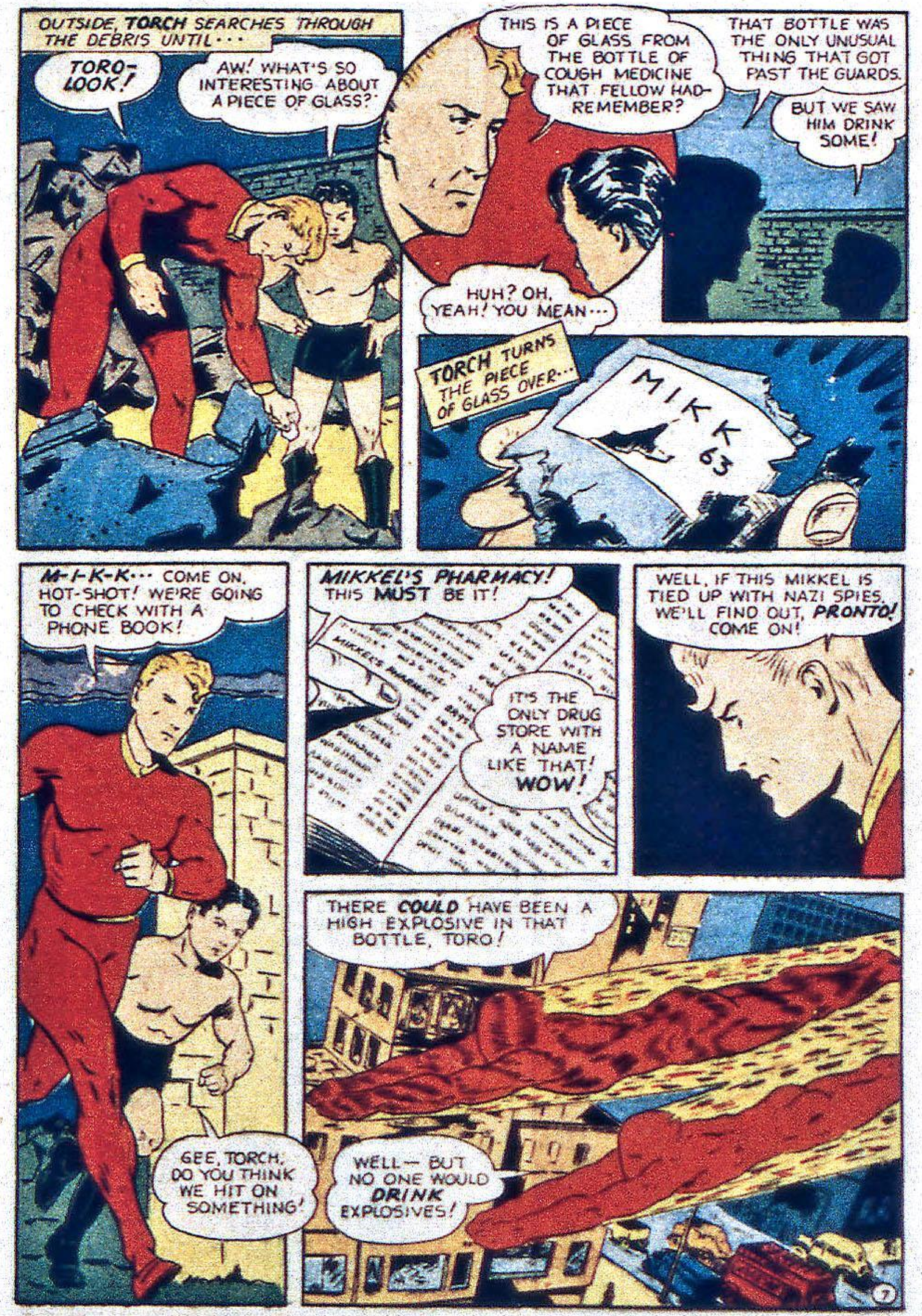

TORCH AND TORO GIVE FIRST AID TO THE INJURED···
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT UNTIL YOU GET TO THE HOSPITAL, MISS.

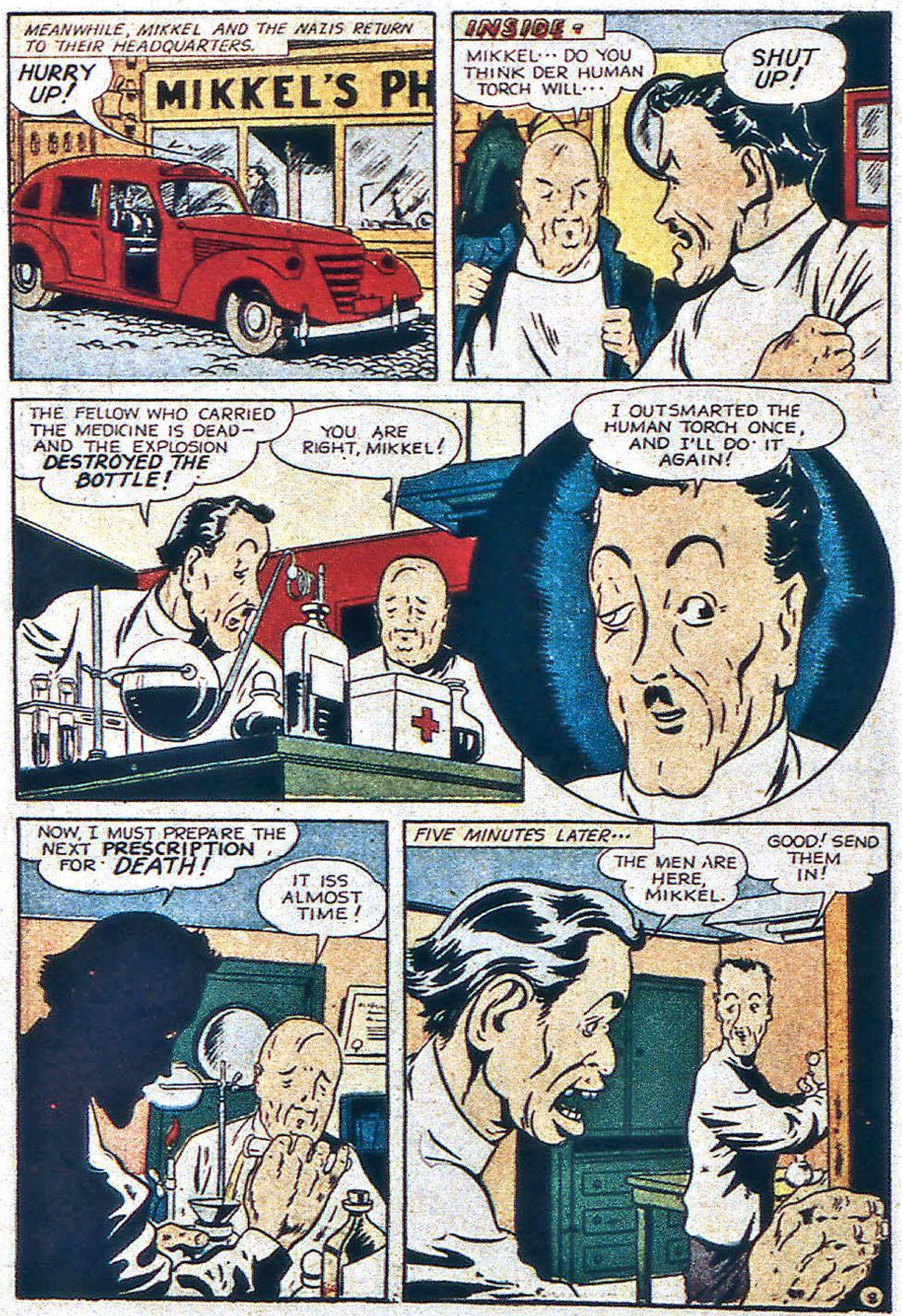

AT THE SCENE OF THE HORRIBLE DISASTER, TORCH SEES···
HEY! LOOK AT THOSE GUYS!
YEAH! THEY'RE SO COOL, THEY LOOK ALMOST HAPPY!

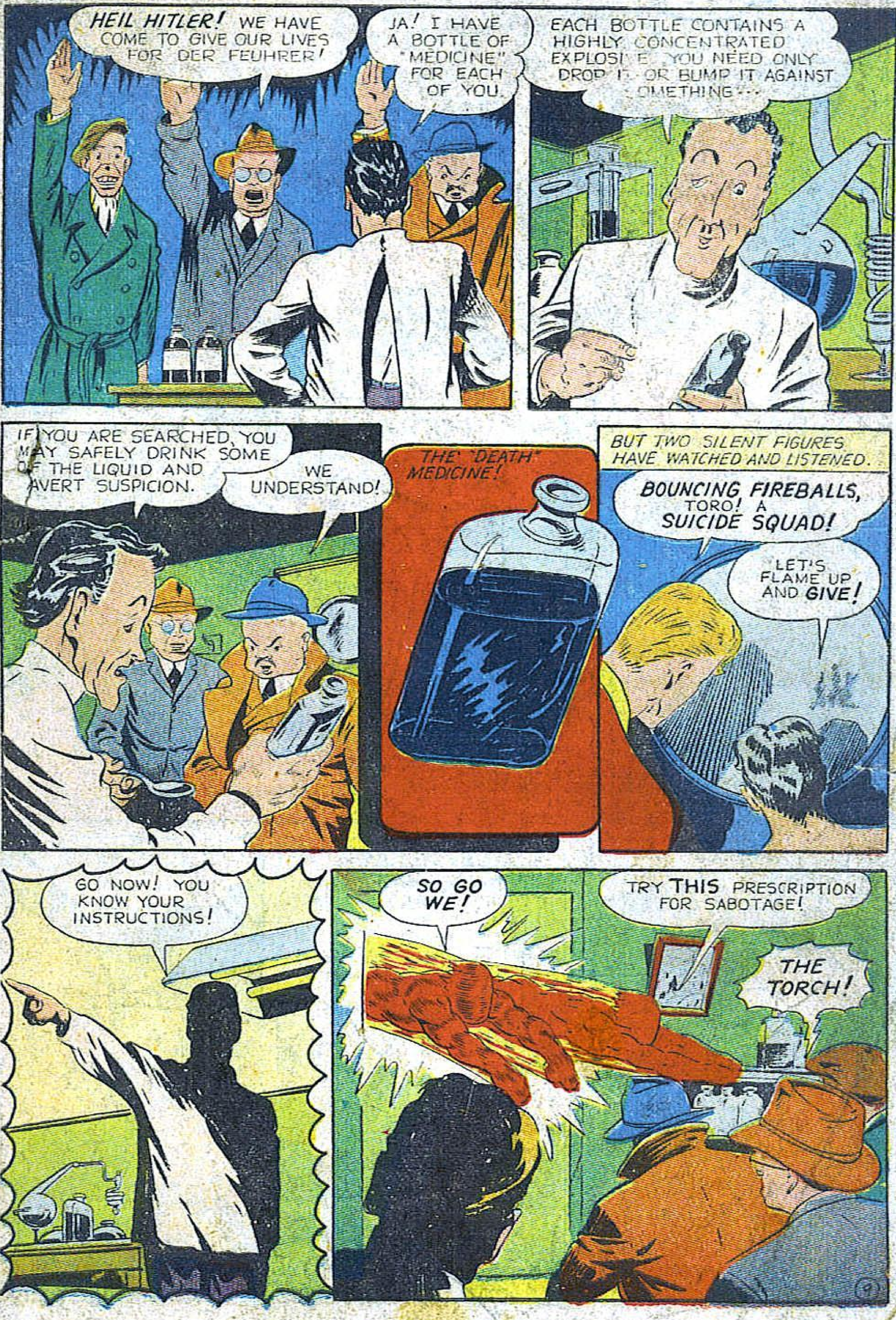

···AND HEARS—
THIS IS VERY FUNNY! BECAUSE OF ME, THE TORCH BECOMES A STRETCHER BEARER! THAT AMUSES ME!
WE HAVE DONE A LOT OF DAMAGE! A VERY GOOD JOB!

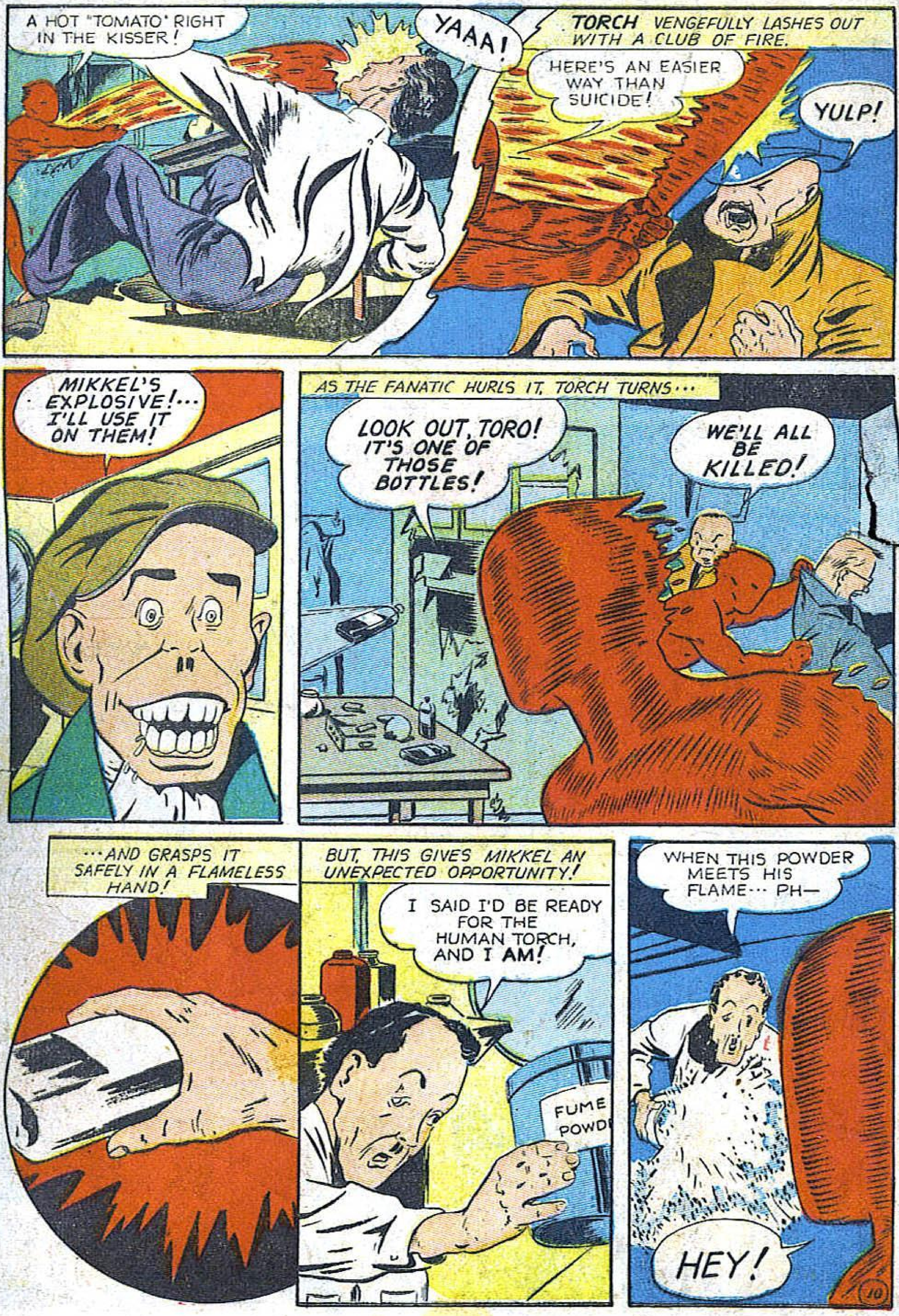

SUDDENLY...
I HEARD THAT LAST REMARK!
TORCH!
HERE'S HOW I EXPLODE!
MAYBE THIS'LL STRIKE YOU FUNNY TOO!
AAHH!
QUICK! IN HERE!
PRIVATE KEEP OUT
TORCH AND TORO PURSUE THE NAZIS INTO THE BUILDING.
THIS IS THE BUILDING WHERE THEY CONVERT SCRAP METAL.
WE'LL USE IT TO CONVERT THOSE DOUBLE-CROSSING NAZIS!
INSIDE, MIKKEL REACHES FOR AN AIR HOSE.
AH! THIS WILL COOL THOSE FLAMING FOOLS WHEN THEY...
REMOVE HOSE-PULL DIRECTLY OUT FROM WALL
FOAMITE

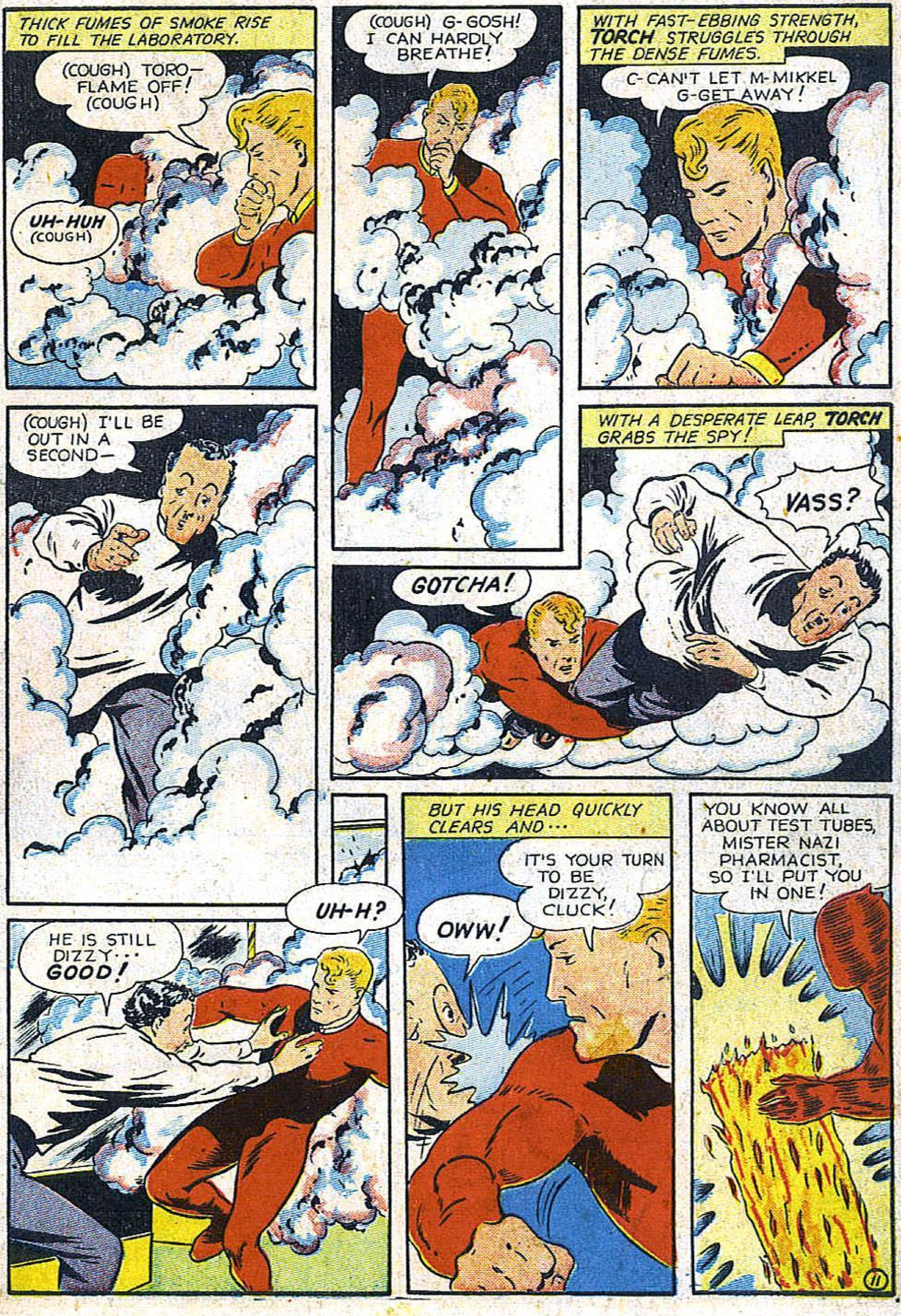

HAVE SOME NICE, HOT SCRAP!
COM— OOOH!
HA! NOW YOU CANNOT FLAME!
MIKKEL TURNS THE FULL PRESSURE OF THE FOAMITE ON TORCH AND KNOCKS HIM OUT.
HOLY SMOKES! TORCH NEEDS HELP!
YOU HURT MY PAL- I'LL··
YOU GET THE SAME MEDICINE, LITTLE ONE!
UND MIKKEL KNOWS HIS MEDICINES! HA! HA!
TORO, TOO, FALLS UNCONSCIOUS.
THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM! NOW···
I TURN DOWN THE PRESSURE AND PUT OUT THIS FIRE. THERE!— COME, WE MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, TORCH AND TORO COME TO.
THEY GOT AWAY!
C'MON OUT TO THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION· I'VE GOT A HUNCH!

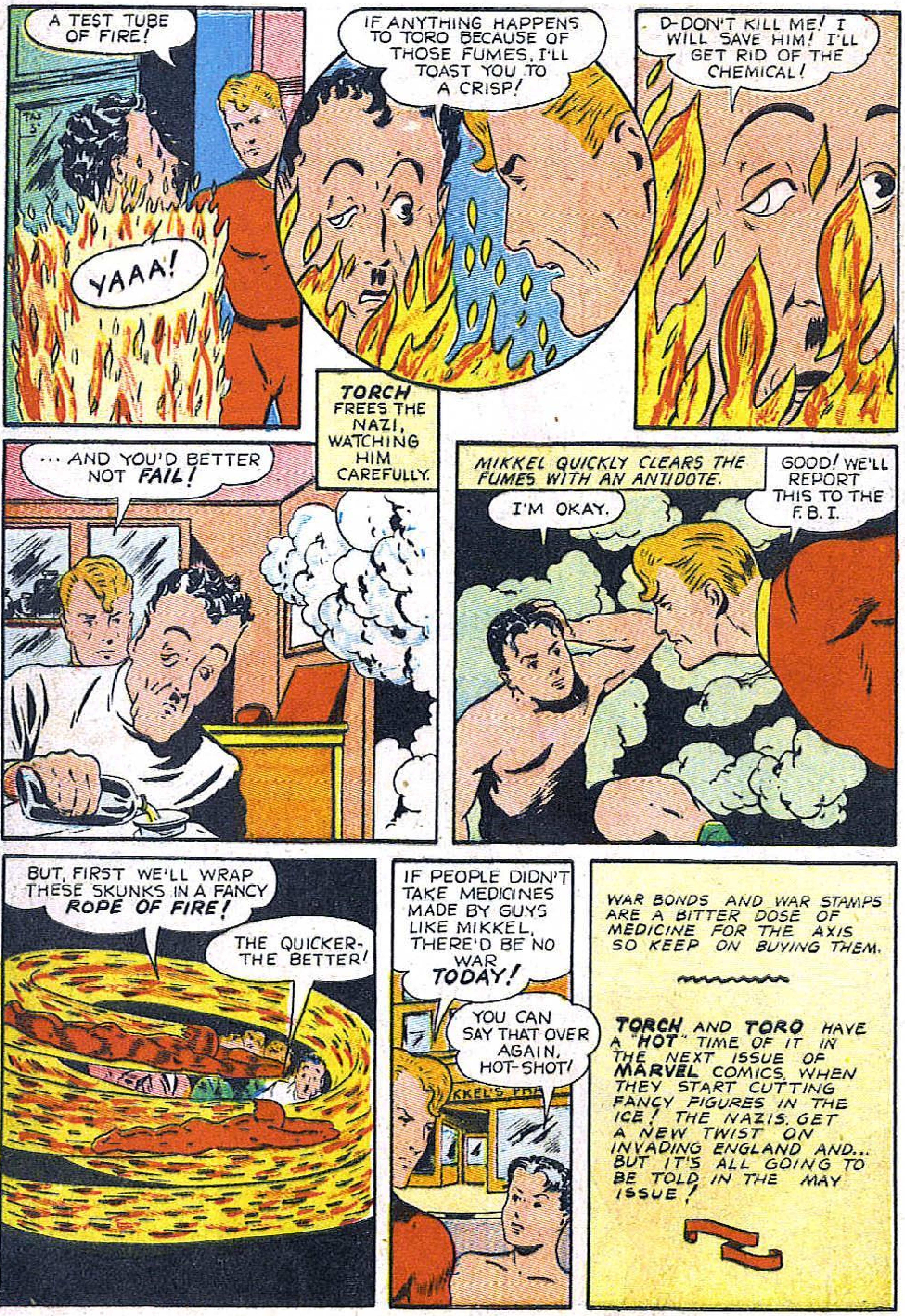

OUTSIDE, TORCH SEARCHES THROUGH THE DEBRIS UNTIL···
TORO— LOOK!
AW! WHAT'S SO INTERESTING ABOUT A PIECE OF GLASS?
THIS IS A PIECE OF GLASS FROM THE BOTTLE OF COUGH MEDICINE THAT FELLOW HAD— REMEMBER?
THAT BOTTLE WAS THE ONLY UNUSUAL THING THAT GOT PAST THE GUARDS.
BUT WE SAW HIM DRINK SOME!
HUH? OH, YEAH! YOU MEAN···
TORCH TURNS THE PIECE OF GLASS OVER···
MIKK 63
M-I-K-K··· COME ON, HOT-SHOT! WE'RE GOING TO CHECK WITH A PHONE BOOK!
GEE, TORCH, DO YOU THINK WE HIT ON SOMETHING!
MIKKEL'S PHARMACY! THIS MUST BE IT!
MIKKEL'S PHARMACY
IT'S THE ONLY DRUG STORE WITH A NAME LIKE THAT! WOW!
WELL, IF THIS MIKKEL IS TIED UP WITH NAZI SPIES, WE'LL FIND OUT, PRONTO! COME ON!
THERE COULD HAVE BEEN A HIGH EXPLOSIVE IN THAT BOTTLE, TORO!
WELL— BUT NO ONE WOULD DRINK EXPLOSIVES!

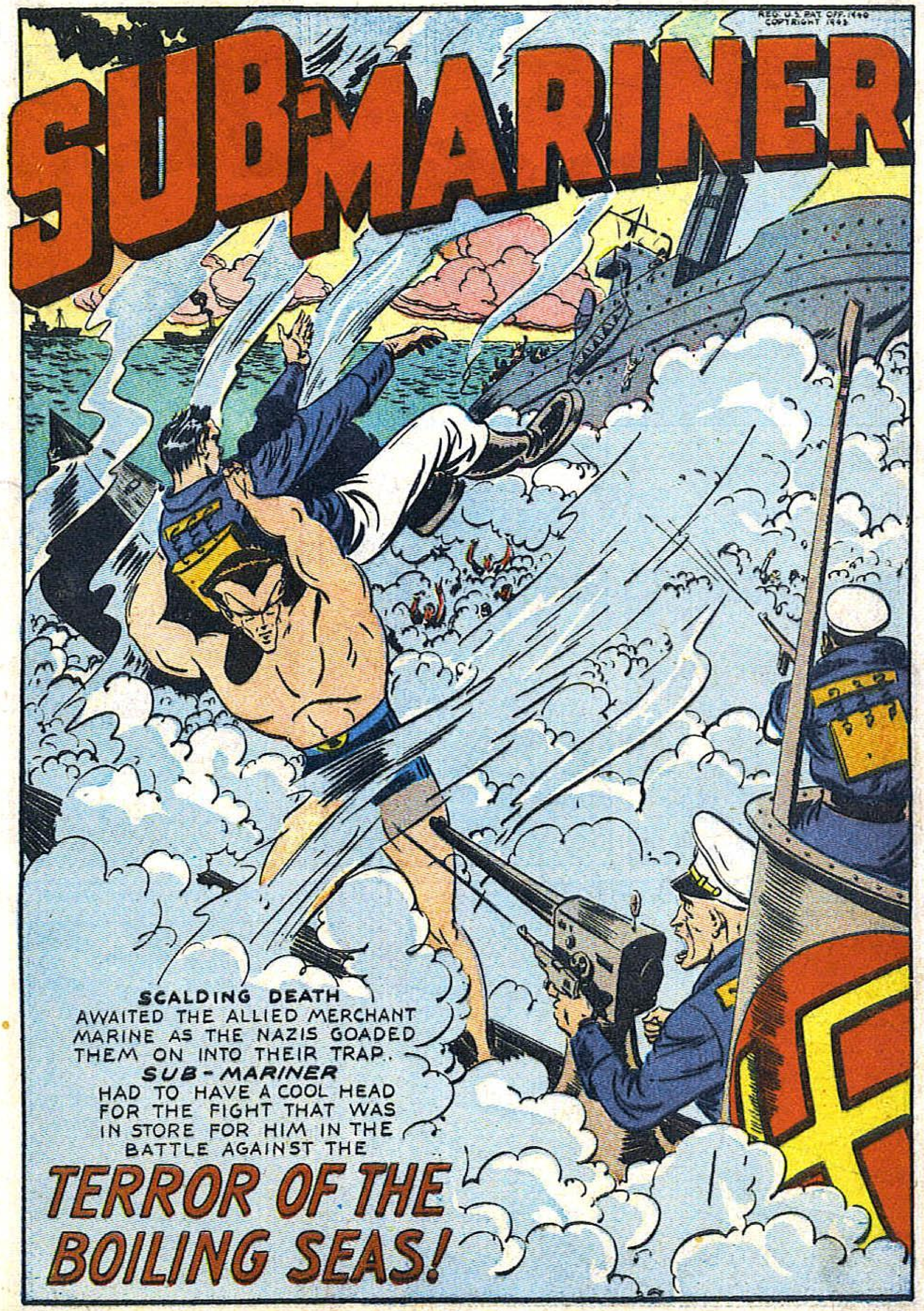

MEANWHILE, MIKKEL AND THE NAZIS RETURN TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS.
HURRY UP!
MIKKEL'S PH
INSIDE
MIKKEL··· DO YOU THINK DER HUMAN TORCH WILL···
SHUT UP!
THE FELLOW WHO CARRIED THE MEDICINE IS DEAD— AND THE EXPLOSION DESTROYED THE BOTTLE!
YOU ARE RIGHT, MIKKEL!
I OUTSMARTED THE HUMAN TORCH ONCE, AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN!
NOW, I MUST PREPARE THE NEXT PRESCRIPTION FOR DEATH!
IT ISS ALMOST TIME!
FIVE MINUTES LATER···
THE MEN ARE HERE, MIKKEL.
GOOD! SEND THEM IN!


HEIL HITLER! WE HAVE COME TO GIVE OUR LIVES FOR DER FEUHRER!
JA! I HAVE A BOTTLE OF "MEDICINE" FOR EACH OF YOU.
EACH BOTTLE CONTAINS A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED EXPLOSIVE. YOU NEED ONLY DROP IT OR BUMP IT AGAINST SOMETHING...
IF YOU ARE SEARCHED, YOU MAY SAFELY DRINK SOME OF THE LIQUID AND AVERT SUSPICION.
WE UNDERSTAND!
THE "DEATH" MEDICINE!
BUT TWO SILENT FIGURES HAVE WATCHED AND LISTENED.
BOUNCING FIREBALLS, TORO! A SUICIDE SQUAD!
LET'S FLAME UP AND GIVE!
GO NOW! YOU KNOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!
SO GO WE!
TRY THIS PRESCRIPTION FOR SABOTAGE!
THE TORCH!


A HOT "TOMATO" RIGHT IN THE KISSER!
YAAA!
TORCH VENGEFULLY LASHES OUT WITH A CLUB OF FIRE.
HERE'S AN EASIER WAY THAN SUICIDE!
YULP!
MIKKEL'S EXPLOSIVE!... I'LL USE IT ON THEM!
AS THE FANATIC HURLS IT, TORCH TURNS···
LOOK OUT, TORO! IT'S ONE OF THOSE BOTTLES!
WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
···AND GRASPS IT SAFELY IN A FLAMELESS HAND!
BUT, THIS GIVES MIKKEL AN UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY!
I SAID I'D BE READY FOR THE HUMAN TORCH, AND I AM!
FUME POWD
WHEN THIS POWDER MEETS HIS FLAME··· PH—
HEY!
10


THICK FUMES OF SMOKE RISE TO FILL THE LABORATORY.
(COUGH) TORO—FLAME OFF! (COUGH)
UH-HUH (COUGH)
(COUGH) G-GOSH! I CAN HARDLY BREATHE!
WITH FAST-EBBING STRENGTH, TORCH STRUGGLES THROUGH THE DENSE FUMES.
C-CAN'T LET M-MIKKEL G-GET AWAY!
(COUGH) I'LL BE OUT IN A SECOND—
WITH A DESPERATE LEAP, TORCH GRABS THE SPY!
VASS?
GOTCHA!
UH-H?
HE IS STILL DIZZY... GOOD!
BUT HIS HEAD QUICKLY CLEARS AND...
IT'S YOUR TURN TO BE DIZZY, CLUCK!
OWW!
YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT TEST TUBES, MISTER NAZI PHARMACIST, SO I'LL PUT YOU IN ONE!


A TEST TUBE OF FIRE!
YAAA!
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO TORO BECAUSE OF THOSE FUMES, I'LL TOAST YOU TO A CRISP!
D-DON'T KILL ME! I WILL SAVE HIM! I'LL GET RID OF THE CHEMICAL!
TORCH FREES THE NAZI, WATCHING HIM CAREFULLY.
... AND YOU'D BETTER NOT ***FAIL!***
MIKKEL QUICKLY CLEARS THE FUMES WITH AN ANTIDOTE.
I'M OKAY.
GOOD! WE'LL REPORT THIS TO THE F. B. I.
BUT, FIRST WE'LL WRAP THESE SKUNKS IN A FANCY ***ROPE OF FIRE!***
THE QUICKER-THE BETTER!
IF PEOPLE DIDN'T TAKE MEDICINES MADE BY GUYS LIKE MIKKEL, THERE'D BE NO WAR ***TODAY!***
YOU CAN SAY THAT OVER AGAIN, HOT-SHOT!
KKEL'S PHA
WAR BONDS AND WAR STAMPS ARE A BITTER DOSE OF MEDICINE FOR THE AXIS SO KEEP ON BUYING THEM.
TORCH *AND* ***TORO*** *HAVE A "****HOT****" TIME OF IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF* ***MARVEL*** *COMICS, WHEN THEY START CUTTING FANCY FIGURES IN THE ICE! THE NAZIS GET A NEW TWIST ON INVADING ENGLAND AND... BUT IT'S ALL GOING TO BE TOLD IN THE MAY ISSUE!*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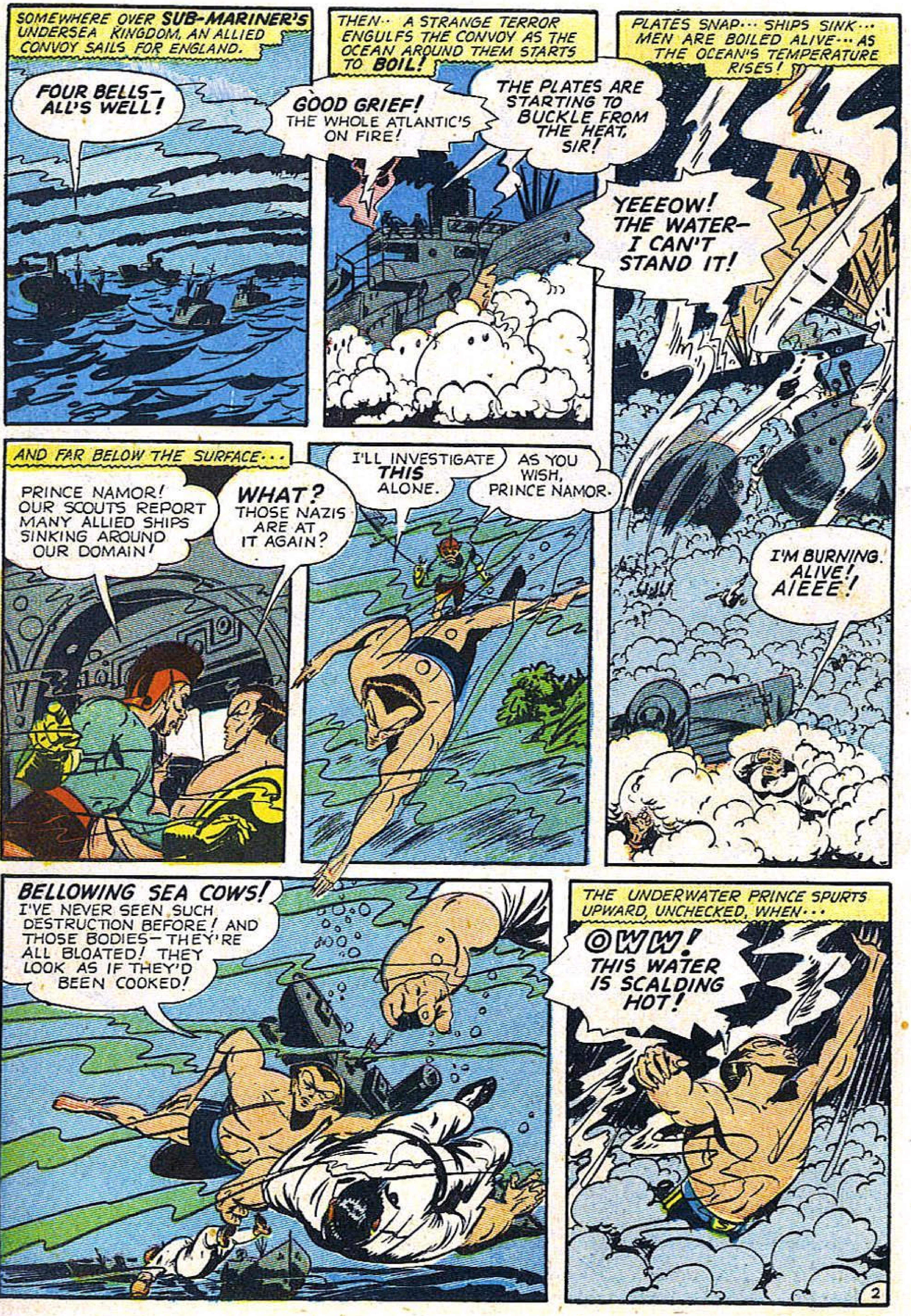
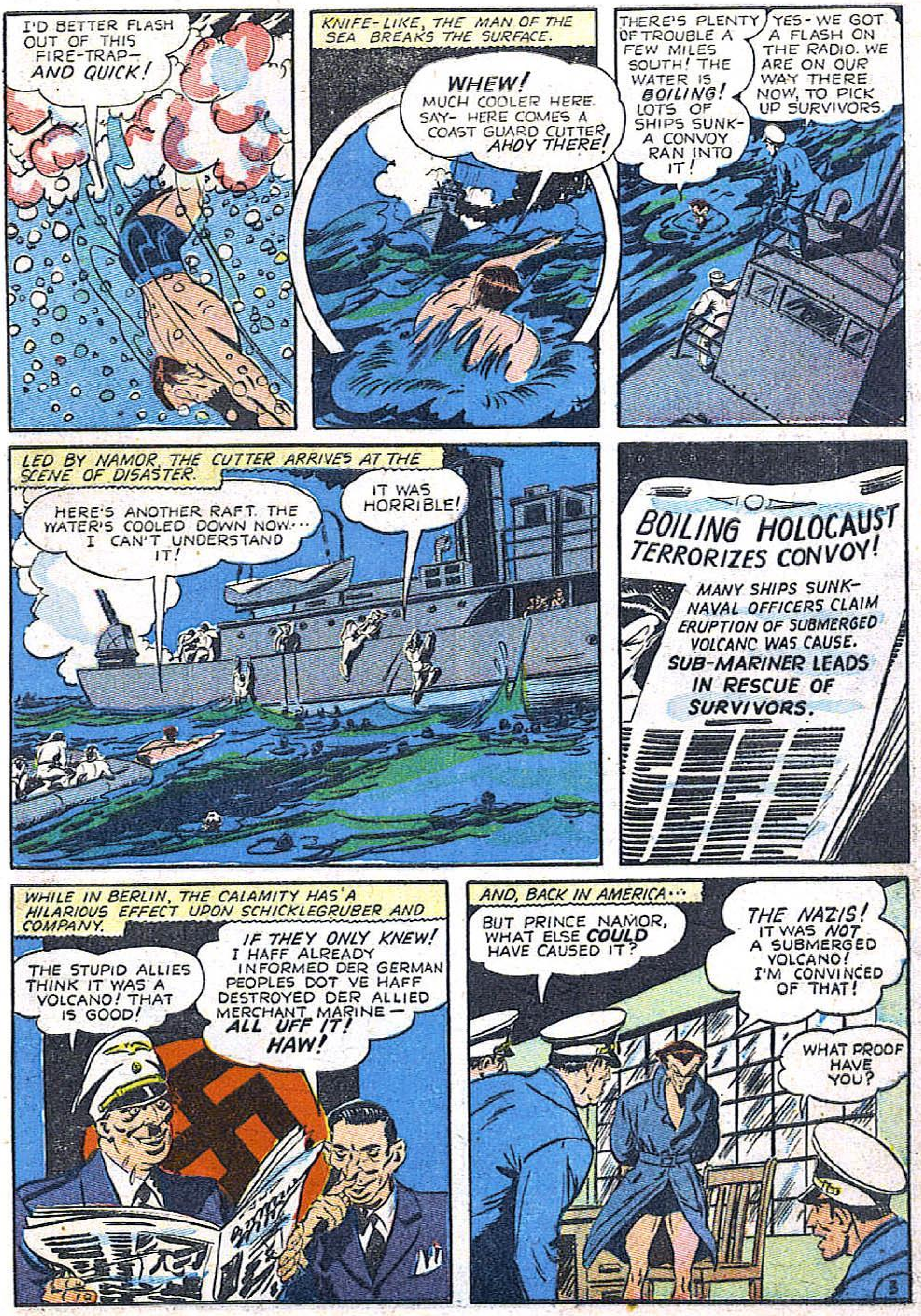
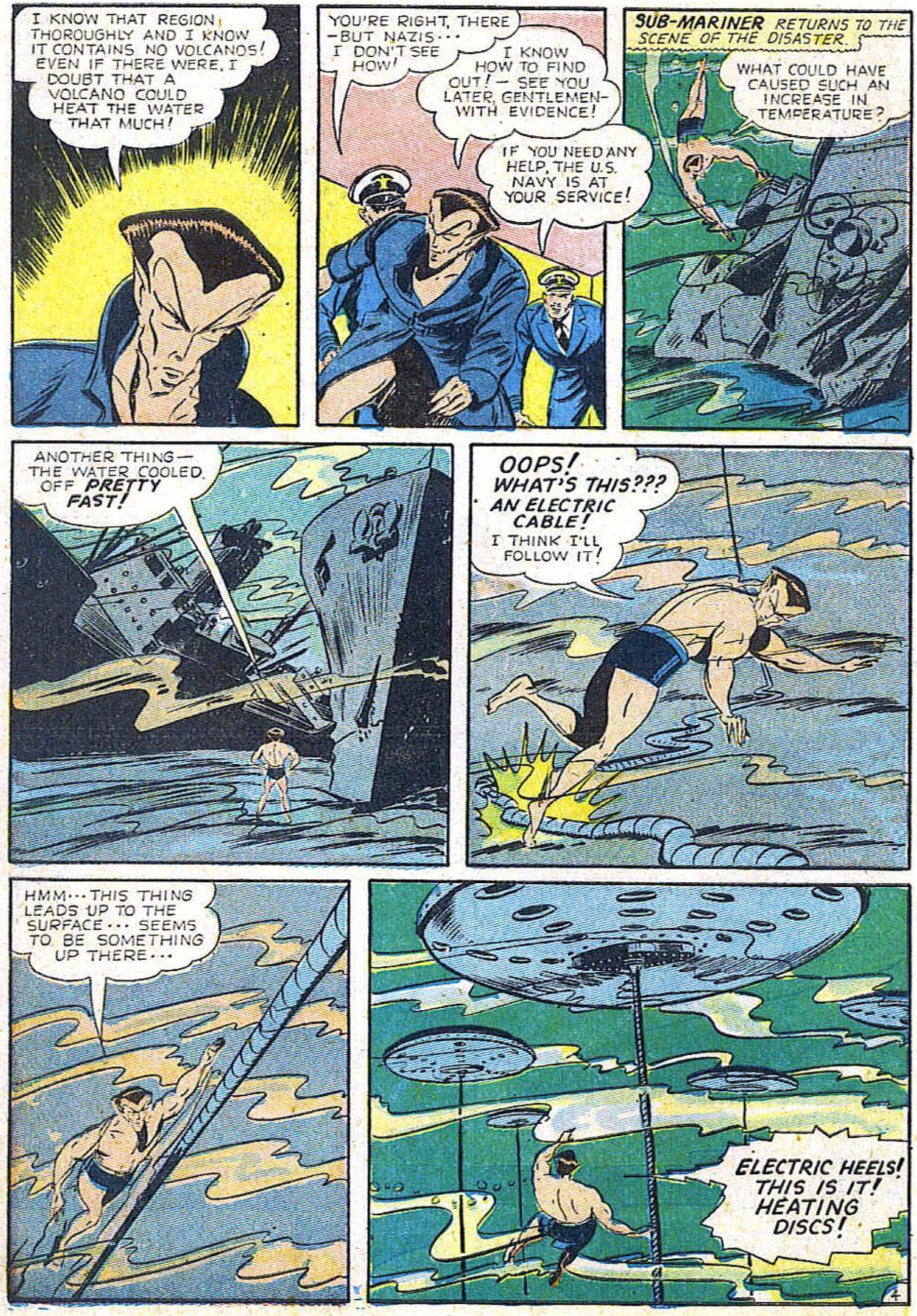
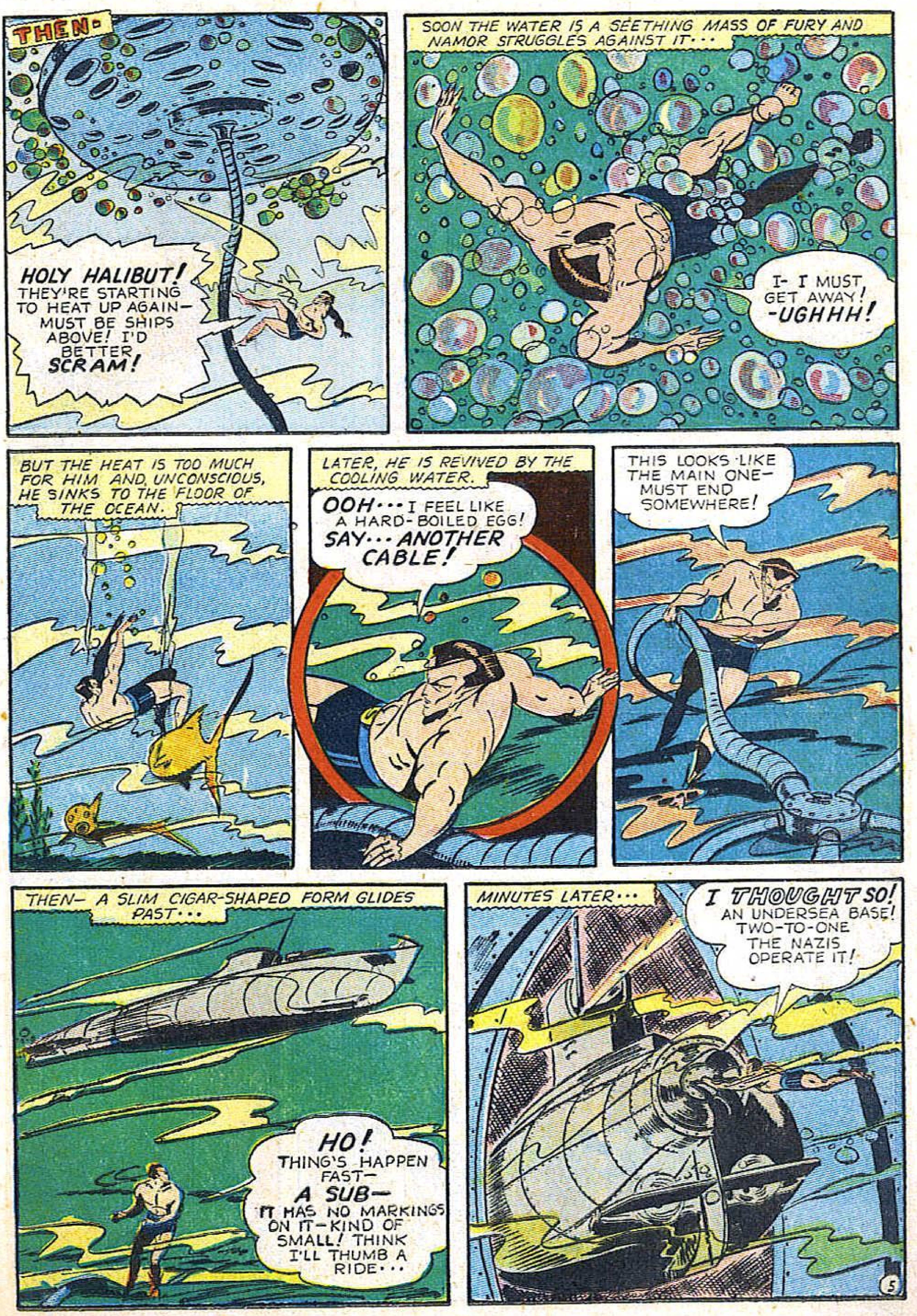
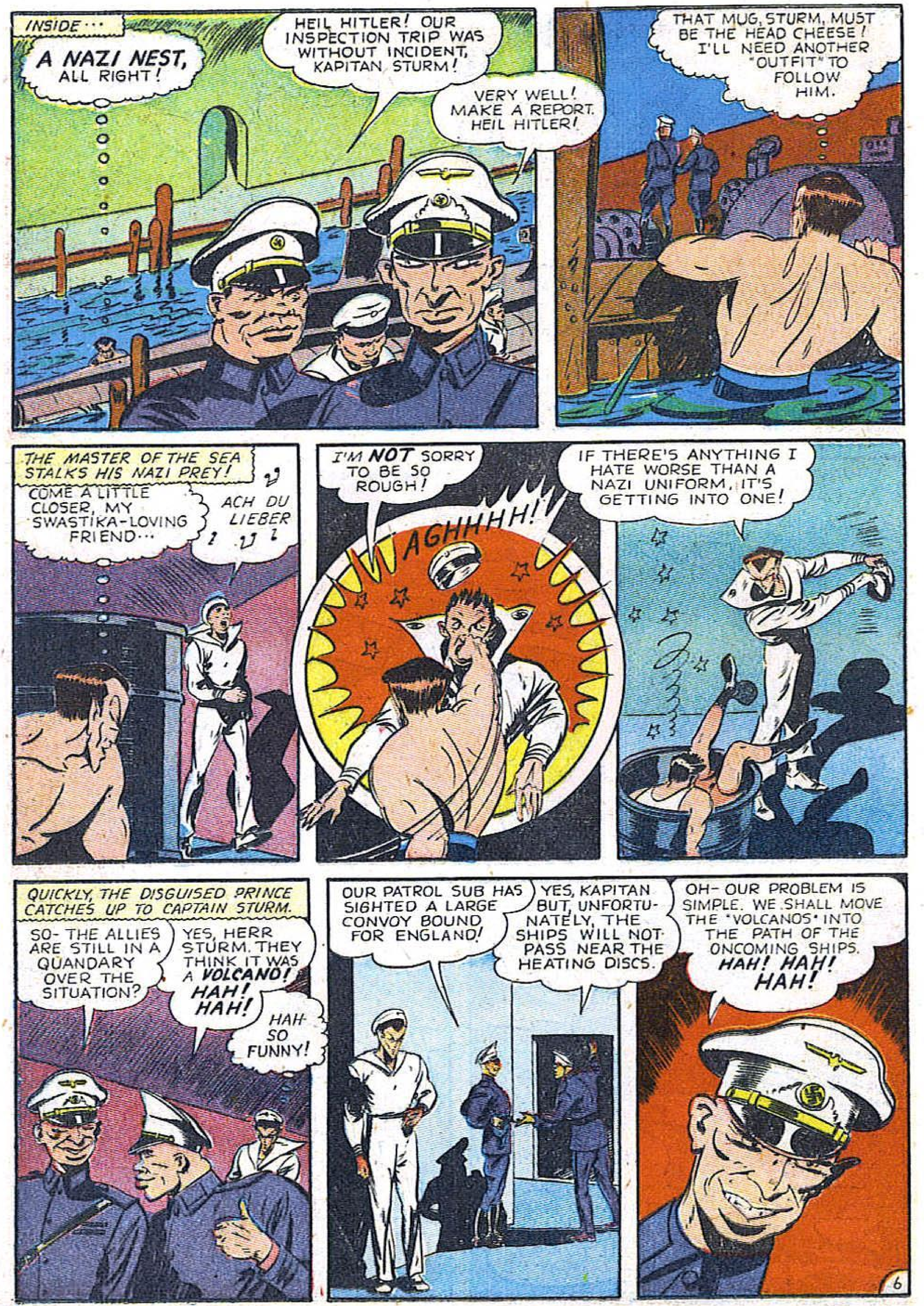
SUB-MARINER
SCALDING DEATH AWAITED THE ALLIED MERCHANT MARINE AS THE NAZIS GOADED THEM ON INTO THEIR TRAP. SUB-MARINER HAD TO HAVE A COOL HEAD FOR THE FIGHT THAT WAS IN STORE FOR HIM IN THE BATTLE AGAINST THE
TERROR OF THE BOILING SEAS!

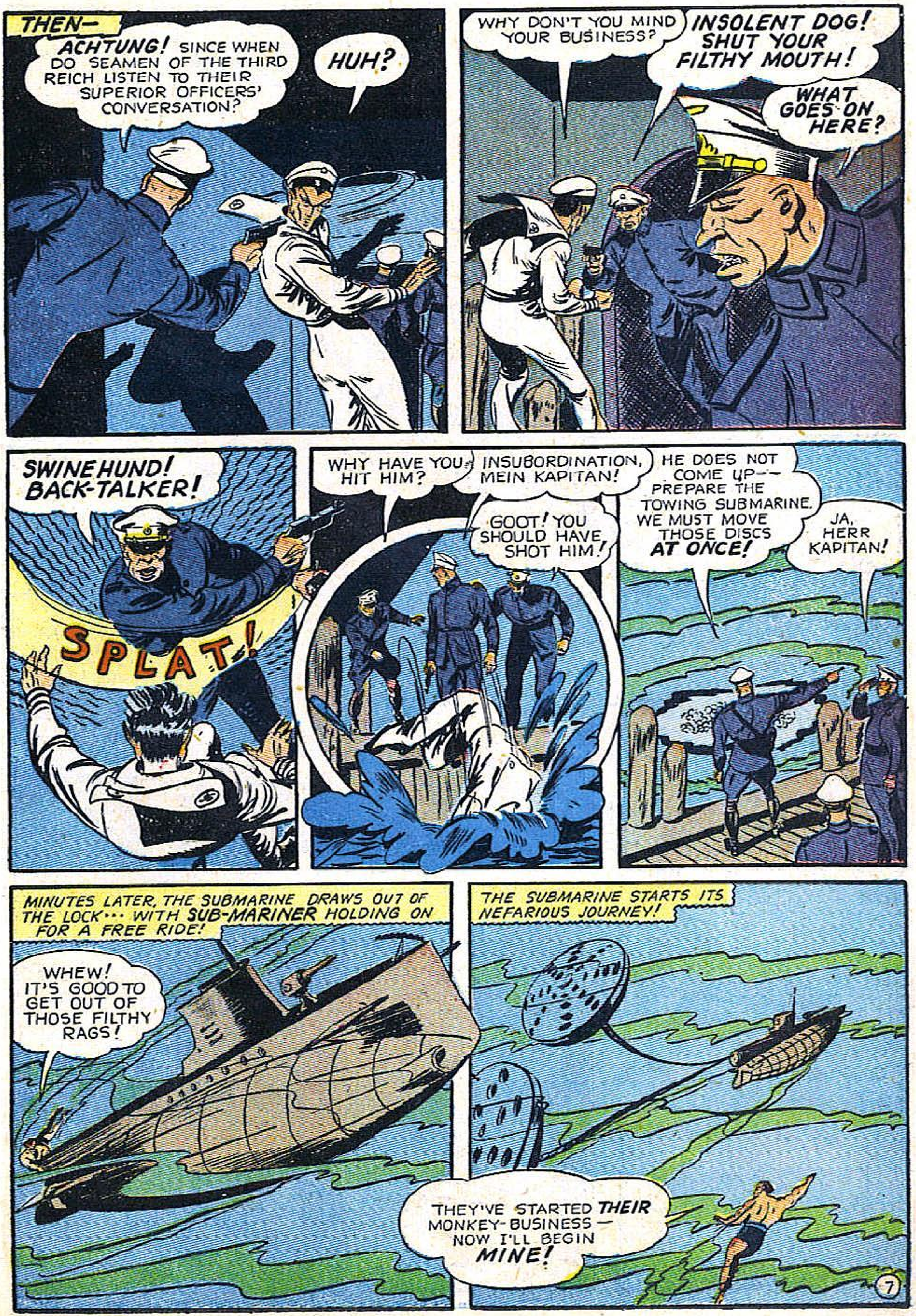

SOMEWHERE OVER SUB-MARINER'S UNDERSEA KINGDOM, AN ALLIED CONVOY SAILS FOR ENGLAND.
FOUR BELLS— ALL'S WELL!
THEN·· A STRANGE TERROR ENGULFS THE CONVOY AS THE OCEAN AROUND THEM STARTS TO BOIL!
GOOD GRIEF! THE WHOLE ATLANTIC'S ON FIRE!
THE PLATES ARE STARTING TO BUCKLE FROM THE HEAT, SIR!
PLATES SNAP··· SHIPS SINK··· MEN ARE BOILED ALIVE··· AS THE OCEAN'S TEMPERATURE RISES!
YEEEOW! THE WATER— I CAN'T STAND IT!
AND FAR BELOW THE SURFACE···
PRINCE NAMOR! OUR SCOUTS REPORT MANY ALLIED SHIPS SINKING AROUND OUR DOMAIN!
WHAT? THOSE NAZIS ARE AT IT AGAIN?
I'LL INVESTIGATE THIS ALONE.
AS YOU WISH, PRINCE NAMOR.
I'M BURNING ALIVE! AIEEE!
BELLOWING SEA COWS! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH DESTRUCTION BEFORE! AND THOSE BODIES— THEY'RE ALL BLOATED! THEY LOOK AS IF THEY'D BEEN COOKED!
THE UNDERWATER PRINCE SPURTS UPWARD, UNCHECKED, WHEN···
OWW! THIS WATER IS SCALDING HOT!

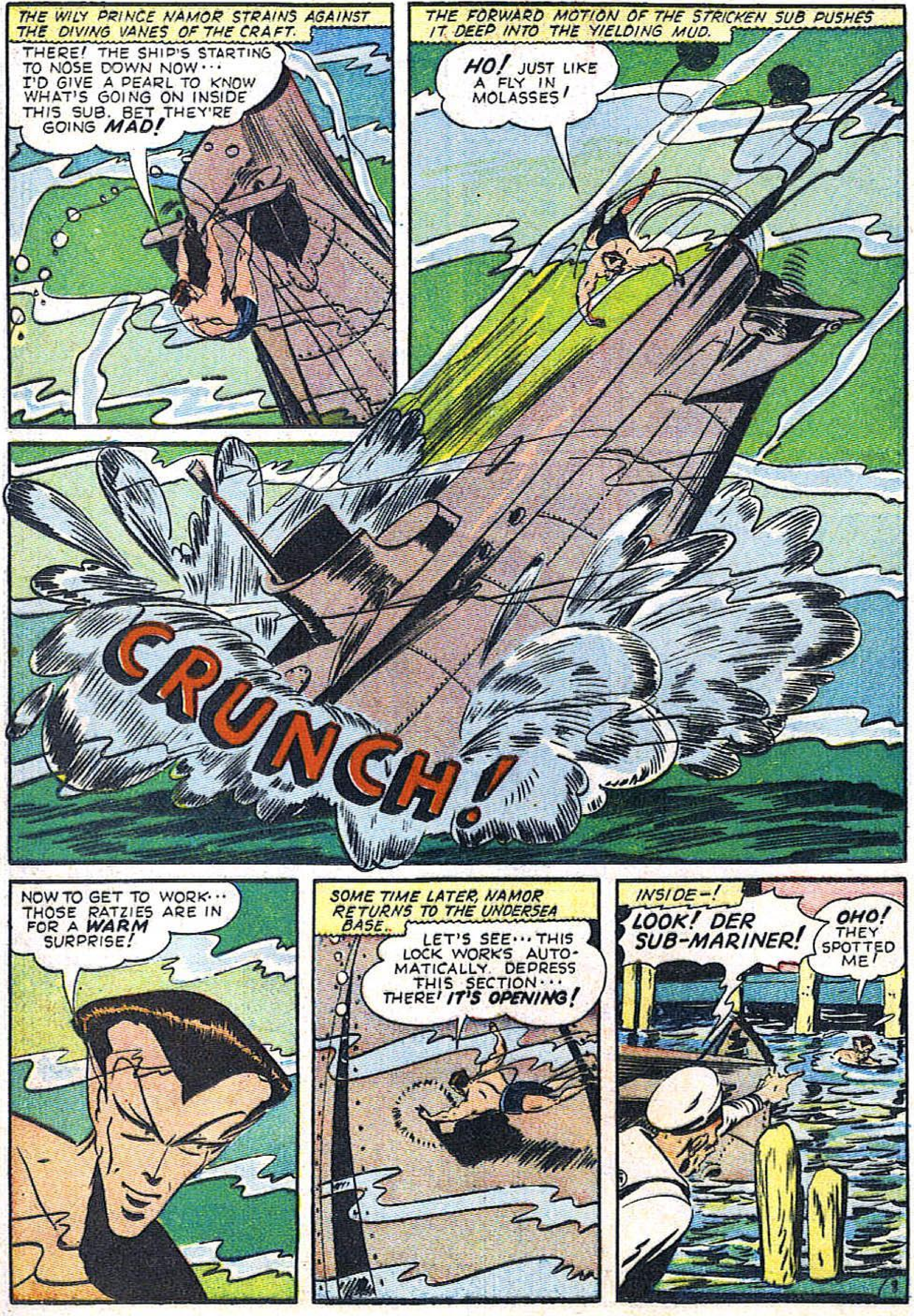

I'D BETTER FLASH OUT OF THIS FIRE-TRAP— AND QUICK!
KNIFE-LIKE, THE MAN OF THE SEA BREAKS THE SURFACE.
WHEW! MUCH COOLER HERE. SAY- HERE COMES A COAST GUARD CUTTER AHOY THERE!
THERE'S PLENTY OF TROUBLE A FEW MILES SOUTH! THE WATER IS BOILING! LOTS OF SHIPS SUNK- A CONVOY RAN INTO IT!
YES- WE GOT A FLASH ON THE RADIO. WE ARE ON OUR WAY THERE NOW, TO PICK UP SURVIVORS.
LED BY NAMOR, THE CUTTER ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF DISASTER.
HERE'S ANOTHER RAFT. THE WATER'S COOLED DOWN NOW... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
IT WAS HORRIBLE!
BOILING HOLOCAUST TERRORIZES CONVOY!
MANY SHIPS SUNK- NAVAL OFFICERS CLAIM ERUPTION OF SUBMERGED VOLCANC WAS CAUSE.
SUB-MARINER LEADS IN RESCUE OF SURVIVORS.
WHILE IN BERLIN, THE CALAMITY HAS A HILARIOUS EFFECT UPON SCHICKLEGRUBER AND COMPANY.
THE STUPID ALLIES THINK IT WAS A VOLCANO! THAT IS GOOD!
IF THEY ONLY KNEW! I HAFF ALREADY INFORMED DER GERMAN PEOPLES DOT VE HAFF DESTROYED DER ALLIED MERCHANT MARINE— ALL UFF IT! HAW!
AND, BACK IN AMERICA...
BUT PRINCE NAMOR, WHAT ELSE COULD HAVE CAUSED IT?
THE NAZIS! IT WAS NOT A SUBMERGED VOLCANO! I'M CONVINCED OF THAT!
WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU?

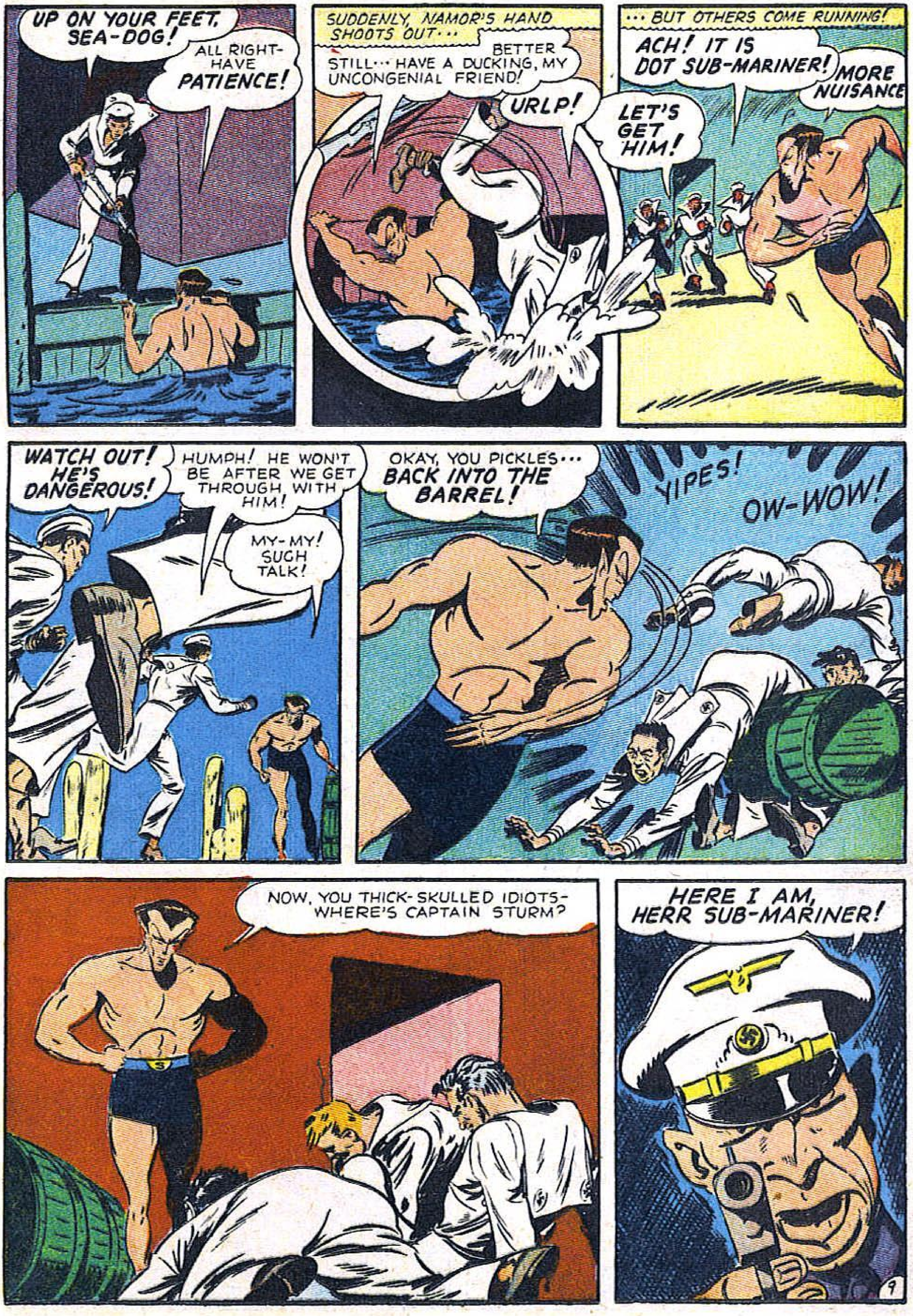

I KNOW THAT REGION THOROUGHLY AND I KNOW IT CONTAINS NO VOLCANOS! EVEN IF THERE WERE, I DOUBT THAT A VOLCANO COULD HEAT THE WATER THAT MUCH!
YOU'RE RIGHT, THERE —BUT NAZIS··· I DON'T SEE HOW!
I KNOW HOW TO FIND OUT! — SEE YOU LATER, GENTLEMEN— WITH EVIDENCE!
IF YOU NEED ANY HELP, THE U.S. NAVY IS AT YOUR SERVICE!
SUB-MARINER RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.
WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED SUCH AN INCREASE IN TEMPERATURE?
ANOTHER THING— THE WATER COOLED OFF PRETTY FAST!
OOPS! WHAT'S THIS??? AN ELECTRIC CABLE! I THINK I'LL FOLLOW IT!
HMM··· THIS THING LEADS UP TO THE SURFACE··· SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING UP THERE···
ELECTRIC HEELS! THIS IS IT! HEATING DISCS!

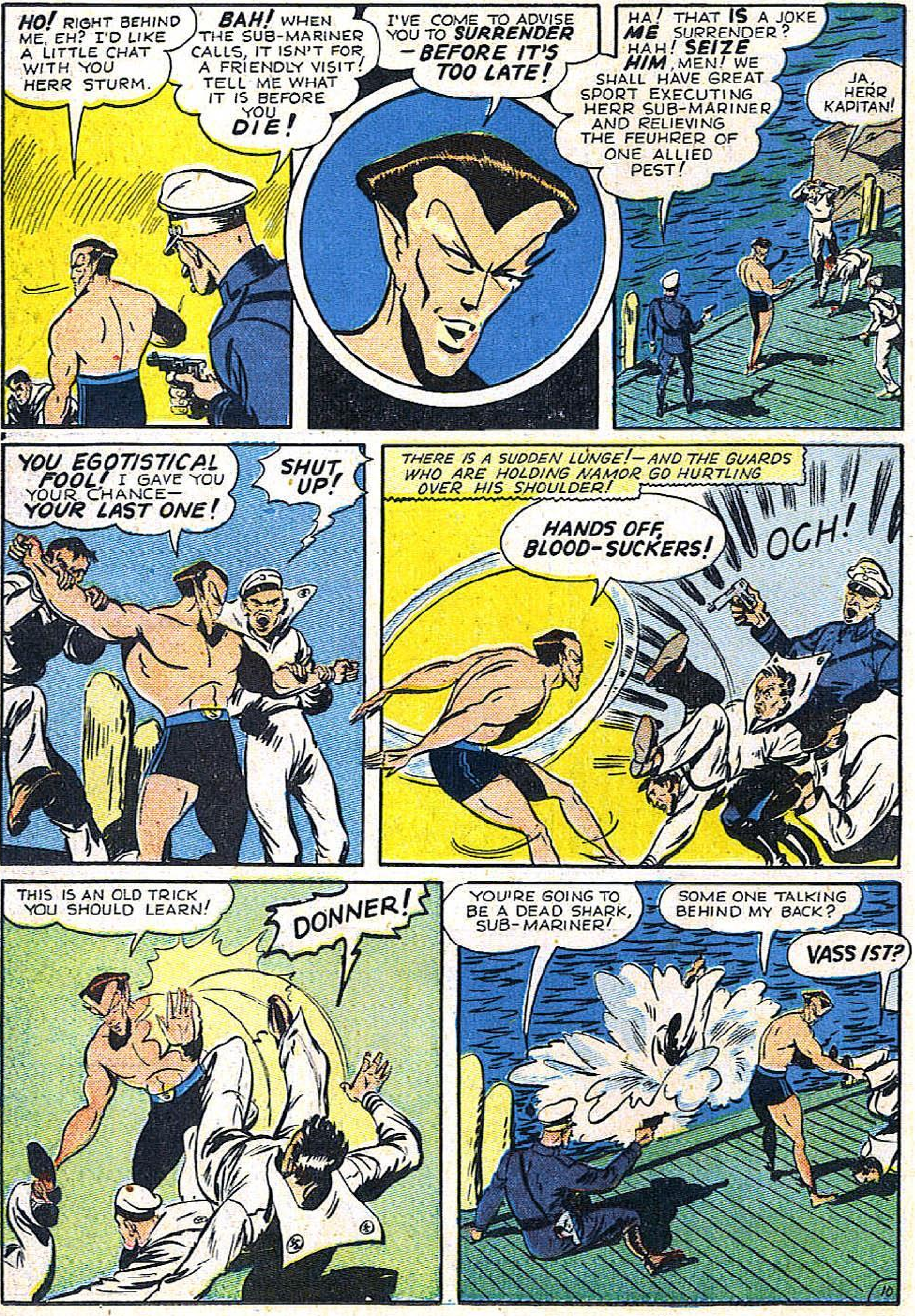

THEN-
HOLY HALIBUT! THEY'RE STARTING TO HEAT UP AGAIN— MUST BE SHIPS ABOVE! I'D BETTER SCRAM!
SOON THE WATER IS A SEETHING MASS OF FURY AND NAMOR STRUGGLES AGAINST IT···
I- I MUST GET AWAY! -UGHHH!
BUT THE HEAT IS TOO MUCH FOR HIM AND, UNCONSCIOUS, HE SINKS TO THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN.
LATER, HE IS REVIVED BY THE COOLING WATER.
OOH··· I FEEL LIKE A HARD-BOILED EGG! SAY··· ANOTHER CABLE!
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE MAIN ONE— MUST END SOMEWHERE!
THEN— A SLIM CIGAR-SHAPED FORM GLIDES PAST···
HO! THING'S HAPPEN FAST— A SUB— IT HAS NO MARKINGS ON IT—KIND OF SMALL! THINK I'LL THUMB A RIDE···
MINUTES LATER···
I THOUGHT SO! AN UNDERSEA BASE! TWO-TO-ONE THE NAZIS OPERATE IT!

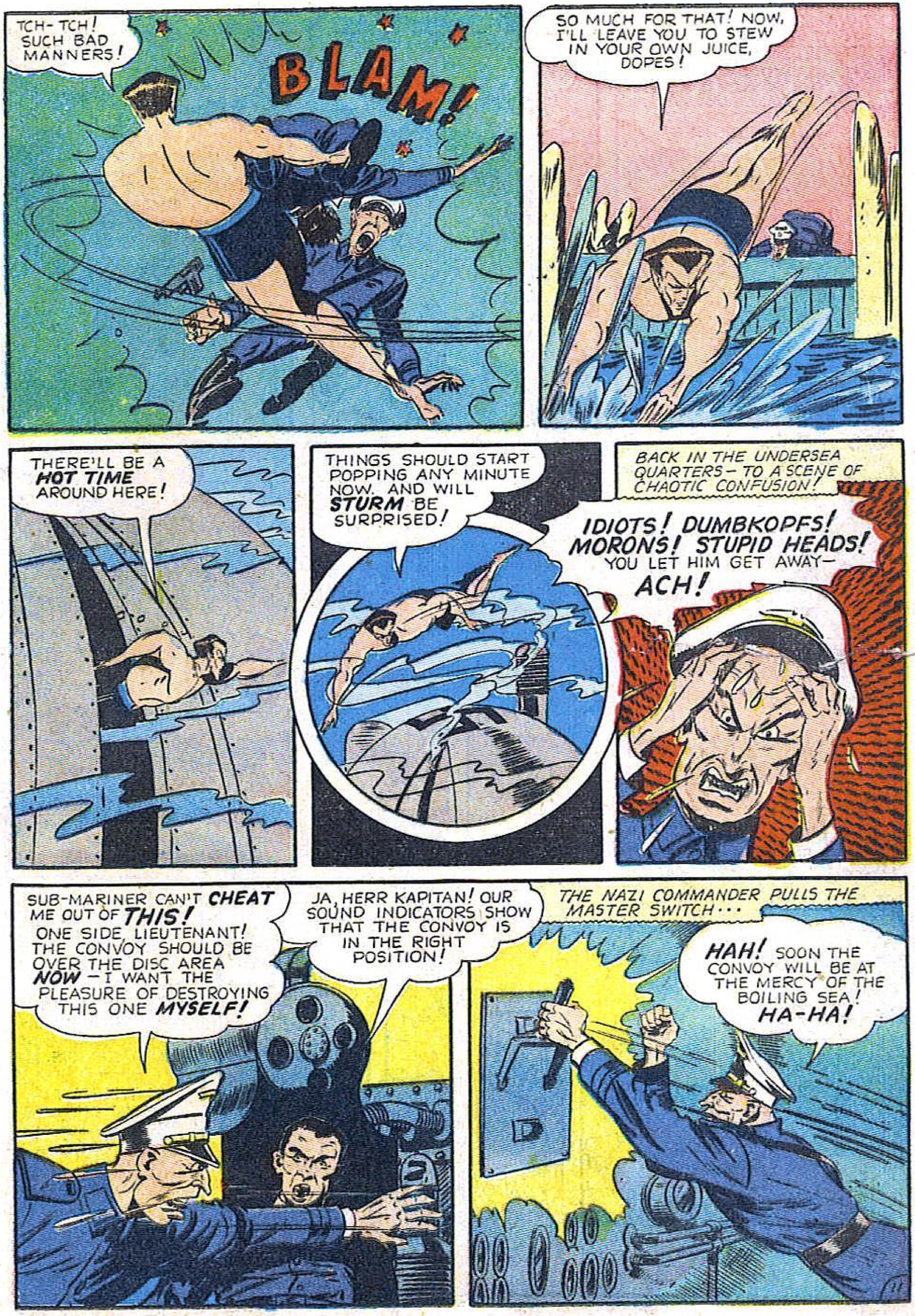

INSIDE···
A NAZI NEST, ALL RIGHT!
HEIL HITLER! OUR INSPECTION TRIP WAS WITHOUT INCIDENT, KAPITAN STURM!
VERY WELL! MAKE A REPORT. HEIL HITLER!
THAT MUG, STURM, MUST BE THE HEAD CHEESE! I'LL NEED ANOTHER "OUTFIT" TO FOLLOW HIM.
THE MASTER OF THE SEA STALKS HIS NAZI PREY!
COME A LITTLE CLOSER, MY SWASTIKA-LOVING FRIEND···
ACH DU LIEBER
I'M NOT SORRY TO BE SO ROUGH!
AGHHHH!
IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE WORSE THAN A NAZI UNIFORM, IT'S GETTING INTO ONE!
QUICKLY, THE DISGUISED PRINCE CATCHES UP TO CAPTAIN STURM.
SO- THE ALLIES ARE STILL IN A QUANDARY OVER THE SITUATION?
YES, HERR STURM. THEY THINK IT WAS A VOLCANO! HAH! HAH!
HAH- SO FUNNY!
OUR PATROL SUB HAS SIGHTED A LARGE CONVOY BOUND FOR ENGLAND!
YES, KAPITAN BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, THE SHIPS WILL NOT PASS NEAR THE HEATING DISCS.
OH- OUR PROBLEM IS SIMPLE. WE SHALL MOVE THE "VOLCANOS" INTO THE PATH OF THE ONCOMING SHIPS. HAH! HAH! HAH!

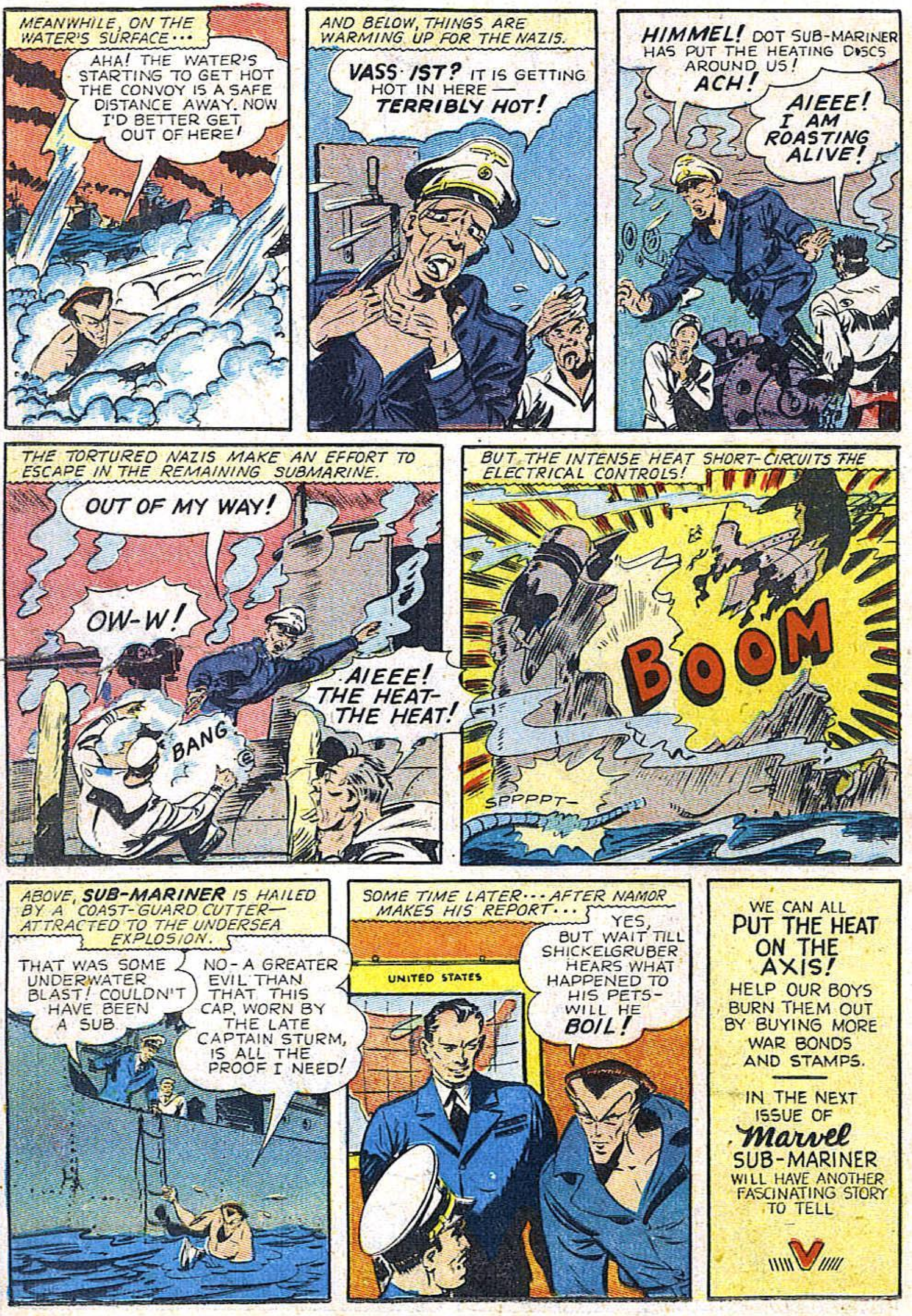

THEN—
ACHTUNG! SINCE WHEN DO SEAMEN OF THE THIRD REICH LISTEN TO THEIR SUPERIOR OFFICERS' CONVERSATION?
HUH?
WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR BUSINESS?
INSOLENT DOG! SHUT YOUR FILTHY MOUTH!
WHAT GOES ON HERE?
SWINEHUND! BACK-TALKER!
SPLAT!
WHY HAVE YOU HIT HIM?
INSUBORDINATION, MEIN KAPITAN!
GOOT! YOU SHOULD HAVE SHOT HIM!
HE DOES NOT COME UP— PREPARE THE TOWING SUBMARINE. WE MUST MOVE THOSE DISCS AT ONCE!
JA, HERR KAPITAN!
MINUTES LATER, THE SUBMARINE DRAWS OUT OF THE LOCK··· WITH SUB-MARINER HOLDING ON FOR A FREE RIDE!
WHEW! IT'S GOOD TO GET OUT OF THOSE FILTHY RAGS!
THE SUBMARINE STARTS ITS NEFARIOUS JOURNEY!
THEY'VE STARTED THEIR MONKEY-BUSINESS — NOW I'LL BEGIN MINE!

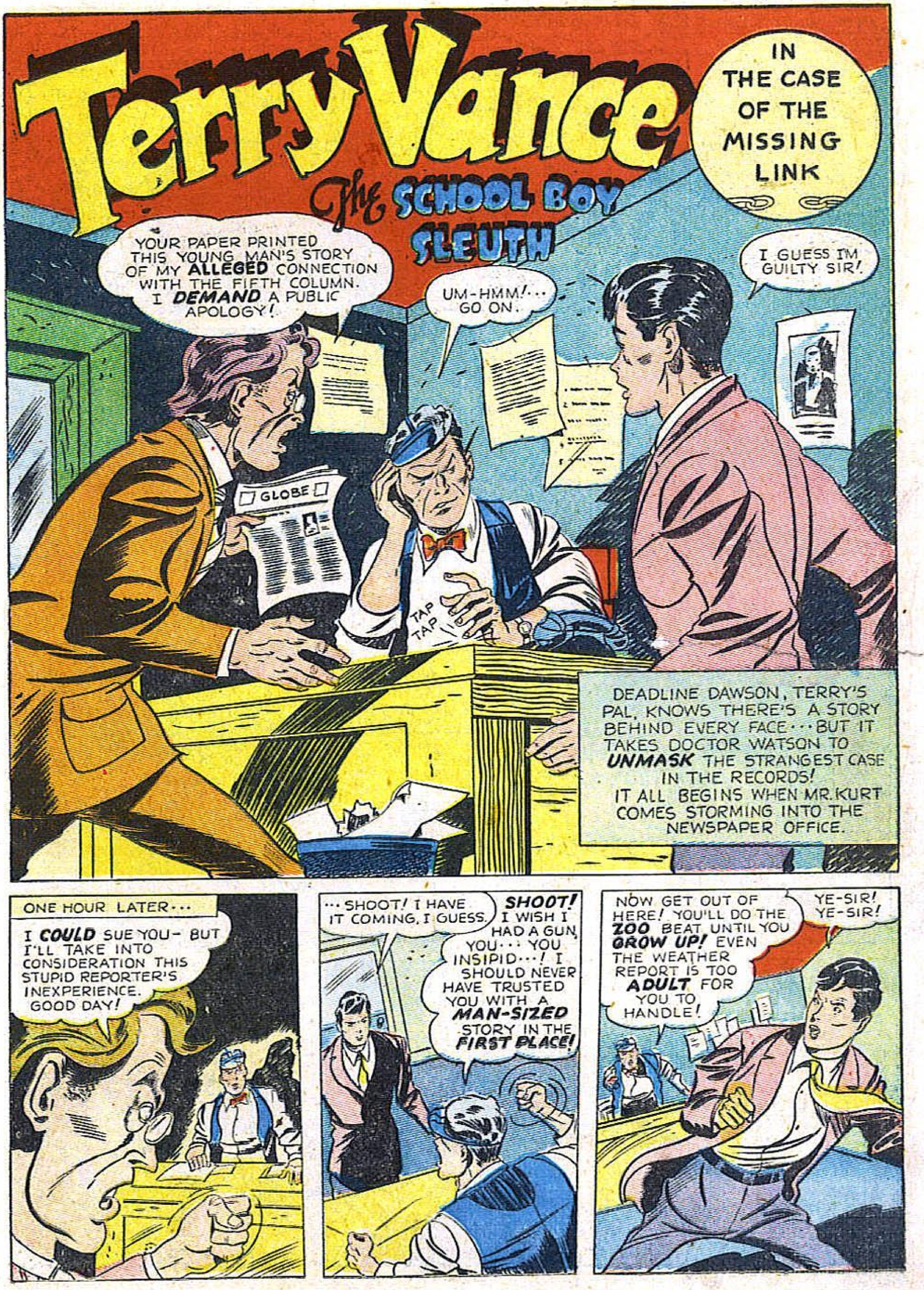

THE WILY PRINCE NAMOR STRAINS AGAINST THE DIVING VANES OF THE CRAFT.
THERE! THE SHIP'S STARTING TO NOSE DOWN NOW··· I'D GIVE A PEARL TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE THIS SUB. BET THEY'RE GOING MAD!
THE FORWARD MOTION OF THE STRICKEN SUB PUSHES IT DEEP INTO THE YIELDING MUD.
HO! JUST LIKE A FLY IN MOLASSES!
CRUNCH!
NOW TO GET TO WORK·· THOSE RATZIES ARE IN FOR A WARM SURPRISE!
SOME TIME LATER, NAMOR RETURNS TO THE UNDERSEA BASE.
LET'S SEE··· THIS LOCK WORKS AUTOMATICALLY. DEPRESS THIS SECTION··· THERE! IT'S OPENING!
INSIDE—!
LOOK! DER SUB-MARINER!
OHO! THEY SPOTTED ME!

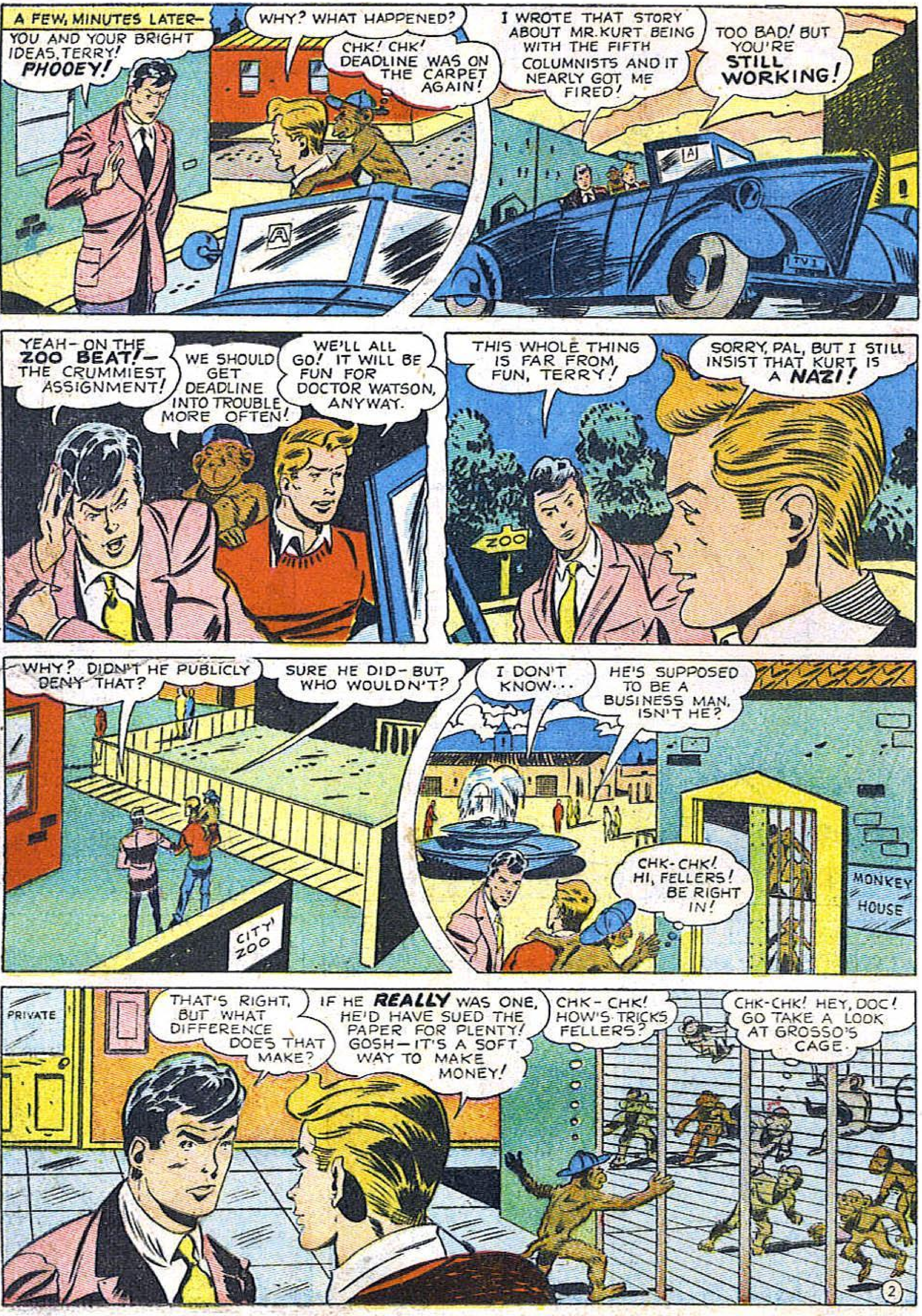

UP ON YOUR FEET, SEA-DOG!
ALL RIGHT- HAVE PATIENCE!
SUDDENLY, NAMOR'S HAND SHOOTS OUT···
BETTER STILL··· HAVE A DUCKING, MY UNCONGENIAL FRIEND!
URLP!
···BUT OTHERS COME RUNNING!
ACH! IT IS DOT SUB-MARINER!
MORE NUISANCE
LET'S GET HIM!
WATCH OUT! HE'S DANGEROUS!
HUMPH! HE WON'T BE AFTER WE GET THROUGH WITH HIM!
MY-MY! SUCH TALK!
OKAY, YOU PICKLES··· BACK INTO THE BARREL!
YIPES!
OW-WOW!
NOW, YOU THICK-SKULLED IDIOTS- WHERE'S CAPTAIN STURM?
HERE I AM, HERR SUB-MARINER!

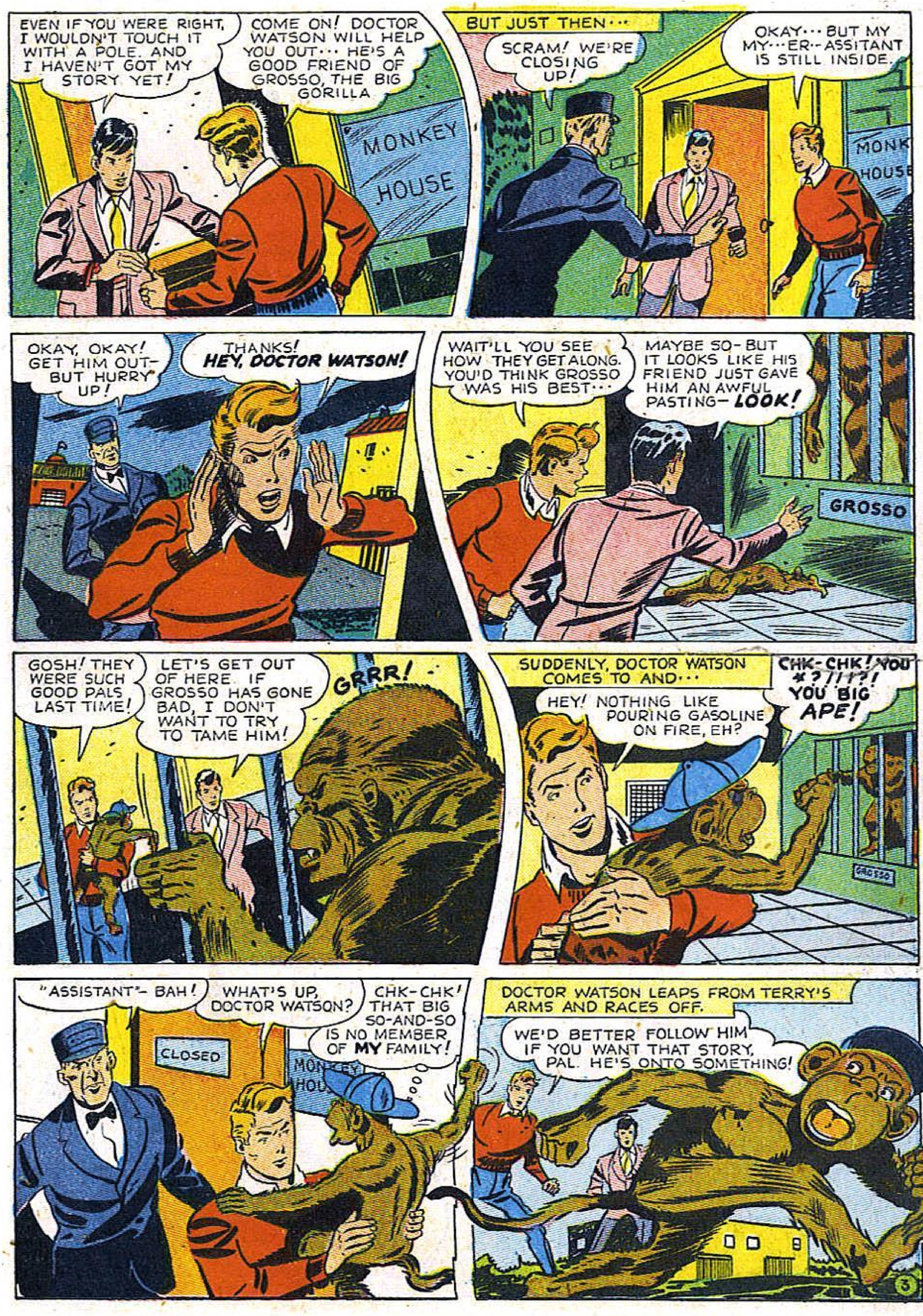

HO! RIGHT BEHIND ME, EH? I'D LIKE A LITTLE CHAT WITH YOU HERR STURM.
BAH! WHEN THE SUB-MARINER CALLS, IT ISN'T FOR A FRIENDLY VISIT! TELL ME WHAT IT IS BEFORE YOU DIE!
I'VE COME TO ADVISE YOU TO SURRENDER —BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
HA! THAT IS A JOKE ME SURRENDER? HAH! SEIZE HIM, MEN! WE SHALL HAVE GREAT SPORT EXECUTING HERR SUB-MARINER AND RELIEVING THE FEUHRER OF ONE ALLIED PEST!
JA, HERR KAPITAN!
YOU EGOTISTICAL FOOL! I GAVE YOU YOUR CHANCE— YOUR LAST ONE!
SHUT UP!
THERE IS A SUDDEN LUNGE!—AND THE GUARDS WHO ARE HOLDING NAMOR GO HURTLING OVER HIS SHOULDER!
HANDS OFF, BLOOD-SUCKERS!
OCH!
THIS IS AN OLD TRICK YOU SHOULD LEARN!
DONNER!
YOU'RE GOING TO BE A DEAD SHARK, SUB-MARINER!
SOME ONE TALKING BEHIND MY BACK?
VASS IST?

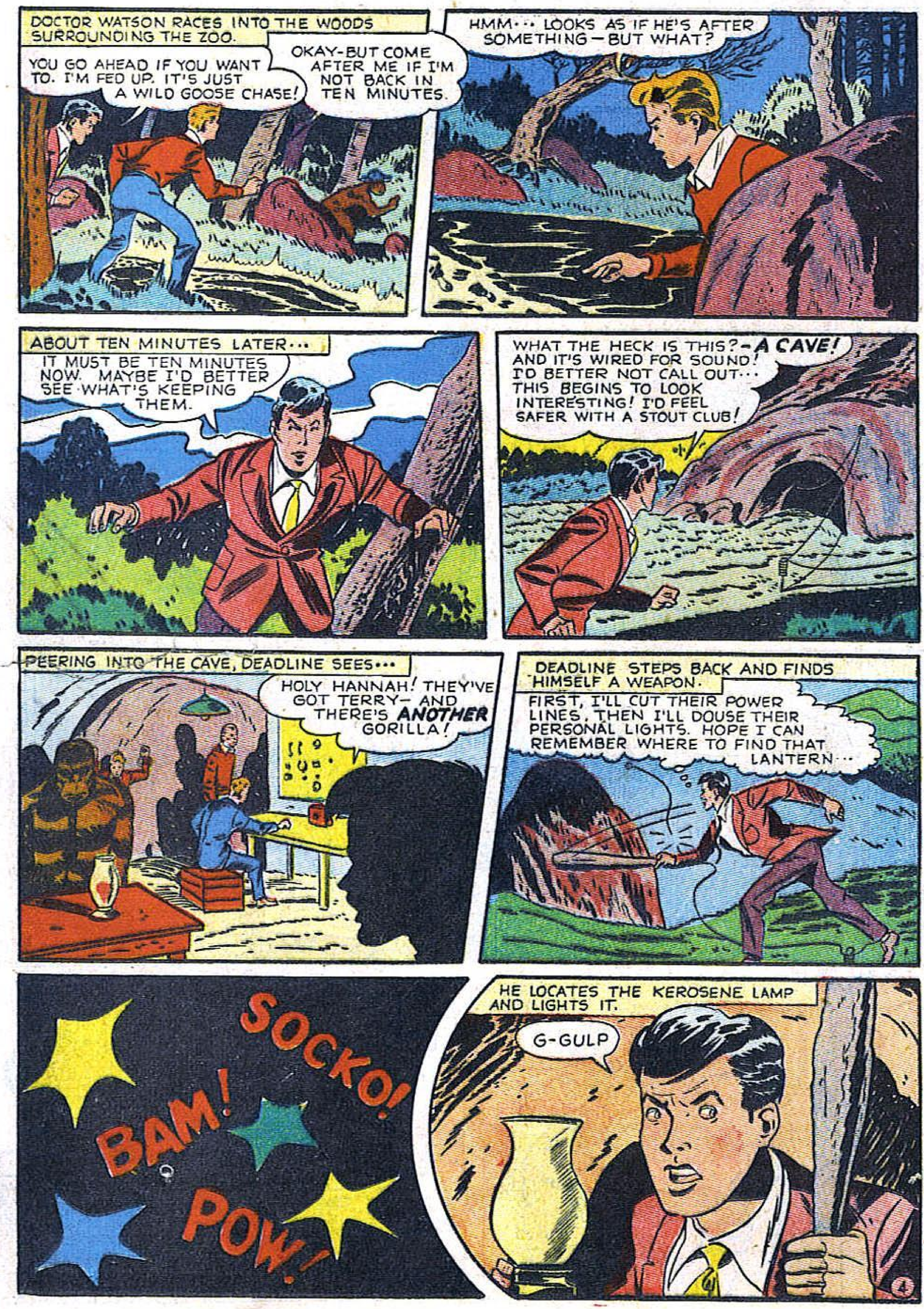

TCH-TCH! SUCH BAD MANNERS!
BLAM!
SO MUCH FOR THAT! NOW, I'LL LEAVE YOU TO STEW IN YOUR OWN JUICE, DOPES!
THERE'LL BE A **HOT TIME** AROUND HERE!
THINGS SHOULD START POPPING ANY MINUTE NOW. AND WILL **STURM** BE SURPRISED!
BACK IN THE UNDERSEA QUARTERS— TO A SCENE OF CHAOTIC CONFUSION!
IDIOTS! DUMBKOPFS! MORONS! STUPID HEADS! YOU LET HIM GET AWAY— ACH!
SUB-MARINER CAN'T **CHEAT** ME OUT OF **THIS!** ONE SIDE, LIEUTENANT! THE CONVOY SHOULD BE OVER THE DISC AREA **NOW** — I WANT THE PLEASURE OF DESTROYING THIS ONE **MYSELF!**
JA, HERR KAPITAN! OUR SOUND INDICATORS SHOW THAT THE CONVOY IS IN THE RIGHT POSITION!
THE NAZI COMMANDER PULLS THE MASTER SWITCH···
HAH! SOON THE CONVOY WILL BE AT THE MERCY OF THE BOILING SEA! **HA-HA!**

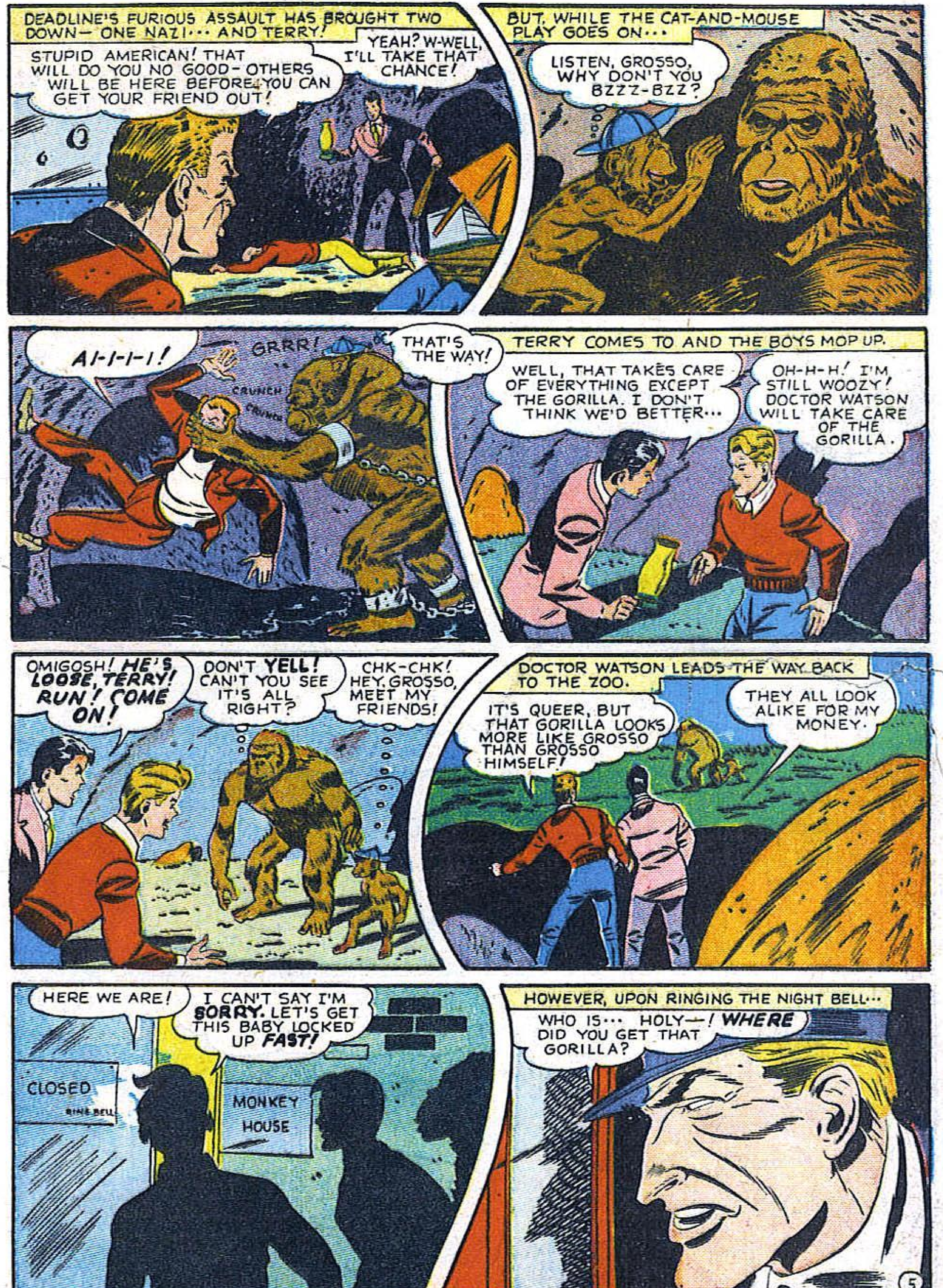

MEANWHILE, ON THE WATER'S SURFACE...
AHA! THE WATER'S STARTING TO GET HOT THE CONVOY IS A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY. NOW I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
AND BELOW, THINGS ARE WARMING UP FOR THE NAZIS.
VASS IST? IT IS GETTING HOT IN HERE — TERRIBLY HOT!
HIMMEL! DOT SUB-MARINER HAS PUT THE HEATING DISCS AROUND US! ACH!
AIEEE! I AM ROASTING ALIVE!
THE TORTURED NAZIS MAKE AN EFFORT TO ESCAPE IN THE REMAINING SUBMARINE.
OUT OF MY WAY!
OW-W!
BANG
AIEEE! THE HEAT- THE HEAT!
BUT THE INTENSE HEAT SHORT-CIRCUITS THE ELECTRICAL CONTROLS!
BOOM
SPPPPT-
ABOVE, SUB-MARINER IS HAILED BY A COAST-GUARD CUTTER— ATTRACTED TO THE UNDERSEA EXPLOSION.
THAT WAS SOME UNDERWATER BLAST! COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A SUB.
NO- A GREATER EVIL THAN THAT. THIS CAP, WORN BY THE LATE CAPTAIN STURM, IS ALL THE PROOF I NEED!
SOME TIME LATER... AFTER NAMOR MAKES HIS REPORT...
UNITED STATES
YES, BUT WAIT TILL SHICKELGRUBER HEARS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS PETS- WILL HE BOIL!
WE CAN ALL PUT THE HEAT ON THE AXIS!
HELP OUR BOYS BURN THEM OUT BY BUYING MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF Marvel SUB-MARINER WILL HAVE ANOTHER FASCINATING STORY TO TELL
V

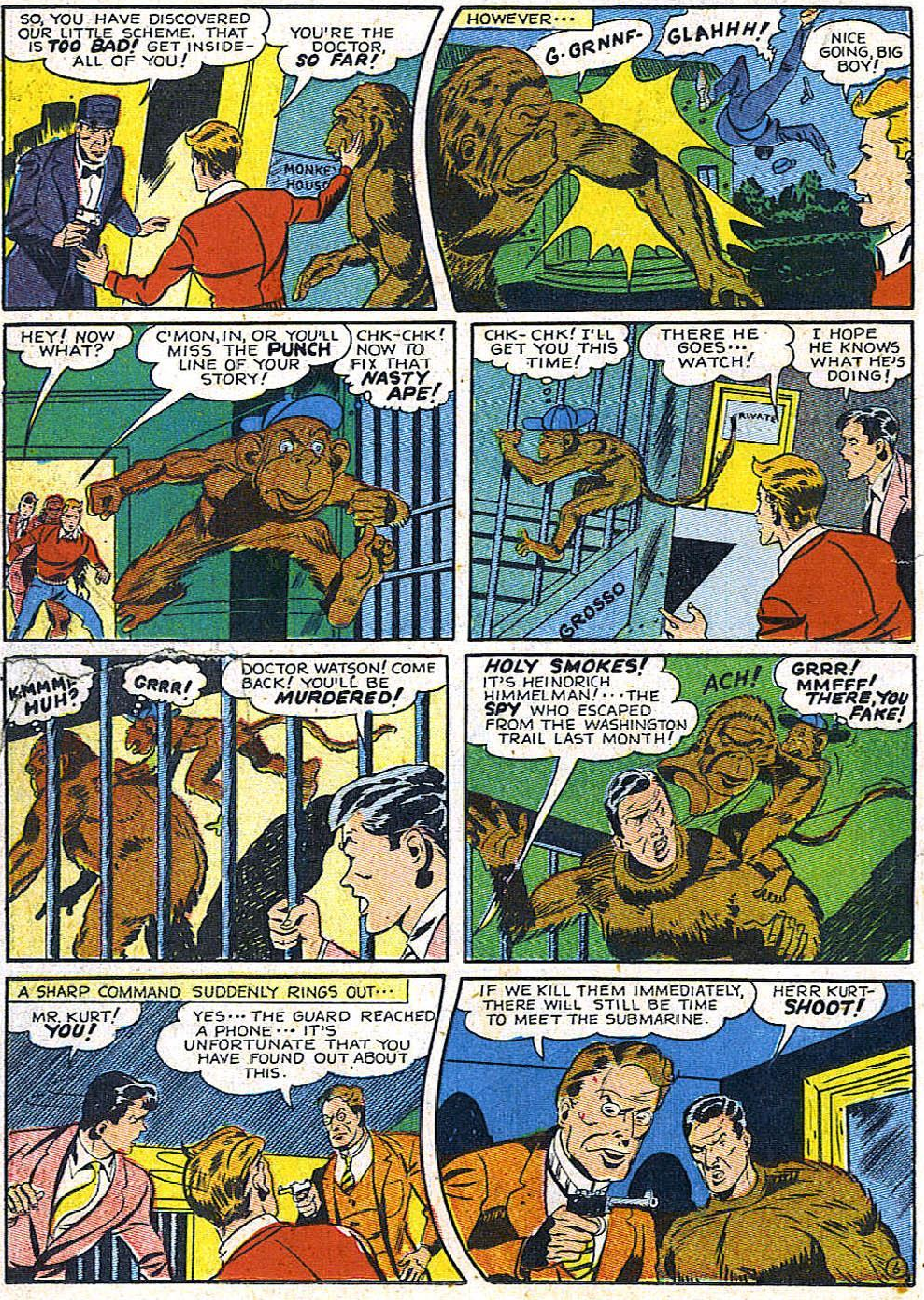

Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
IN THE CASE OF THE MISSING LINK
YOUR PAPER PRINTED THIS YOUNG MAN'S STORY OF MY **ALLEGED** CONNECTION WITH THE FIFTH COLUMN. I ***DEMAND*** A PUBLIC APOLOGY!
UM-HMM!... GO ON.
I GUESS I'M GUILTY SIR!
GLOBE
TAP TAP
DEADLINE DAWSON, TERRY'S PAL, KNOWS THERE'S A STORY BEHIND EVERY FACE... BUT IT TAKES DOCTOR WATSON TO ***UNMASK*** THE STRANGEST CASE IN THE RECORDS! IT ALL BEGINS WHEN MR. KURT COMES STORMING INTO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE.
ONE HOUR LATER...
I ***COULD*** SUE YOU- BUT I'LL TAKE INTO CONSIDERATION THIS STUPID REPORTER'S INEXPERIENCE. GOOD DAY!
... SHOOT! I HAVE IT COMING, I GUESS.
SHOOT! I WISH I HAD A GUN, YOU... YOU INSIPID...! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TRUSTED YOU WITH A ***MAN-SIZED*** STORY IN THE ***FIRST PLACE!***
NOW GET OUT OF HERE! YOU'LL DO THE ***ZOO*** BEAT UNTIL YOU ***GROW UP!*** EVEN THE WEATHER REPORT IS TOO ***ADULT*** FOR YOU TO HANDLE!
YE-SIR! YE-SIR!

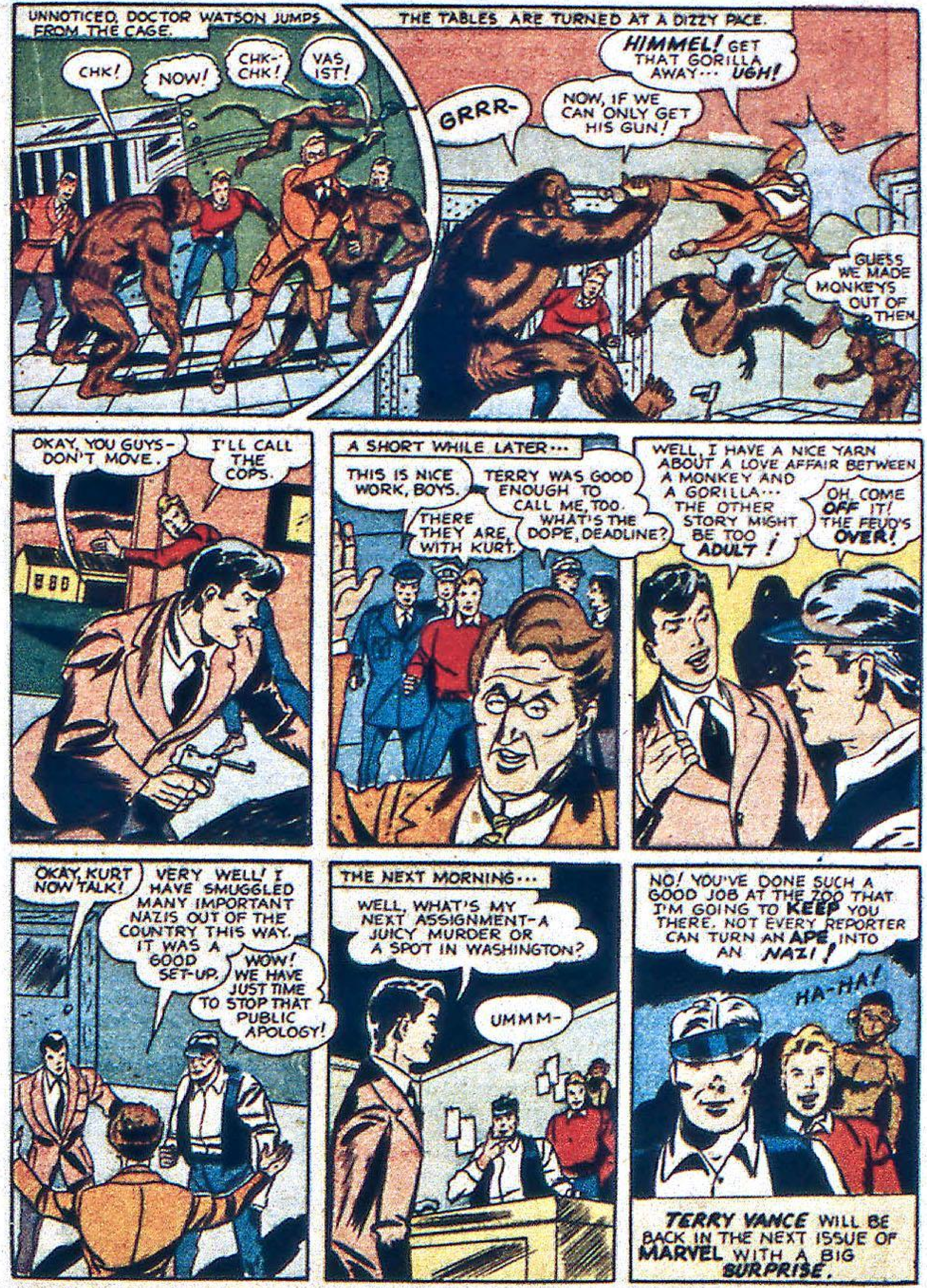

A FEW MINUTES LATER—
YOU AND YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS, TERRY! **PHOOEY!**
WHY? WHAT HAPPENED?
CHK! CHK! DEADLINE WAS ON THE CARPET AGAIN!
I WROTE THAT STORY ABOUT MR. KURT BEING WITH THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS AND IT NEARLY GOT ME FIRED!
TOO BAD! BUT YOU'RE **STILL WORKING!**
YEAH— ON THE **ZOO BEAT!**— THE CRUMMIEST ASSIGNMENT!
WE SHOULD GET DEADLINE INTO TROUBLE MORE OFTEN!
WE'LL ALL GO! IT WILL BE FUN FOR DOCTOR WATSON, ANYWAY.
THIS WHOLE THING IS FAR FROM FUN, TERRY!
SORRY, PAL, BUT I STILL INSIST THAT KURT IS A **NAZI!**
ZOO
WHY? DIDN'T HE PUBLICLY DENY THAT?
SURE HE DID— BUT WHO WOULDN'T?
CITY ZOO
I DON'T KNOW...
HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A BUSINESS MAN, ISN'T HE?
CHK-CHK! HI, FELLERS! BE RIGHT IN!
MONKEY HOUSE
PRIVATE
THAT'S RIGHT, BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE?
IF HE **REALLY** WAS ONE, HE'D HAVE SUED THE PAPER FOR PLENTY! GOSH— IT'S A SOFT WAY TO MAKE MONEY!
CHK-CHK! HOW'S TRICKS FELLERS?
CHK-CHK! HEY, DOC! GO TAKE A LOOK AT GROSSO'S CAGE.


EVEN IF YOU WERE RIGHT, I WOULDN'T TOUCH IT WITH A POLE. AND I HAVEN'T GOT MY STORY YET!
COME ON! DOCTOR WATSON WILL HELP YOU OUT··· HE'S A GOOD FRIEND OF GROSSO, THE BIG GORILLA
MONKEY HOUSE
BUT JUST THEN···
SCRAM! WE'RE CLOSING UP!
OKAY··· BUT MY MY···ER--ASSITANT IS STILL INSIDE.
MONKEY HOUSE
OKAY, OKAY! GET HIM OUT-BUT HURRY UP!
THANKS! HEY, DOCTOR WATSON!
WAIT'LL YOU SEE HOW THEY GET ALONG. YOU'D THINK GROSSO WAS HIS BEST···
MAYBE SO- BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HIS FRIEND JUST GAVE HIM AN AWFUL PASTING- LOOK!
GROSSO
GOSH! THEY WERE SUCH GOOD PALS LAST TIME!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. IF GROSSO HAS GONE BAD, I DON'T WANT TO TRY TO TAME HIM!
GRRR!
SUDDENLY, DOCTOR WATSON COMES TO AND···
HEY! NOTHING LIKE POURING GASOLINE ON FIRE, EH?
CHK-CHK! YOU *?!!?! YOU BIG APE!
GROSSO
"ASSISTANT"- BAH!
WHAT'S UP, DOCTOR WATSON?
CHK-CHK! THAT BIG SO-AND-SO IS NO MEMBER OF MY FAMILY!
CLOSED
MONKEY HOUSE
DOCTOR WATSON LEAPS FROM TERRY'S ARMS AND RACES OFF.
WE'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM IF YOU WANT THAT STORY, PAL. HE'S ONTO SOMETHING!


DOCTOR WATSON RACES INTO THE WOODS SURROUNDING THE ZOO.
YOU GO AHEAD IF YOU WANT TO. I'M FED UP. IT'S JUST A WILD GOOSE CHASE!
OKAY-BUT COME AFTER ME IF I'M NOT BACK IN TEN MINUTES.
HMM··· LOOKS AS IF HE'S AFTER SOMETHING—BUT WHAT?
ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER···
IT MUST BE TEN MINUTES NOW. MAYBE I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S KEEPING THEM.
WHAT THE HECK IS THIS?—A CAVE! AND IT'S WIRED FOR SOUND! I'D BETTER NOT CALL OUT··· THIS BEGINS TO LOOK INTERESTING! I'D FEEL SAFER WITH A STOUT CLUB!
PEERING INTO THE CAVE, DEADLINE SEES···
HOLY HANNAH! THEY'VE GOT TERRY— AND THERE'S ANOTHER GORILLA!
DEADLINE STEPS BACK AND FINDS HIMSELF A WEAPON.
FIRST, I'LL CUT THEIR POWER LINES, THEN I'LL DOUSE THEIR PERSONAL LIGHTS. HOPE I CAN REMEMBER WHERE TO FIND THAT LANTERN···
SOCKO!
BAM!
POW!
HE LOCATES THE KEROSENE LAMP AND LIGHTS IT.
G-GULP


DEADLINE'S FURIOUS ASSAULT HAS BROUGHT TWO DOWN— ONE NAZI··· AND TERRY!
STUPID AMERICAN! THAT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD- OTHERS WILL BE HERE BEFORE YOU CAN GET YOUR FRIEND OUT!
YEAH? W-WELL, I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE!
BUT, WHILE THE CAT-AND-MOUSE PLAY GOES ON···
LISTEN, GROSSO, WHY DON'T YOU BZZ'Z-BZZ?
AI-I-I-I!
GRRR!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
THAT'S THE WAY!
TERRY COMES TO AND THE BOYS MOP UP.
WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE GORILLA. I DON'T THINK WE'D BETTER···
OH-H-H! I'M STILL WOOZY! DOCTOR WATSON WILL TAKE CARE OF THE GORILLA.
OMIGOSH! HE'S LOOSE, TERRY! RUN! COME ON!
DON'T YELL! CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S ALL RIGHT?
CHK-CHK! HEY, GROSSO, MEET MY FRIENDS!
DOCTOR WATSON LEADS THE WAY BACK TO THE ZOO.
IT'S QUEER, BUT THAT GORILLA LOOKS MORE LIKE GROSSO THAN GROSSO HIMSELF!
THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE FOR MY MONEY.
HERE WE ARE!
I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY. LET'S GET THIS BABY LOCKED UP FAST!
CLOSED
RING BELL
MONKEY HOUSE
HOWEVER, UPON RINGING THE NIGHT BELL···
WHO IS··· HOLY—! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GORILLA?


SO, YOU HAVE DISCOVERED OUR LITTLE SCHEME. THAT IS **TOO BAD!** GET INSIDE- ALL OF YOU!
YOU'RE THE DOCTOR, **SO FAR!**
MONKEY HOUSE
HOWEVER···
G. GRNNF-
GLAHHH!
NICE GOING, BIG BOY!
HEY! NOW WHAT?
C'MON, IN, OR YOU'LL MISS THE **PUNCH** LINE OF YOUR STORY!
CHK-CHK! NOW TO FIX THAT ***NASTY APE!***
CHK-CHK! I'LL GET YOU THIS TIME!
THERE HE GOES··· WATCH!
I HOPE HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!
PRIVATE
GROSSO
KMMMF- HUH?
GRRR!
DOCTOR WATSON! COME BACK! YOU'LL BE ***MURDERED!***
HOLY SMOKES! IT'S HEINDRICH HIMMELMAN!···THE **SPY** WHO ESCAPED FROM THE WASHINGTON TRAIL LAST MONTH!
ACH!
GRRR! MMFFF! ***THERE, YOU FAKE!***
A SHARP COMMAND SUDDENLY RINGS OUT···
MR. KURT! ***YOU!***
YES··· THE GUARD REACHED A PHONE··· IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT YOU HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS.
IF WE KILL THEM IMMEDIATELY, THERE WILL STILL BE TIME TO MEET THE SUBMARINE.
HERR KURT- ***SHOOT!***


UNNOTICED, DOCTOR WATSON JUMPS FROM THE CAGE.
CHK!
NOW!
CHK-CHK!
VAS IST!
THE TABLES ARE TURNED AT A DIZZY PACE.
HIMMEL! GET THAT GORILLA AWAY··· UGH!
GRRR-
NOW, IF WE CAN ONLY GET HIS GUN!
GUESS WE MADE MONKEYS OUT OF THEM.
OKAY, YOU GUYS- DON'T MOVE.
I'LL CALL THE COPS.
A SHORT WHILE LATER···
THIS IS NICE WORK, BOYS.
TERRY WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO CALL ME, TOO. WHAT'S THE DOPE, DEADLINE?
THERE THEY ARE, WITH KURT.
WELL, I HAVE A NICE YARN ABOUT A LOVE AFFAIR BETWEEN A MONKEY AND A GORILLA··· THE OTHER STORY MIGHT BE TOO ADULT!
OH, COME OFF IT! THE FEUD'S OVER!
OKAY, KURT NOW TALK!
VERY WELL! I HAVE SMUGGLED MANY IMPORTANT NAZIS OUT OF THE COUNTRY THIS WAY. IT WAS A GOOD SET-UP.
WOW! WE HAVE JUST TIME TO STOP THAT PUBLIC APOLOGY!
THE NEXT MORNING···
WELL, WHAT'S MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT-A JUICY MURDER OR A SPOT IN WASHINGTON?
UMMM-
NO! YOU'VE DONE SUCH A GOOD JOB AT THE ZOO THAT I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU THERE. NOT EVERY REPORTER CAN TURN AN APE INTO AN NAZI!
HA-HA!
TERRY VANCE WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL WITH A BIG SURPRISE.

Johnny DOES HIS BIT

"GOSH," thought Johnny Anders, "wait'll Dad sees this report card."

His face crumpled in a frown . . . and his freckled forehead creased with worry. Johnny was an ordinary looking kid. He had sandy hair, freckled face, a wide grin and devilish dancing blue eyes. His shoulders bespoke future huskiness and even now he could crash a line with the best of the high school quarterbacks and pitch a mean curve. But right then Johnny wasn't thinking of baseball or football. His problem was much more personal . . . he had flunked in Algebra!

"Johnny," his father's warning rang in his ears, "Johnny, if you don't bring home better marks next month I'm afraid that I'll have to take drastic measures—you know what that means!" Johnny knew all right. It meant that he wouldn't go to the summer camp at the Lake, he'd have to spend his vacation in school. Johnny hadn't heeded the warning. He intended to, but somehow baseball, football and so many other things always interfered. Now, a neat red circle on his report card told the story.

Johnny thought about his father. Jerome Anders was a big man with a square jaw and the steel of his gray eyes spoke no good for anyone who crossed him. That was one reason the Army and Navy "E" pennant floated from the flagstaff of the Anders Tool and Die Plant. Jerome Anders was a fighter. The shrapnel scars on his right shoulder, the Distinguished Service Cross laid carefully away in his desk, and the American Legion Button in his coat lapel told the story of his contribution in the other war. This time his fighting was done on the home front . . . with all the zeal and tenacity of a front line soldier.

His plant produced an intricate automatic firing mechanism for Anti-Aircraft guns. An Army pet, a closely guarded secret and for that very reason it was manufactured in the sleepy little town of Glanton rather than in some great industrial center.

Johnny's mother had died ten years before and Jerome had to raise the boy. He ruled his son fairly, justly but firmly. His major disappointment was that Johnny took scarcely any interest in the Plant. He spent too much time on the athletic field and put just enough effort in his studies to remain eligible for the football and baseball teams.

All this went through Johnny's mind as he stood on the front steps of the trim Glanton High Building while all about him students were scurrying home. Shouts and laughter pierced the air. School was out for the summer vacation. This vacation was shadowed by the war; by brothers, friends and relatives fighting on many distant fronts. But there was a lot of interesting work to be done . . . scrap collected, bonds sold . . . and best of all school was out!

Tom Slider, Captain of the baseball team, slapped Johnny on the back. "Hey brother what's cookin'. How about some practice this afternoon? I'd like to work your arm out a bit before the game on Saturday!" Tom was grinning from ear to ear. He had grinnin gfrom ear to ear. He had passed everything and didn't have a care in the world.

"Sorry, Tom," Johnny turned and walked abruptly away.

"That guy," mused Tom, "must be sick!"

◆

JOHNNY WAS AFRAID to face his father. He knew how disappointed and angry he would be. Then an idea hit him. Hop a freight! Go to the Coast! Join the Navy—or the air force . . . maybe get into action like Hank Randall whose picture was in all the local papers. Then his father would be proud of him.

"I'll hide over in Hollis Woods until it gets dark and grab the midnight freight West."

He was pre-occupied with his own thoughts. Perhaps that was why he never noticed the two men who were walking in front of him. He didn't see them until he stepped on the heels of one of the pair. Johnny looked up to gaze into the blazing eyes of a tall, thin-lipped man.

"You young fool . . . you oaf!" The eyes were pin points of flame.

"I-I- beg your pardon, sir!" stammered Johnny.

The other man, heavier and shorter, with beef red cheeks and watery blue eyes, tapped his companion on the shoulder. "Come! He didn't mean it."

The tall man turned. He stepped away from the startled boy and Johnny heard him say—"They are all the same. Fools all, like Anders."

His father? What could that man have to do with his father? Johnny watched as the two men rounded the corner out of his sight. An uneasy feeling held him. Why had that man mentioned his fathers' name? "Aw," he mumbled, "it's just my imagination."

Johnny turned off into the woods. He plunged into the verdant shade of the Maple grove, his favorite spot. The leaves of last Autumn were still underfoot but everything else was bursting with the bloom of summer. Johnny stretched out under one of the trees. It was a warm, drowsy day and he fell asleep.

He looked up into the darkness of night, leaped to his feet and walked to the edge of the woods. He looked out over the town. There, on the outskirts, its light aglow, was his father's plant.

The night shift was going full blast. The factory looked busy, even from that distance.

He was hungry and decided to go to Hank's place, a popular Dining Car not far from the factory shop. Stepping briskly, Johnny soon reached the Diner. Once inside, with the smell of good food in his nostrils, he relaxed.

Hank walked over to his table. "Johnny, your dad has been looking for you. He's worried about you."

Johnny answered sheepishly, "Aw—Hank, I can't see him right now. How about some food on the cuff?"

Hank looked at him and laughed. "In hot water at school again, eh?" Hank understood such things. A few minutes later he returned with a plate of hot food. Johnny smiled up at him.

"Stew," said Hank. It's good." He bustled off to wait on some other customers. Johnny started to eat. Suddenly he dropped his fork, leaving the Diner were the two men he had encountered earlier in the day.

"We'll go see him again," said the tall man, "this time no fooling." Looking through the window, Johnny saw them crossing the wide vacant lot on their way towards the Plant which loomed out of the darkness. Johnny mechanically chewed his food. He thought uneasily about the men. Then instinct prevailed. He pushed back his chair and bolted out the door. Johnny was panting when he reached the plant office. A light shone from the window. The boy cautiously lifted himself to the ledge and looked in. What he saw almost caused him to lose his grip on the sill. His father was tied up in the big office chair, a gag over his mouth. The burly man was slapping him across the face. The other sat nonchalantly on the edge of the desk, a leg swinging to and fro.

The red-faced man said something to Johnny's father who shook his head violently in the negative. He strained at the ropes that bound him. The man slapped him again. Johnny saw red.

He used every ounce of his wiry strength to fling himself upward and through the window. With a splintering of glass, he crashed headlong into the office. He was on his feet in a bound. Incredulous eyes turned to him. Johnny moved swiftly. He catapulted himself at the man who had slapped his father. Johnny's shoulder block was perfect: it caught his victim below the knees and downed him like a poled ox. The big man's head crunched against the steel filing cabinet and he lay still.

A blue steel pistol appeared in the hand of the other man. Johnny crouched against the wall ... his arms spread wide ... legs apart. He was frightened at the maniacal glare in the stranger's eyes.

"Meddler ... you shall die with him!!" The gun wielder's voice rasped.

◆

A KEY GRATED in the lock. The door opened to admit a small be-spectacled man carrying a blue print. Frenchy Duveaux, Mr. Anders' chief machinist.

"I have here a ... Sacre Bleu! What is this?" Astonishment filled his lined face.

"ACHSTUNG! STAND FAST!!" grated the man ... the steady pistol covered the new comer but he had turned his his back on Johnny and the lithe lad seized his opportunity. A leap brought him upon the other's back. His knees dug into the man's spine, his thumbs found the glaring eyes.

With a howl, the would-be killer dropped his weapon and Frenchy pounced on it.

Duveaux's voice was steady, sharp. "Let him go, Johnny!! Untie your father. It is many years since I touched one of these ... A Luger! I last held one at Verdun. I killed the Hun who owned it. I would not mind killing this one."

Johnny's nimble fingers soon loosened his father's bonds. Anders stared directly at his erstwhile foe as he lifted the phone. The man on the floor still did not move.

"Operator," said Anders, "Give me the F.B.I. in Centerville." A few hours later, Johnny, his father and Frenchy sat in the office.

Jerome grinned at his son, "If it weren't for you, they would have finished me ..."

Johnny said, "It was Frenchy who saved the day."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "It was a pleasure. My one regret is that he didn't make a move. At ten feet I couldn't have missed!"

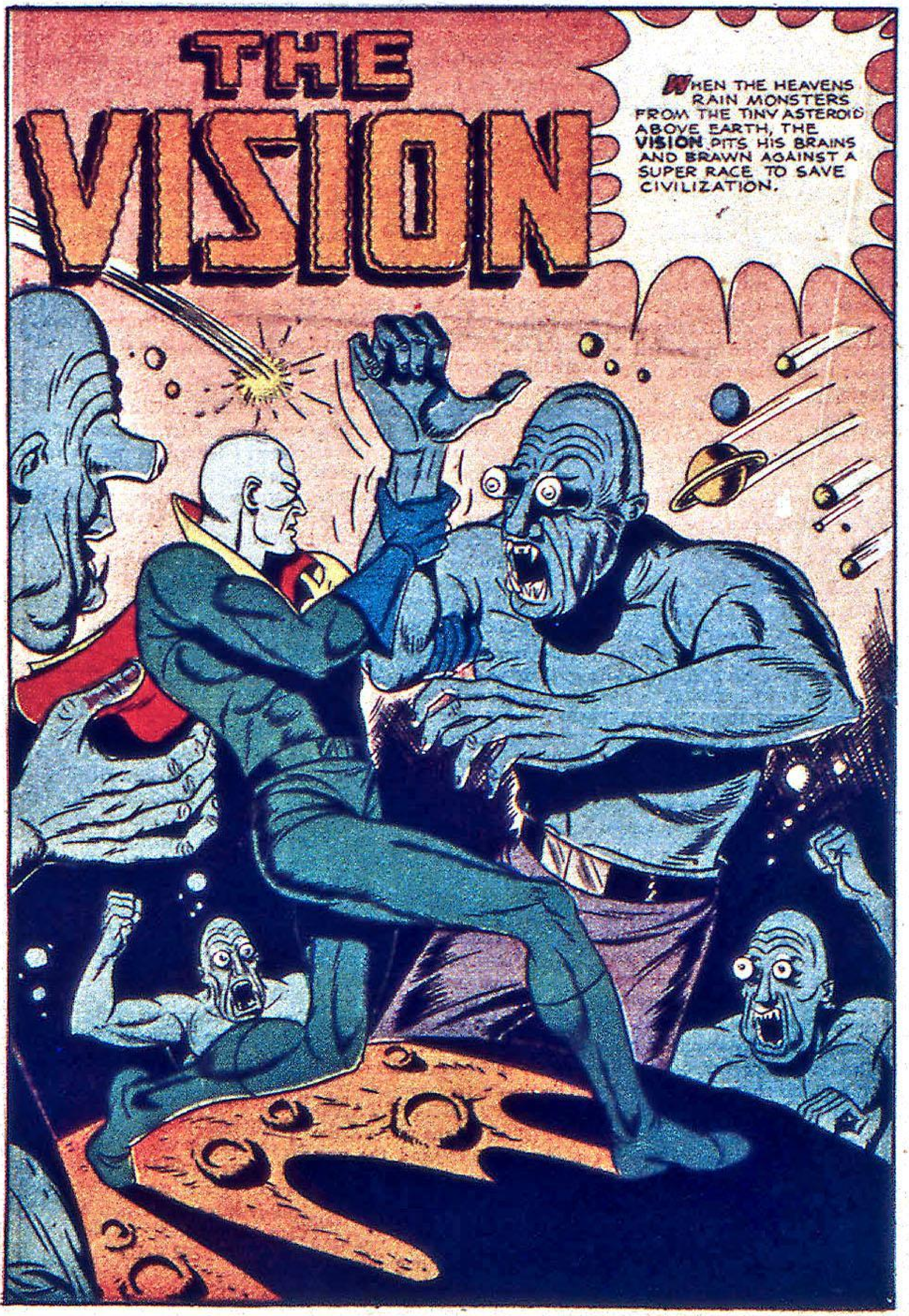
Mr. Anders said, "You see, Johnny, they were after the plane for the firing device. Those two were ace Nazi stooges. Both had operated in Belgium, Holland and Norway. When they approached me this morning with threats, I called the F.B.I. I didn't think they'd come back. It's lucky for me that you turned up, my son."

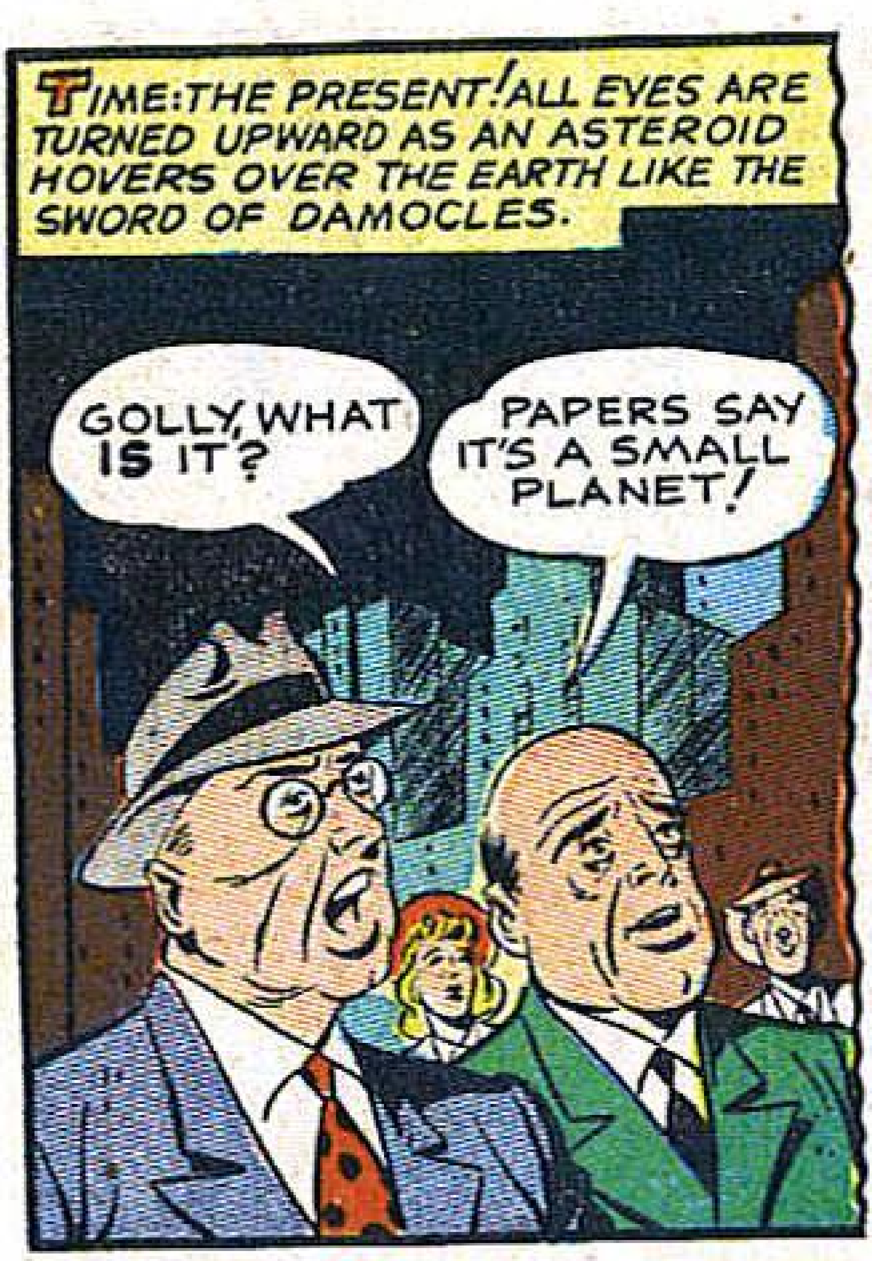
"Dad," said Johnny, "I have something to tell you."

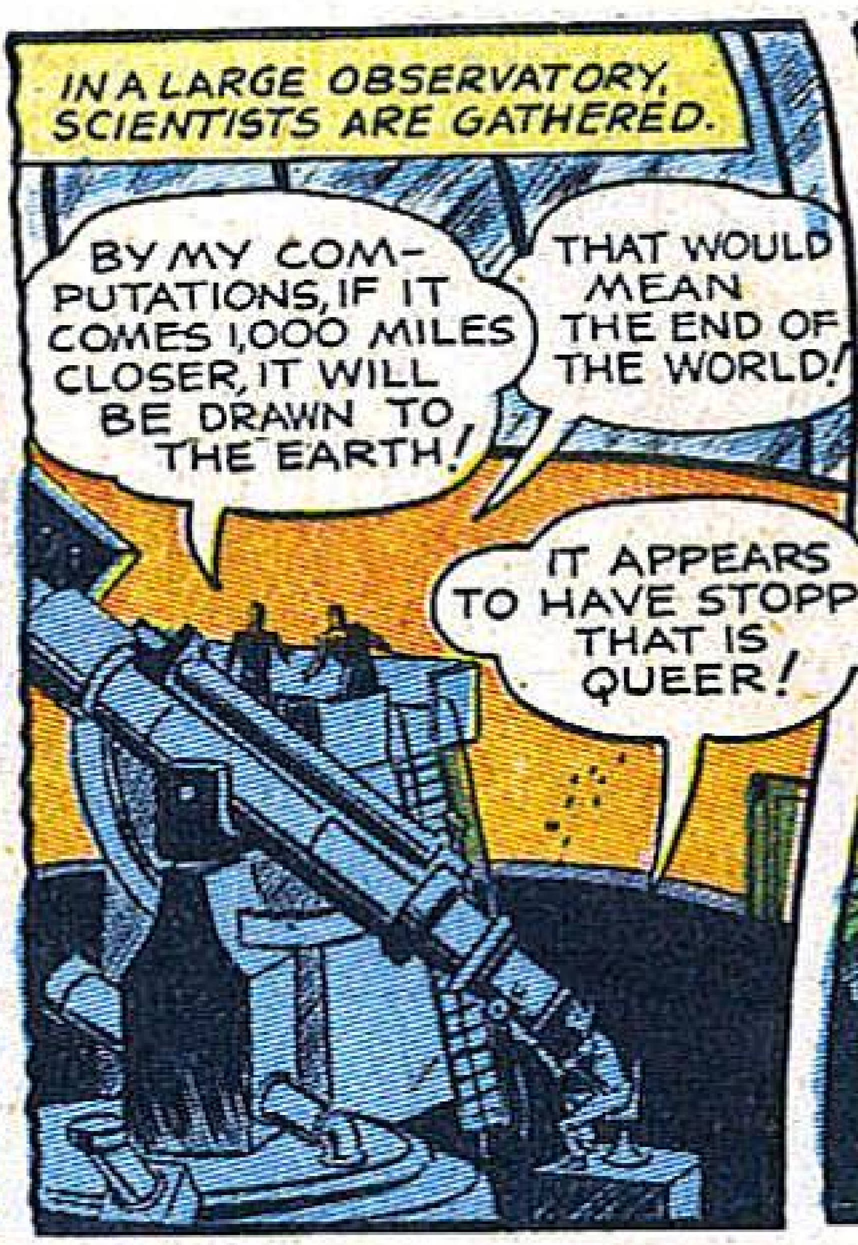
"About the Algebra? I knew that this afternoon. When you didn't come home for lunch, I called the school. Mr. Albertson, the principal told me about it. But, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. If you hadn't failed, you'd be at the Lake now ... and *where* would I be? I'm beginning to agree, Johnny, that football *is* more important to life than Algebra!"

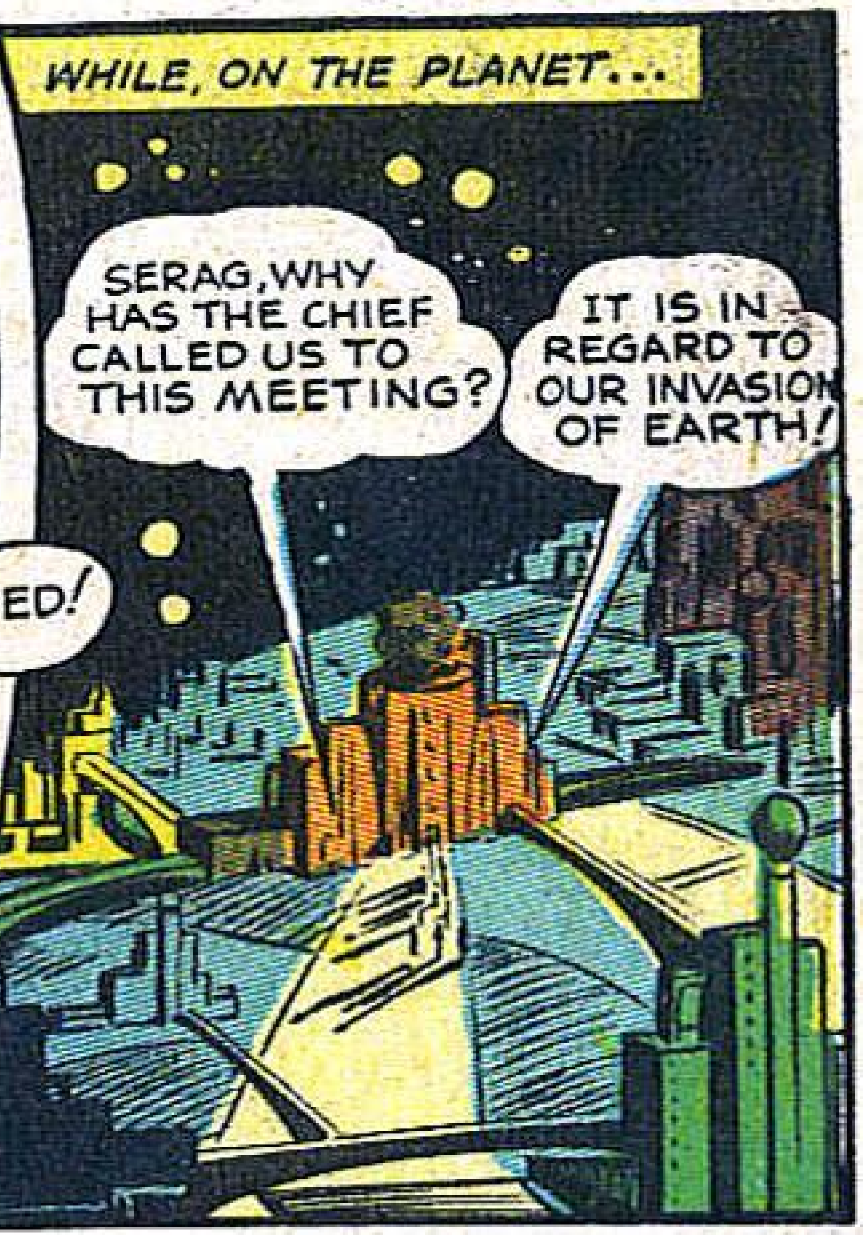
THE END

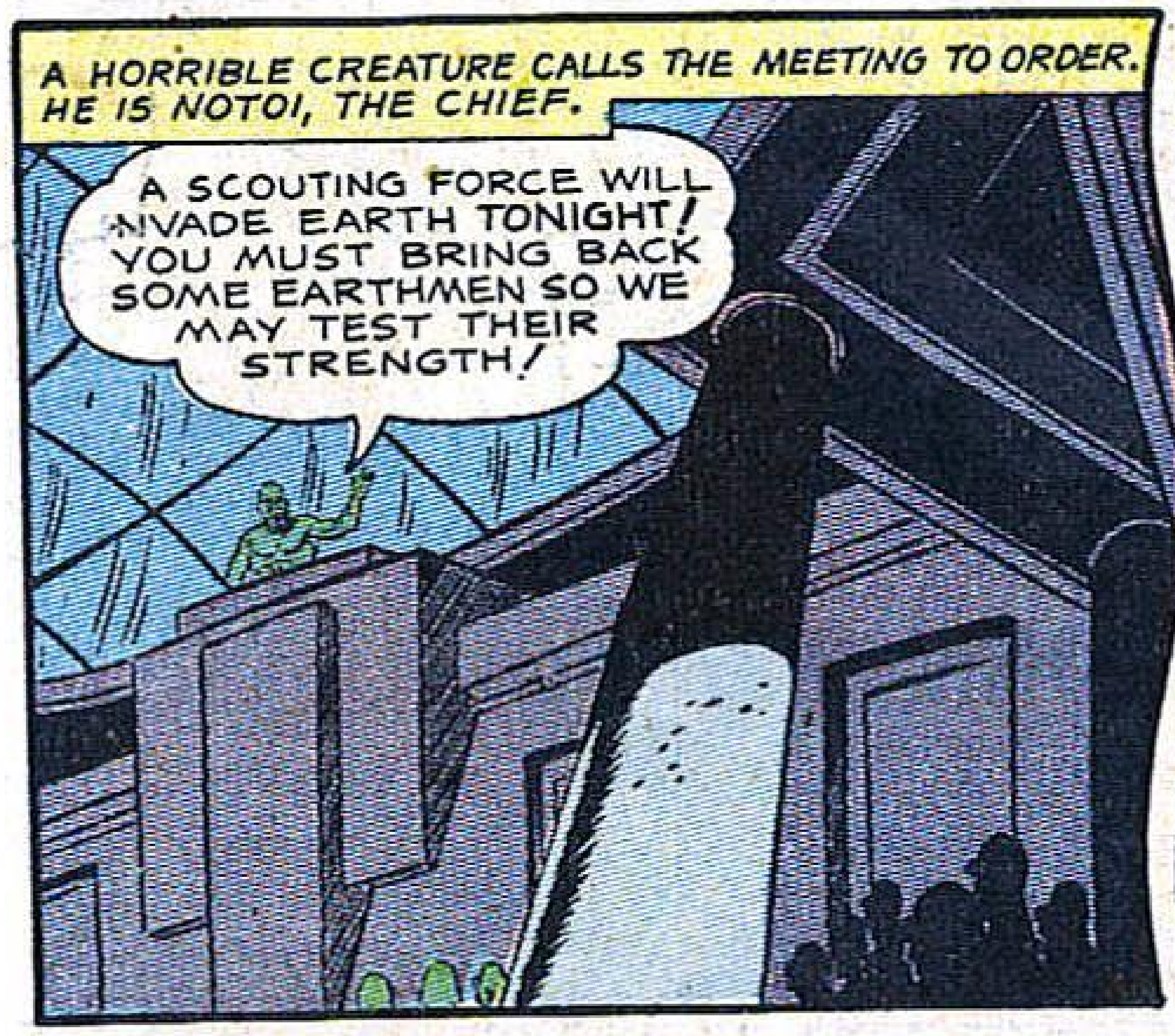
THE VISION

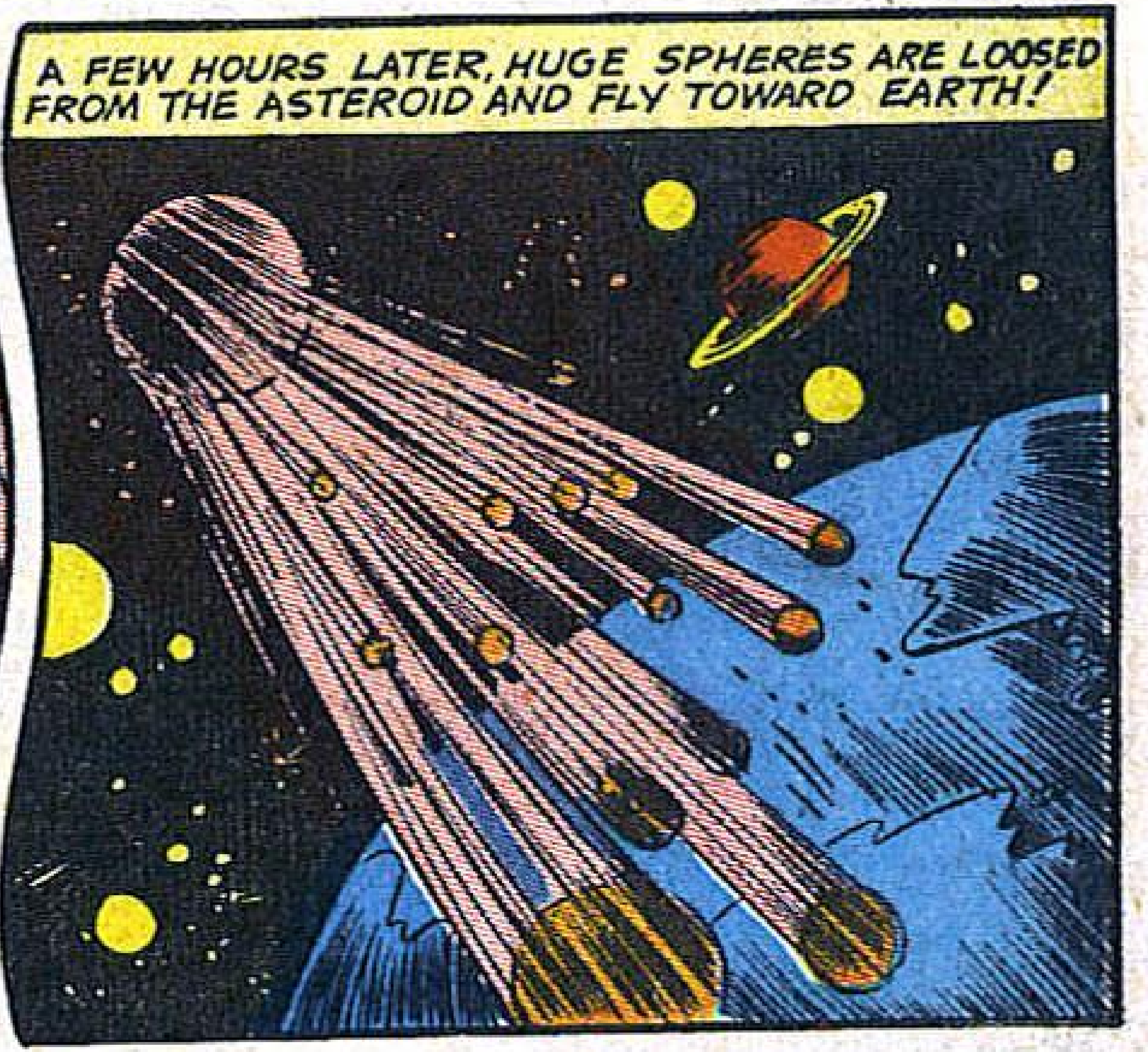

WHEN THE HEAVENS RAIN MONSTERS FROM THE TINY ASTEROID ABOVE EARTH, THE VISION PITS HIS BRAINS AND BRAWN AGAINST A SUPER RACE TO SAVE CIVILIZATION.

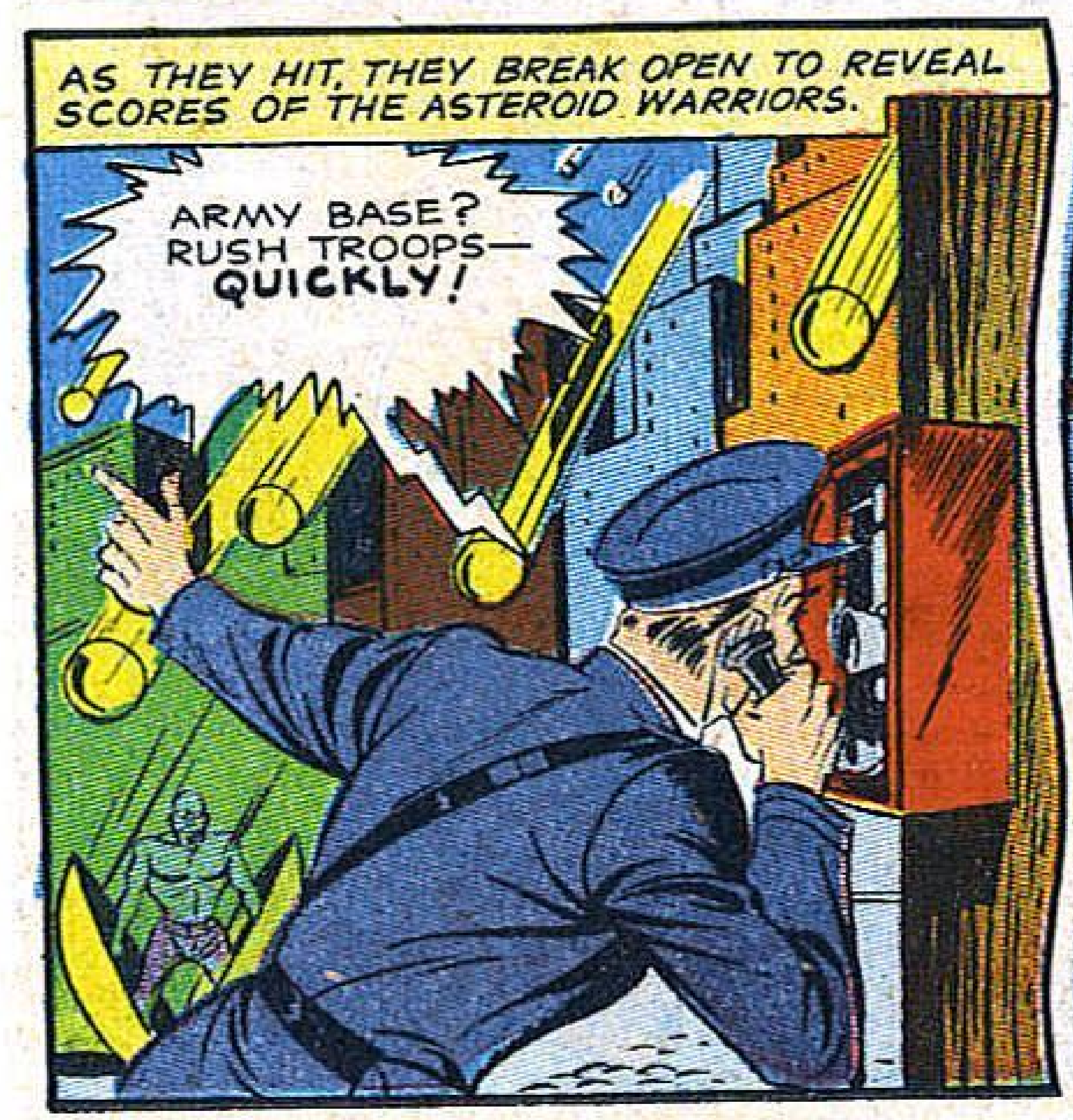

TIME: THE PRESENT! ALL EYES ARE TURNED UPWARD AS AN ASTEROID HOVERS OVER THE EARTH LIKE THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.
GOLLY, WHAT **IS** IT?
PAPERS SAY IT'S A SMALL PLANET!

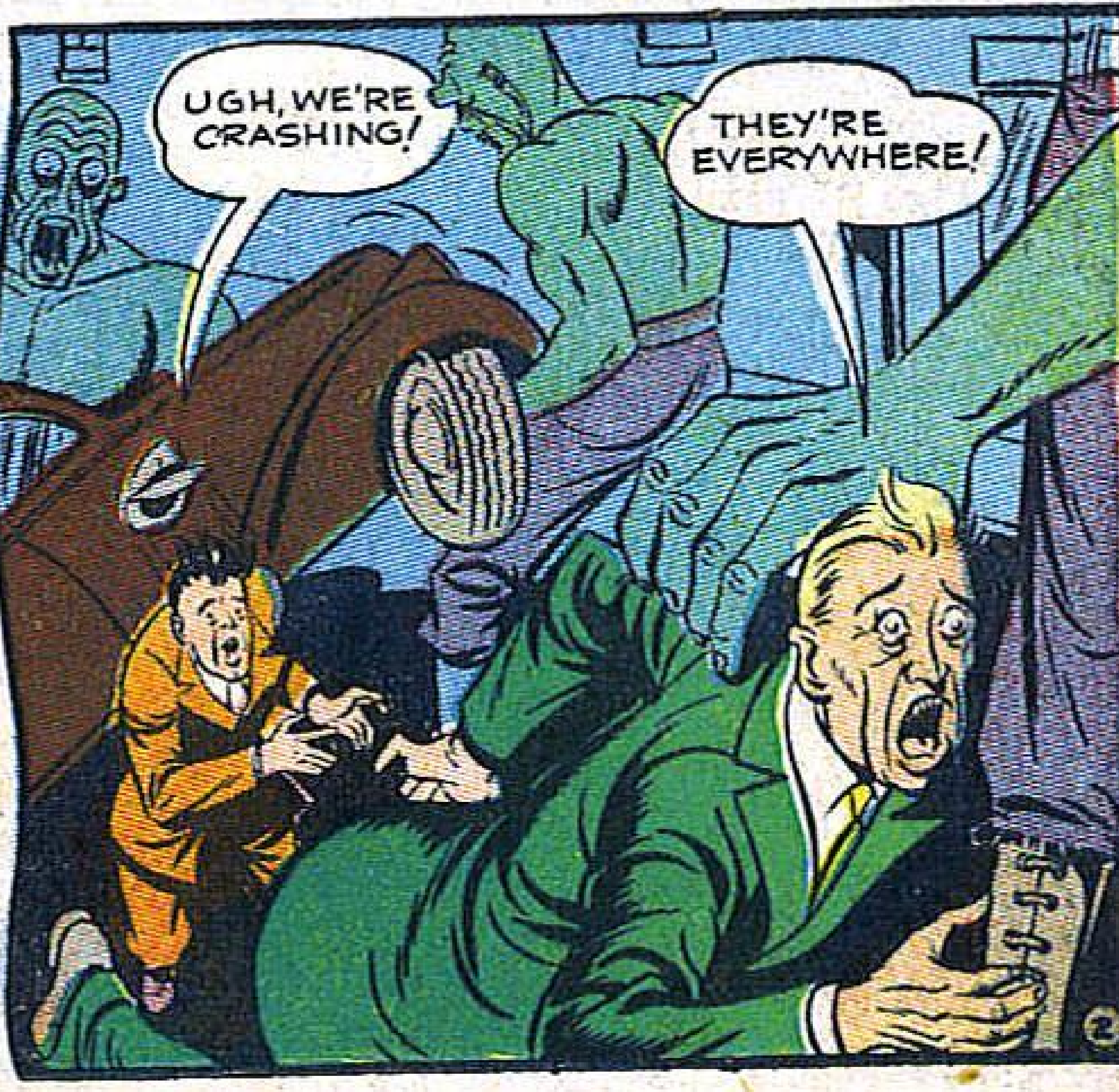

IN A LARGE OBSERVATORY, SCIENTISTS ARE GATHERED.
BY MY COMPUTATIONS, IF IT COMES 1,000 MILES CLOSER, IT WILL BE DRAWN TO THE EARTH!
THAT WOULD MEAN THE END OF THE WORLD!
IT APPEARS TO HAVE STOPPED! THAT IS QUEER!

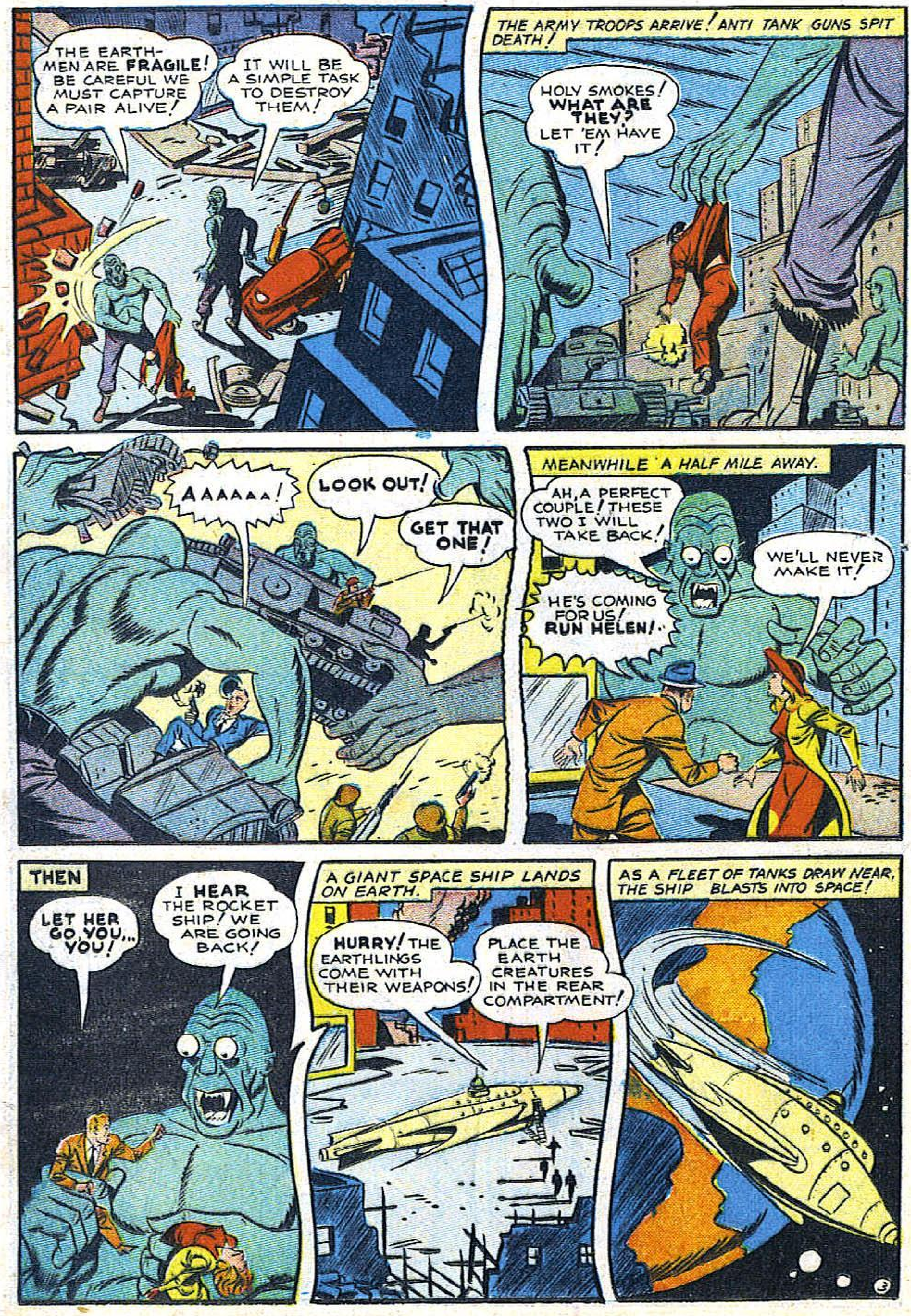

WHILE, ON THE PLANET...
SERAG, WHY HAS THE CHIEF CALLED US TO THIS MEETING?
IT IS IN REGARD TO OUR INVASION OF EARTH!

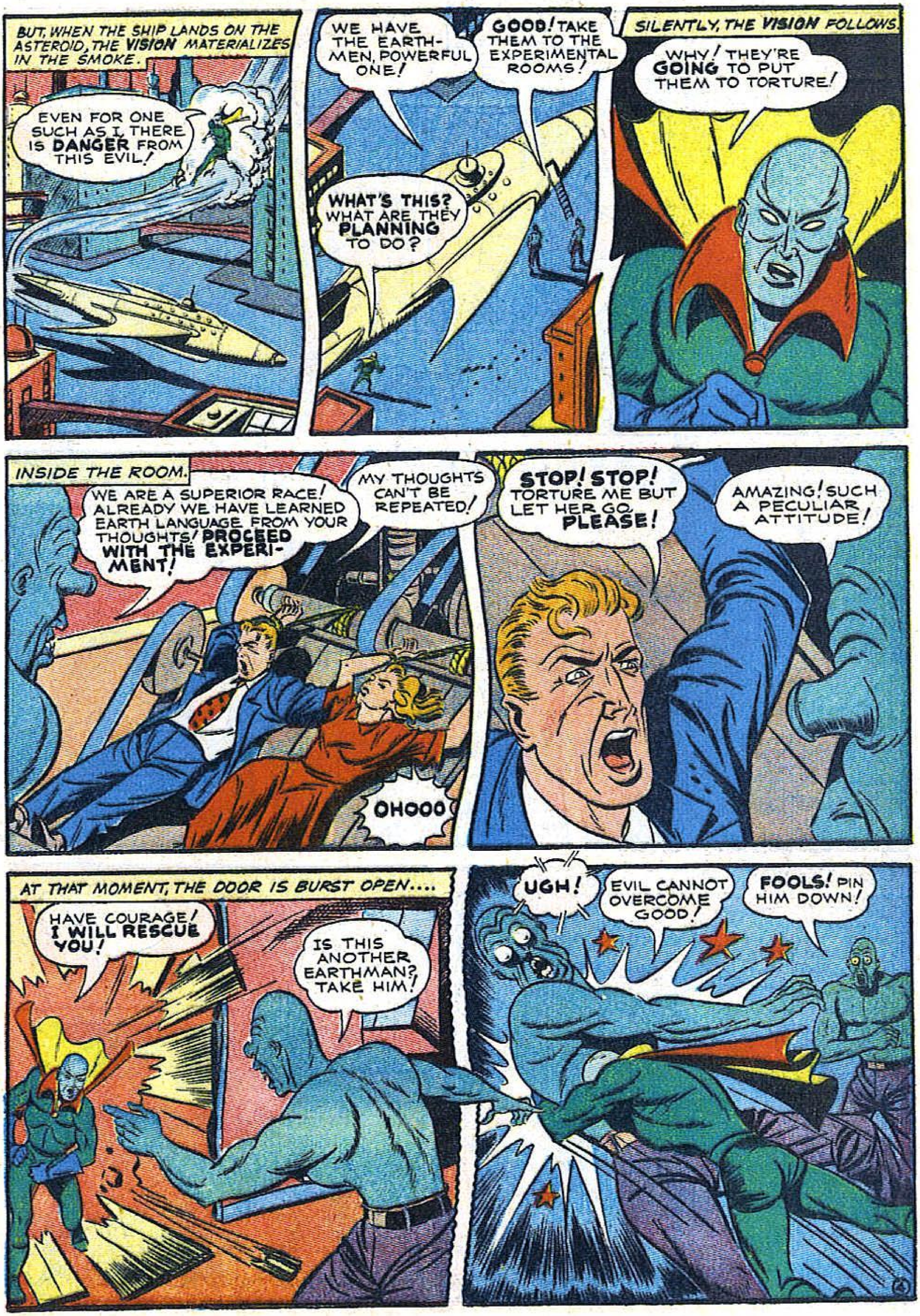

A HORRIBLE CREATURE CALLS THE MEETING TO ORDER. HE IS NOTOI, THE CHIEF.
A SCOUTING FORCE WILL INVADE EARTH **TONIGHT**! YOU MUST BRING BACK SOME EARTHMEN SO WE MAY TEST THEIR STRENGTH!

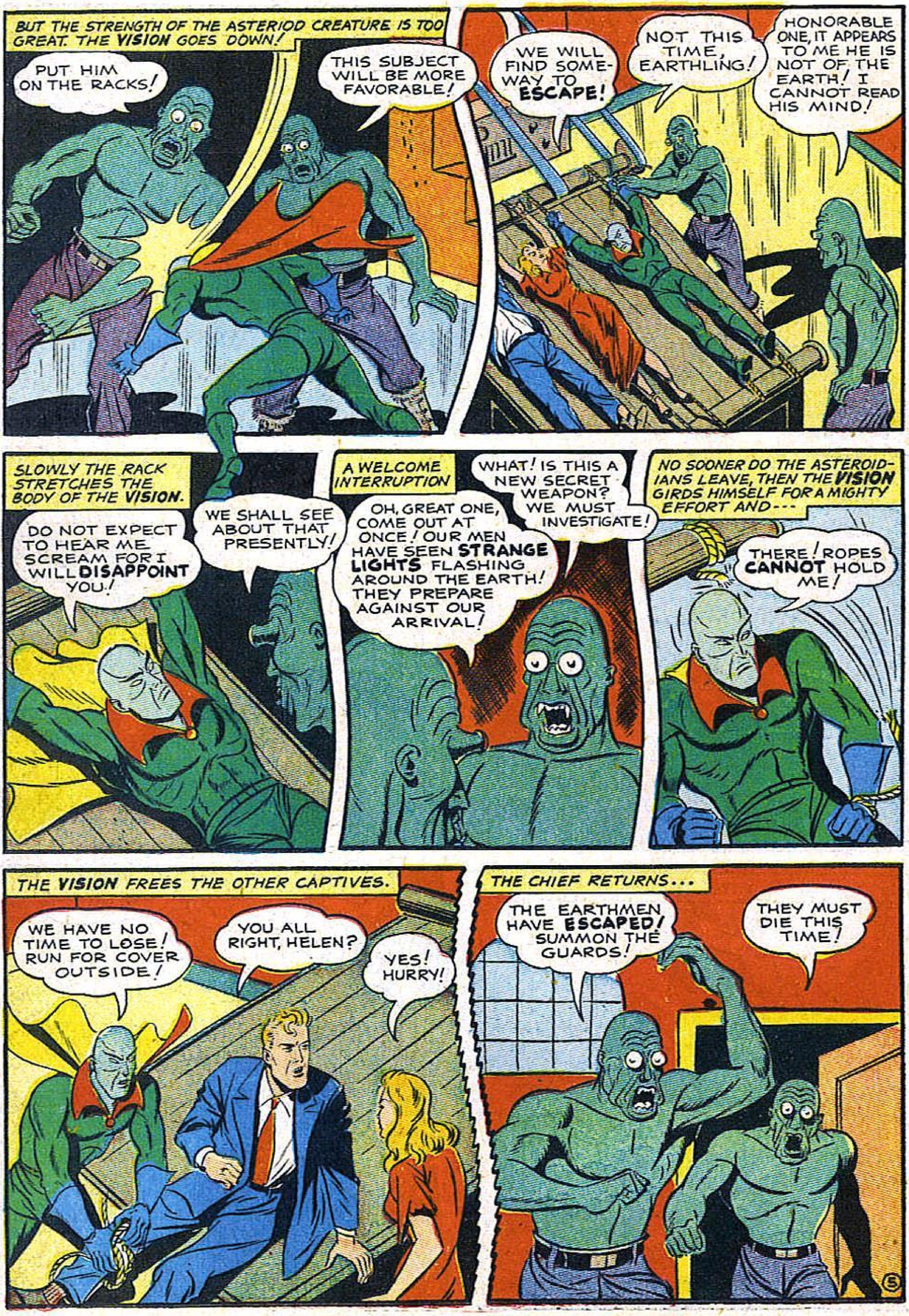

A FEW HOURS LATER, HUGE SPHERES ARE LOOSED FROM THE ASTEROID AND FLY TOWARD EARTH!

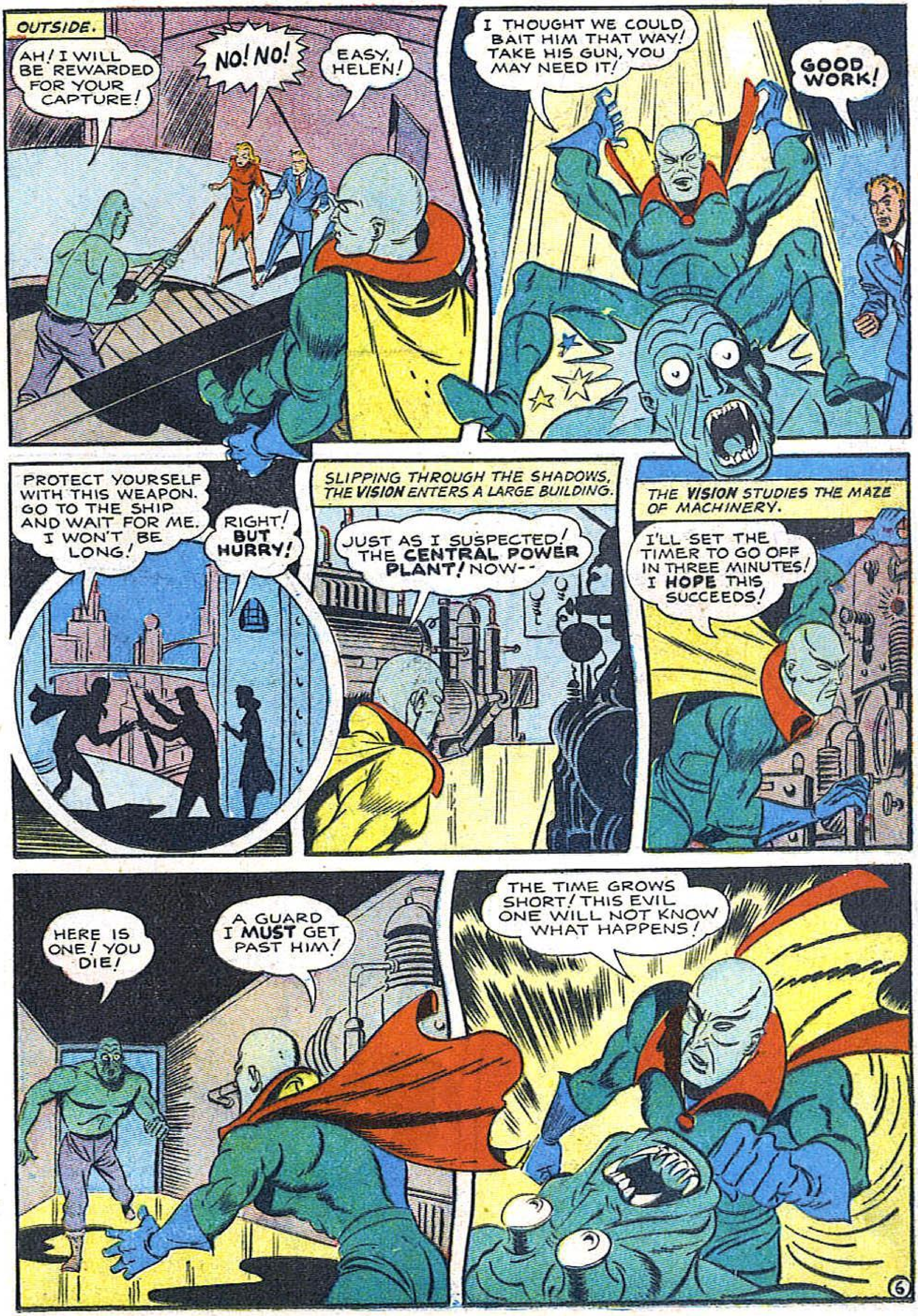

AS THEY HIT, THEY BREAK OPEN TO REVEAL SCORES OF THE ASTEROID WARRIORS.
ARMY BASE? RUSH TROOPS— **QUICKLY**!

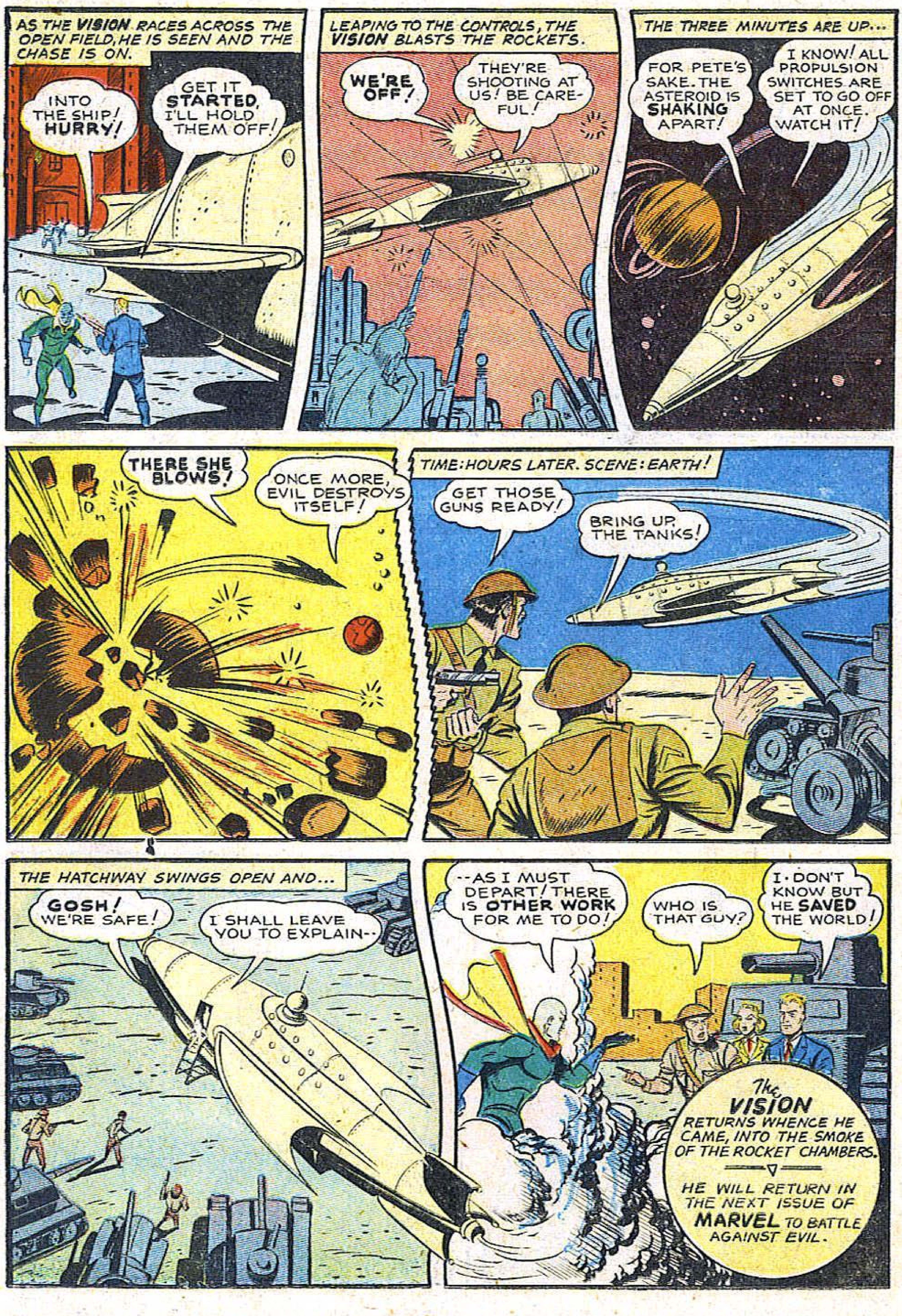

UGH, WE'RE CRASHING!
THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!


THE EARTH-MEN ARE **FRAGILE**! BE CAREFUL WE MUST CAPTURE A PAIR ALIVE!
IT WILL BE A SIMPLE TASK TO DESTROY THEM!
THE ARMY TROOPS ARRIVE! ANTI TANK GUNS SPIT DEATH!
HOLY SMOKES! **WHAT ARE THEY?** LET 'EM HAVE IT!
AAAAAA!
LOOK OUT!
GET THAT ONE!
MEANWHILE A HALF MILE AWAY.
AH, A PERFECT COUPLE! THESE TWO I WILL TAKE BACK!
WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
HE'S COMING FOR US! **RUN HELEN!**
THEN
LET HER GO, YOU... YOU!
I **HEAR** THE ROCKET SHIP! WE ARE GOING BACK!
A GIANT SPACE SHIP LANDS ON EARTH.
HURRY! THE EARTHLINGS COME WITH THEIR WEAPONS!
PLACE THE EARTH CREATURES IN THE REAR COMPARTMENT!
AS A FLEET OF TANKS DRAW NEAR, THE SHIP BLASTS INTO SPACE!

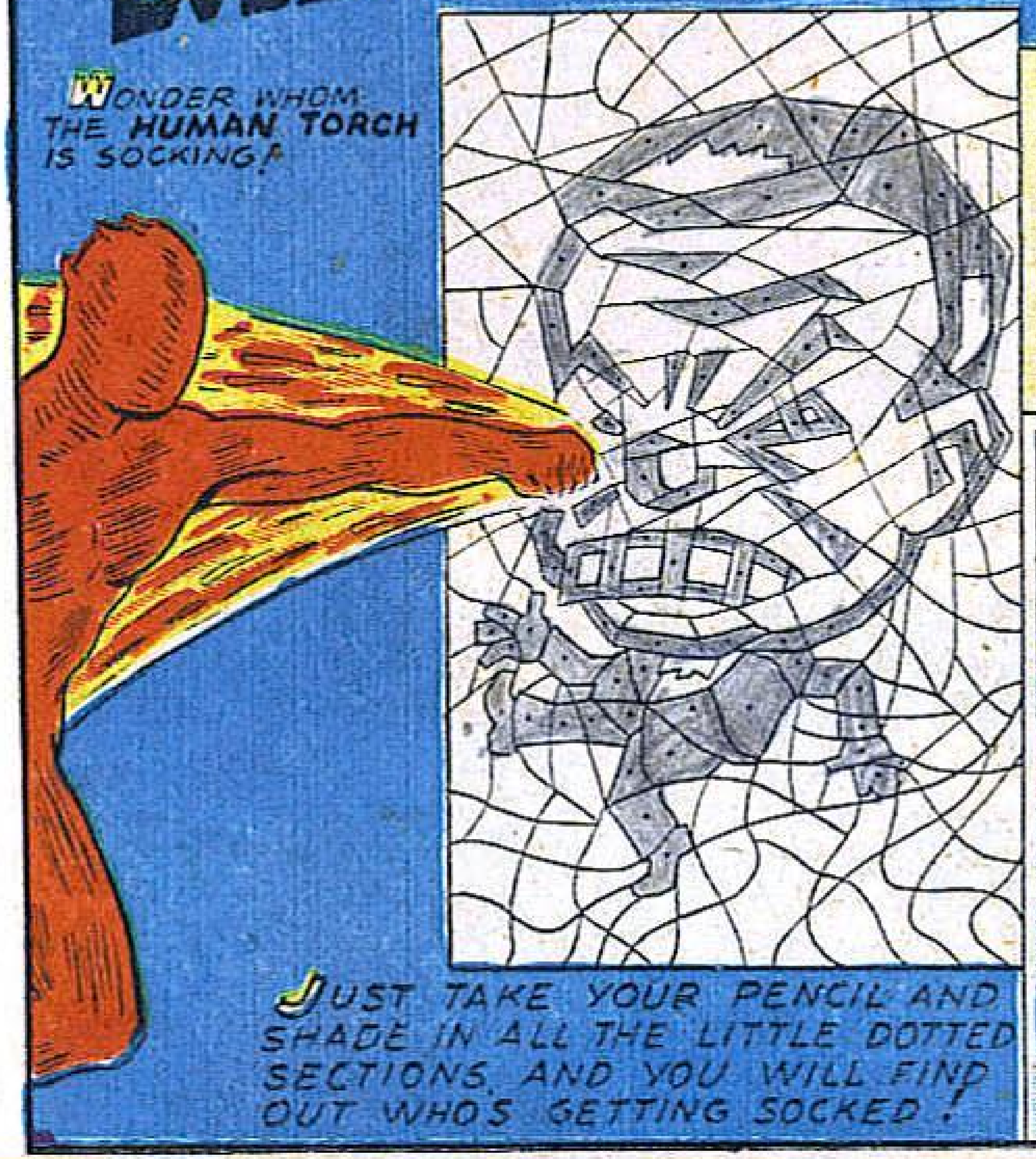

BUT, WHEN THE SHIP LANDS ON THE ASTEROID, THE VISION MATERIALIZES IN THE SMOKE.
EVEN FOR ONE SUCH AS I, THERE IS DANGER FROM THIS EVIL!
WE HAVE THE EARTH-MEN, POWERFUL ONE!
GOOD! TAKE THEM TO THE EXPERIMENTAL ROOMS!
WHAT'S THIS? WHAT ARE THEY PLANNING TO DO?
SILENTLY, THE VISION FOLLOWS.
WHY! THEY'RE GOING TO PUT THEM TO TORTURE!
INSIDE THE ROOM.
WE ARE A SUPERIOR RACE! ALREADY WE HAVE LEARNED EARTH LANGUAGE FROM YOUR THOUGHTS! PROCEED WITH THE EXPERIMENT!
MY THOUGHTS CAN'T BE REPEATED!
OHOOO
STOP! STOP! TORTURE ME BUT LET HER GO, PLEASE!
AMAZING! SUCH A PECULIAR ATTITUDE!
AT THAT MOMENT, THE DOOR IS BURST OPEN....
HAVE COURAGE! I WILL RESCUE YOU!
IS THIS ANOTHER EARTHMAN? TAKE HIM!
UGH!
EVIL CANNOT OVERCOME GOOD!
FOOLS! PIN HIM DOWN!
4


BUT THE STRENGTH OF THE ASTERIOD CREATURE IS TOO GREAT. THE **VISION** GOES DOWN!
PUT HIM ON THE RACKS!
THIS SUBJECT WILL BE MORE FAVORABLE!
WE WILL FIND SOMEWAY TO **ESCAPE!**
NOT THIS TIME, EARTHLING!
HONORABLE ONE, IT APPEARS TO ME HE IS NOT OF THE EARTH! I CANNOT READ HIS MIND!
SLOWLY THE RACK STRETCHES THE BODY OF THE **VISION**.
DO NOT EXPECT TO HEAR ME SCREAM FOR I WILL **DISAPPOINT** YOU!
WE SHALL SEE ABOUT THAT PRESENTLY!
A WELCOME INTERRUPTION
OH, GREAT ONE, COME OUT AT ONCE! OUR MEN HAVE SEEN **STRANGE LIGHTS** FLASHING AROUND THE EARTH! THEY PREPARE AGAINST OUR ARRIVAL!
WHAT! IS THIS A NEW SECRET WEAPON? WE MUST INVESTIGATE!
NO SOONER DO THE ASTEROIDIANS LEAVE, THEN THE **VISION** GIRDS HIMSELF FOR A MIGHTY EFFORT AND---
THERE! ROPES **CANNOT** HOLD ME!
THE **VISION** FREES THE OTHER CAPTIVES.
WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE! RUN FOR COVER OUTSIDE!
YOU ALL RIGHT, HELEN?
YES! HURRY!
THE CHIEF RETURNS...
THE EARTHMEN HAVE **ESCAPED!** SUMMON THE GUARDS!
THEY MUST DIE THIS TIME!
5


OUTSIDE.
AH! I WILL BE REWARDED FOR YOUR CAPTURE!
NO! NO!
EASY, HELEN!
I THOUGHT WE COULD BAIT HIM THAT WAY! TAKE HIS GUN, YOU MAY NEED IT!
GOOD WORK!
PROTECT YOURSELF WITH THIS WEAPON. GO TO THE SHIP AND WAIT FOR ME. I WON'T BE LONG!
RIGHT! BUT HURRY!
SLIPPING THROUGH THE SHADOWS, THE VISION ENTERS A LARGE BUILDING.
JUST AS I SUSPECTED! THE CENTRAL POWER PLANT! NOW--
THE VISION STUDIES THE MAZE OF MACHINERY.
I'LL SET THE TIMER TO GO OFF IN THREE MINUTES! I HOPE THIS SUCCEEDS!
HERE IS ONE! YOU DIE!
A GUARD I MUST GET PAST HIM!
THE TIME GROWS SHORT! THIS EVIL ONE WILL NOT KNOW WHAT HAPPENS!


AS THE VISION RACES ACROSS THE OPEN FIELD, HE IS SEEN AND THE CHASE IS ON.
INTO THE SHIP! HURRY!
GET IT STARTED, I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!
LEAPING TO THE CONTROLS, THE VISION BLASTS THE ROCKETS.
WE'RE OFF!
THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US! BE CAREFUL!
THE THREE MINUTES ARE UP...
FOR PETE'S SAKE. THE ASTEROID IS SHAKING APART!
I KNOW! ALL PROPULSION SWITCHES ARE SET TO GO OFF AT ONCE. WATCH IT!
THERE SHE BLOWS!
ONCE MORE, EVIL DESTROYS ITSELF!
TIME: HOURS LATER. SCENE: EARTH!
GET THOSE GUNS READY!
BRING UP THE TANKS!
THE HATCHWAY SWINGS OPEN AND...
GOSH! WE'RE SAFE!
I SHALL LEAVE YOU TO EXPLAIN--
--AS I MUST DEPART! THERE IS OTHER WORK FOR ME TO DO!
WHO IS THAT GUY?
I DON'T KNOW BUT HE SAVED THE WORLD!
The VISION RETURNS WHENCE HE CAME, INTO THE SMOKE OF THE ROCKET CHAMBERS.
HE WILL RETURN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL TO BATTLE AGAINST EVIL.

MARVEL MYSTERY ·QUIZ·

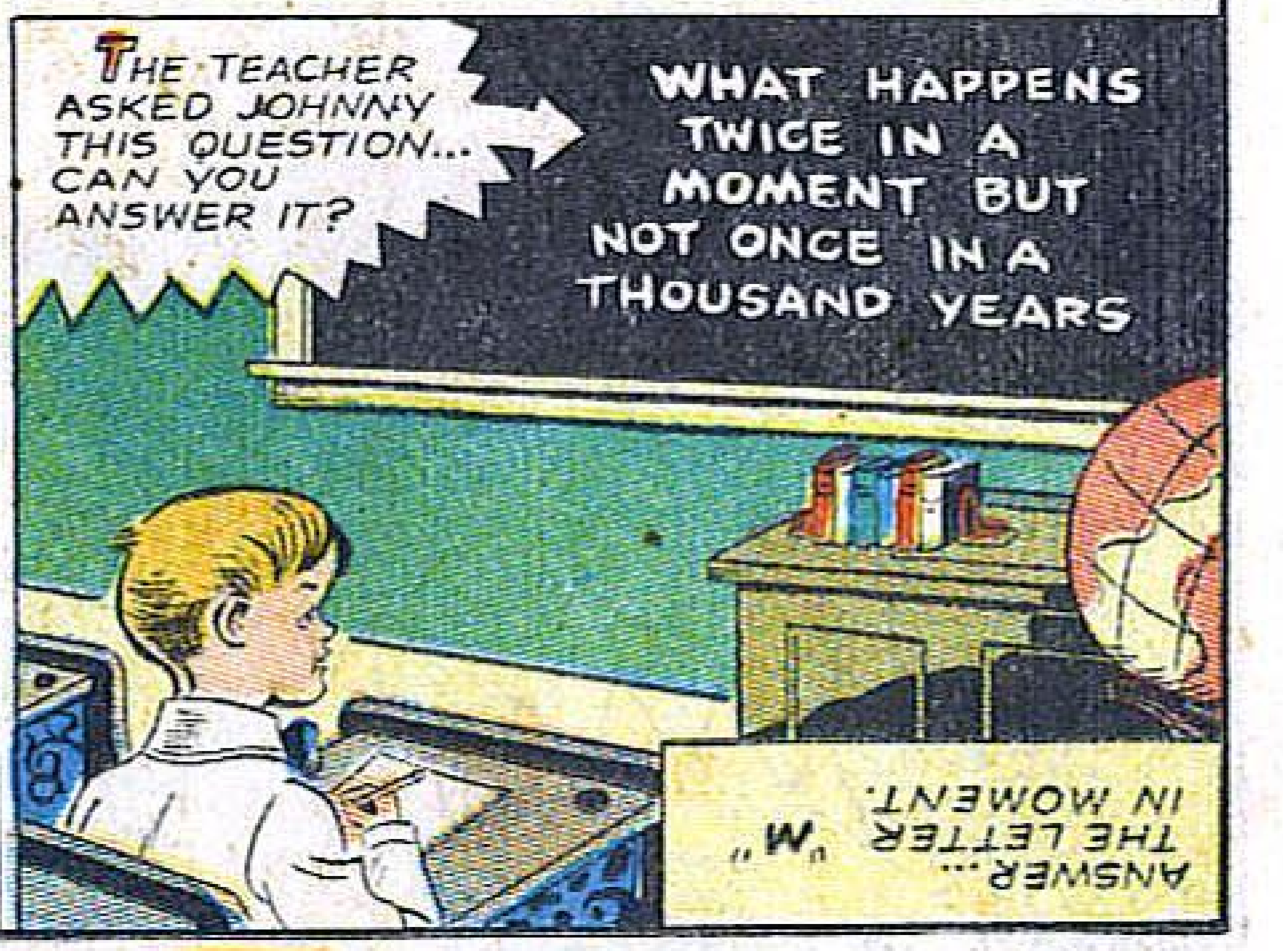

WONDER WHOM THE **HUMAN TORCH** IS SOCKING!
JUST TAKE YOUR PENCIL AND SHADE IN ALL THE LITTLE DOTTED SECTIONS, AND YOU WILL FIND OUT WHO'S GETTING SOCKED!

CAN YOU MAKE THIS SENTENCE UNDERSTANDABLE BY JUST USING STRAIGHT LINES.

0000 000 00 0 TRICK

HERE'S HOW IT IS DONE.

qood doq do d TRICK


THE TEACHER ASKED JOHNNY THIS QUESTION... CAN YOU ANSWER IT?
WHAT HAPPENS TWICE IN A MOMENT BUT NOT ONCE IN A THOUSAND YEARS
ANSWER... THE LETTER "M" IN MOMENT.

PRIZES and MONEY

Jim Thayer, Dep't. 966
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

FILL THIS OUT NOW!

NAME
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CITY
STATE
R.F.D. AGE

Articles for fishing, hunting, and other sports!—Games, books, chemistry and crime detection sets! — Scout equipment! — Clothing! — Over one hundred swell prizes are yours to choose from my big prize catalog!

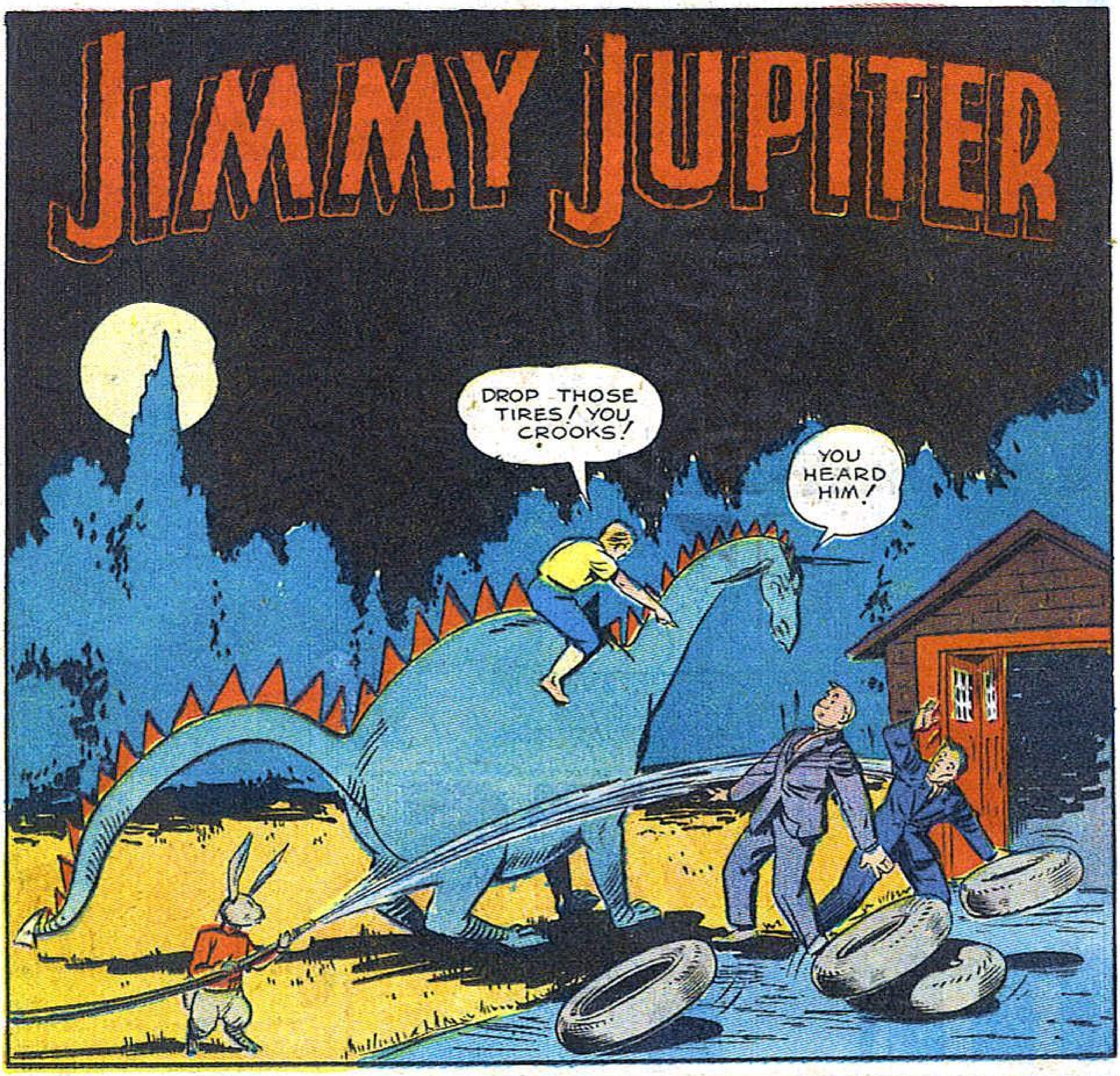
You'll have plenty of spending money too, because ONE FOURTH of all the cash you'll collect will be yours!

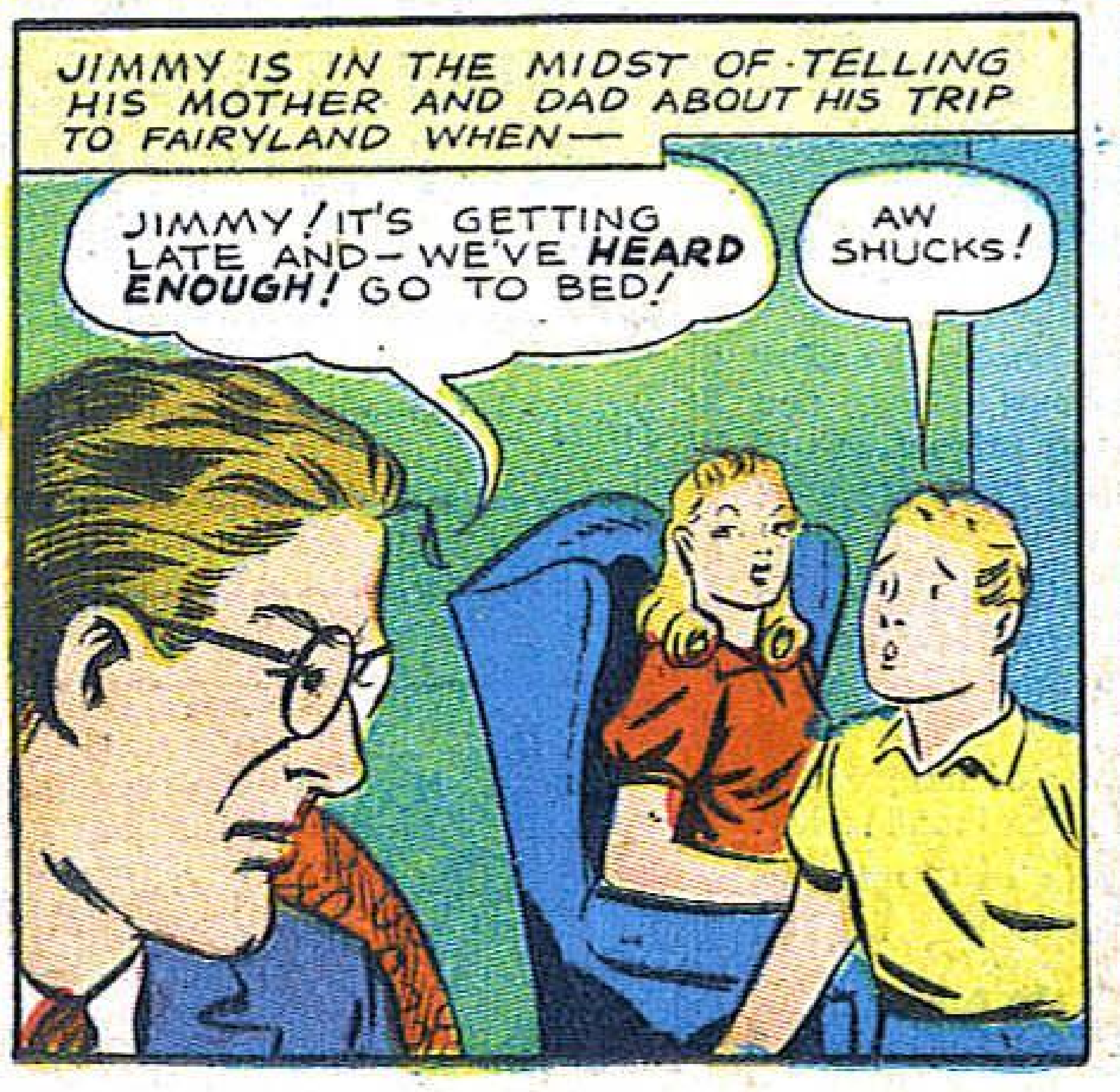
Here's all there is to it—you simply deliver Collier's Magazine to customers you'll obtain in your own neighborhood! Easy? Of course it's easy, and it's loads of fun, too! Let me start you off TODAY as a Crowell Junior Salesman

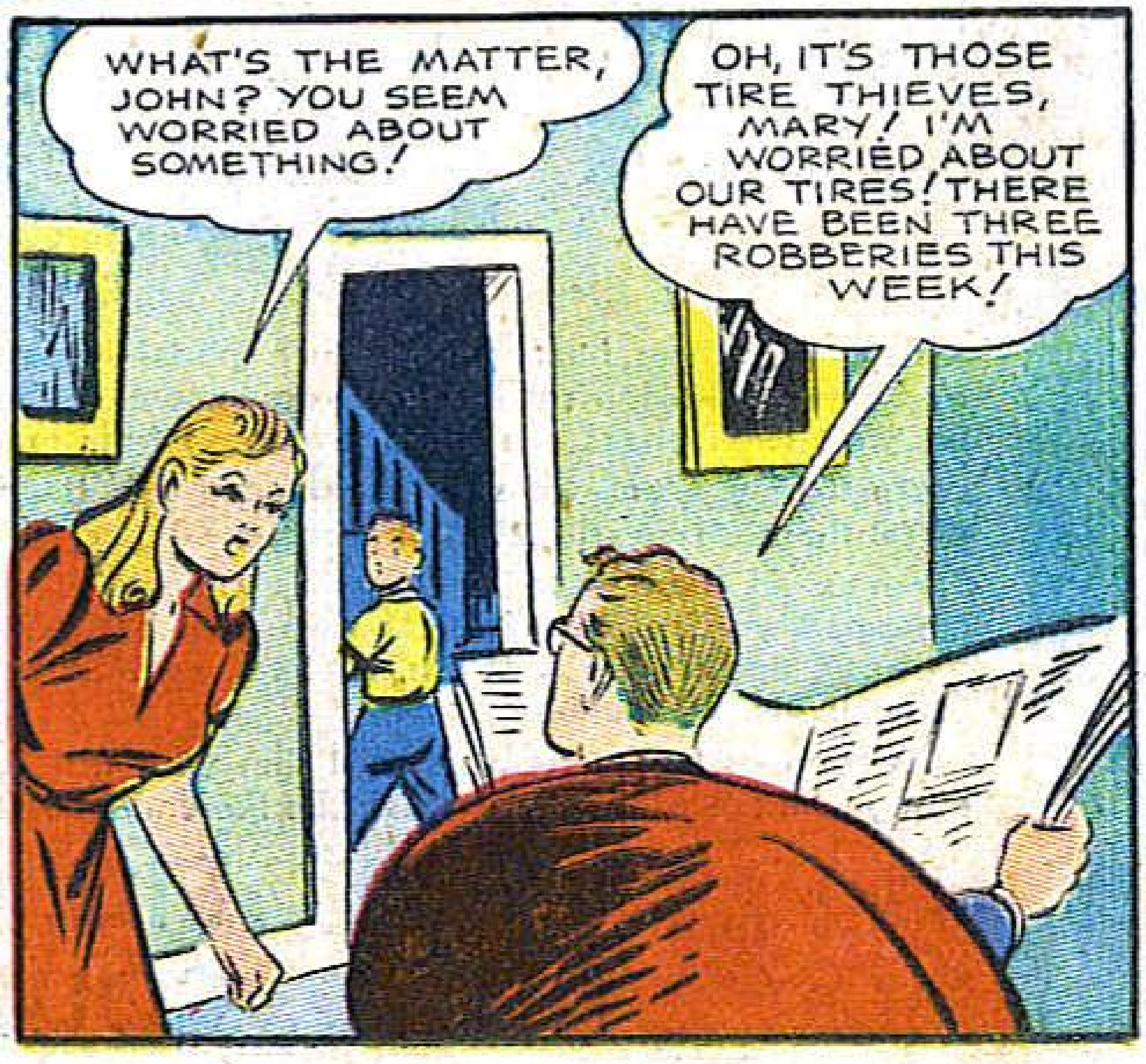
As soon as I hear from you, I'll ship your first order of magazines, along with complete instructions! Clip the entire coupon and mail today.

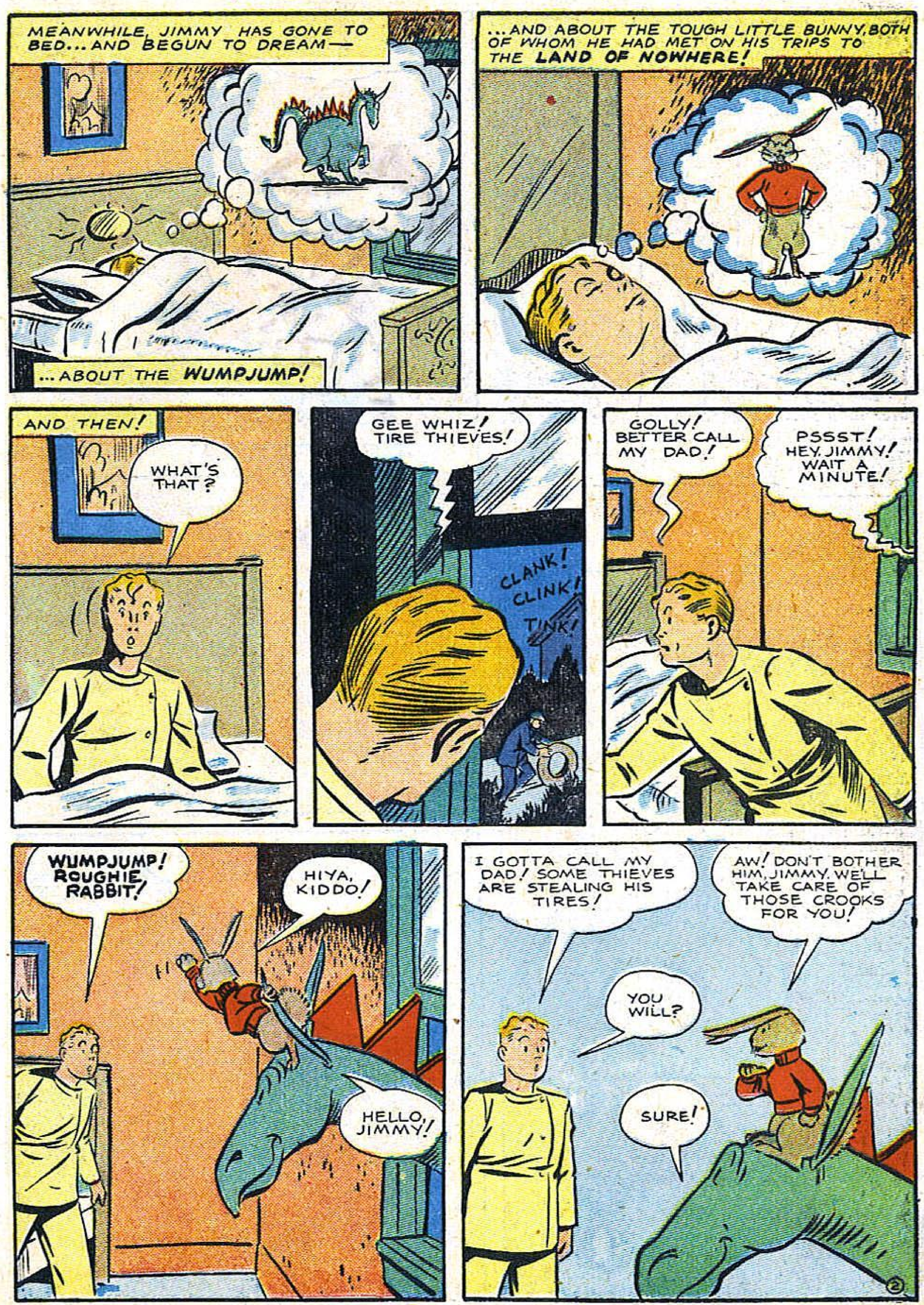
HURRY! FILL OUT THE COUPON and Mail to-day

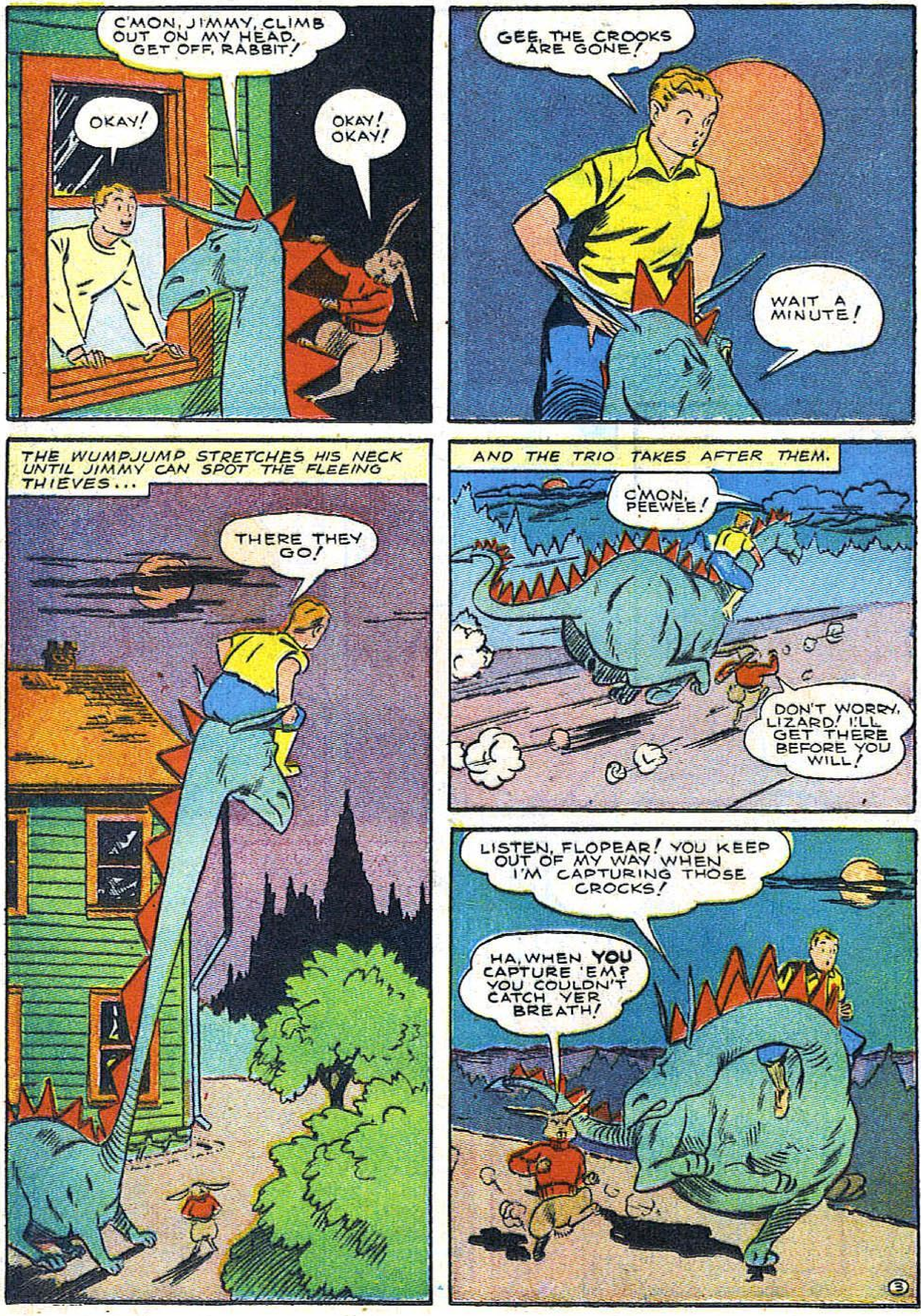
JIMMY JUPITER

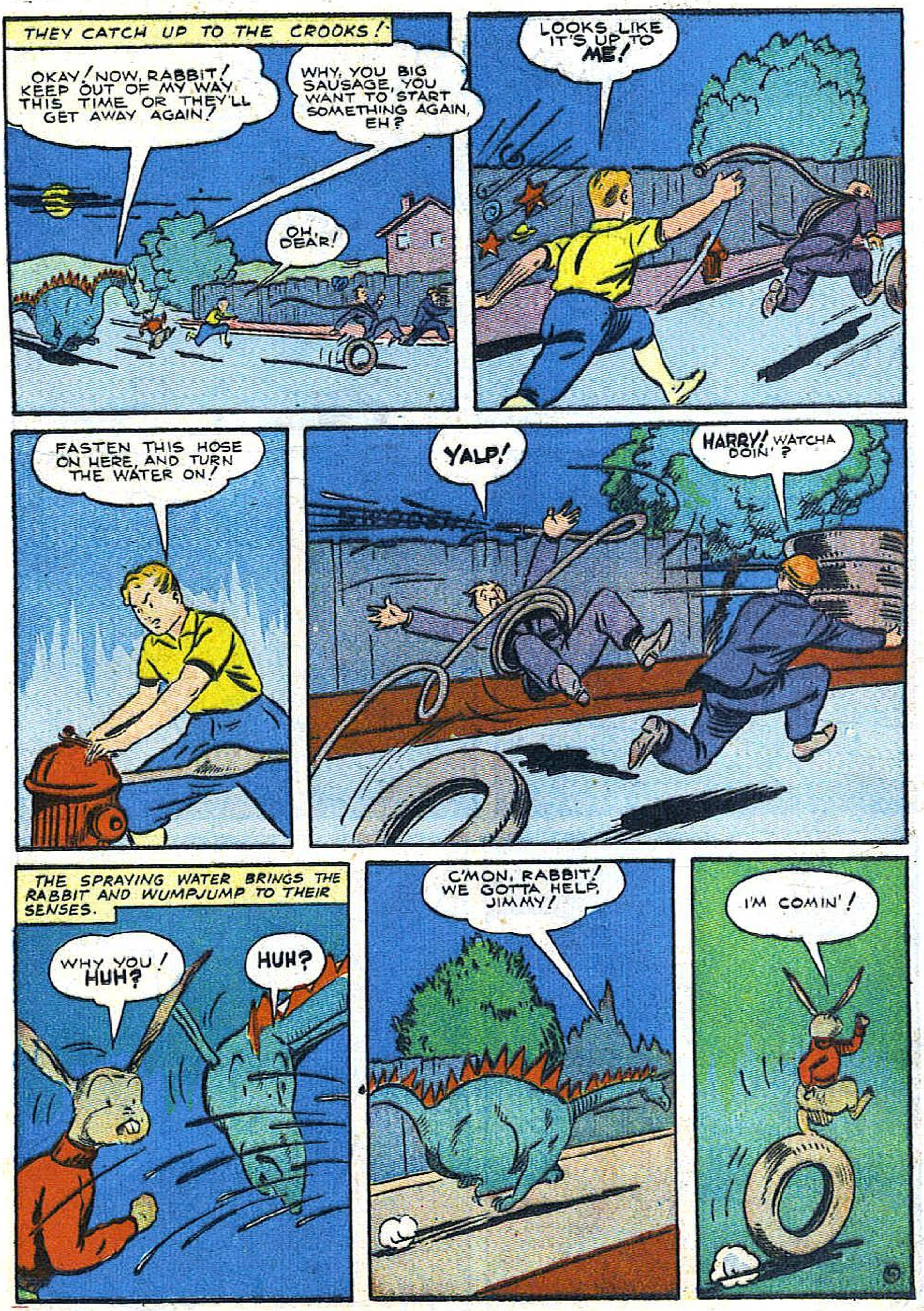

DROP THOSE TIRES! YOU CROOKS!
YOU HEARD HIM!

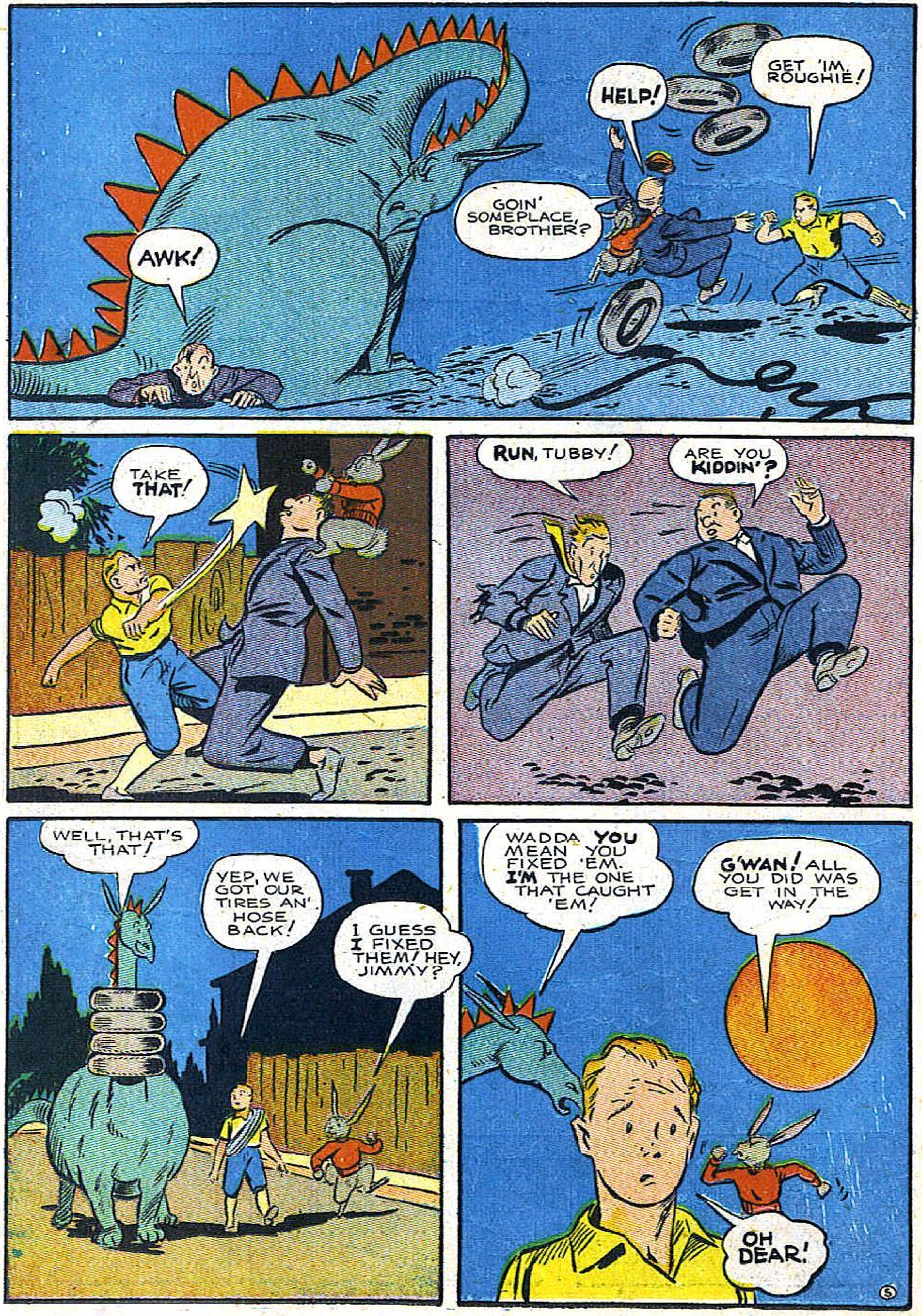

JIMMY IS IN THE MIDST OF TELLING HIS MOTHER AND DAD ABOUT HIS TRIP TO FAIRYLAND WHEN—
JIMMY! IT'S GETTING LATE AND—WE'VE **HEARD ENOUGH!** GO TO BED!
AW SHUCKS!

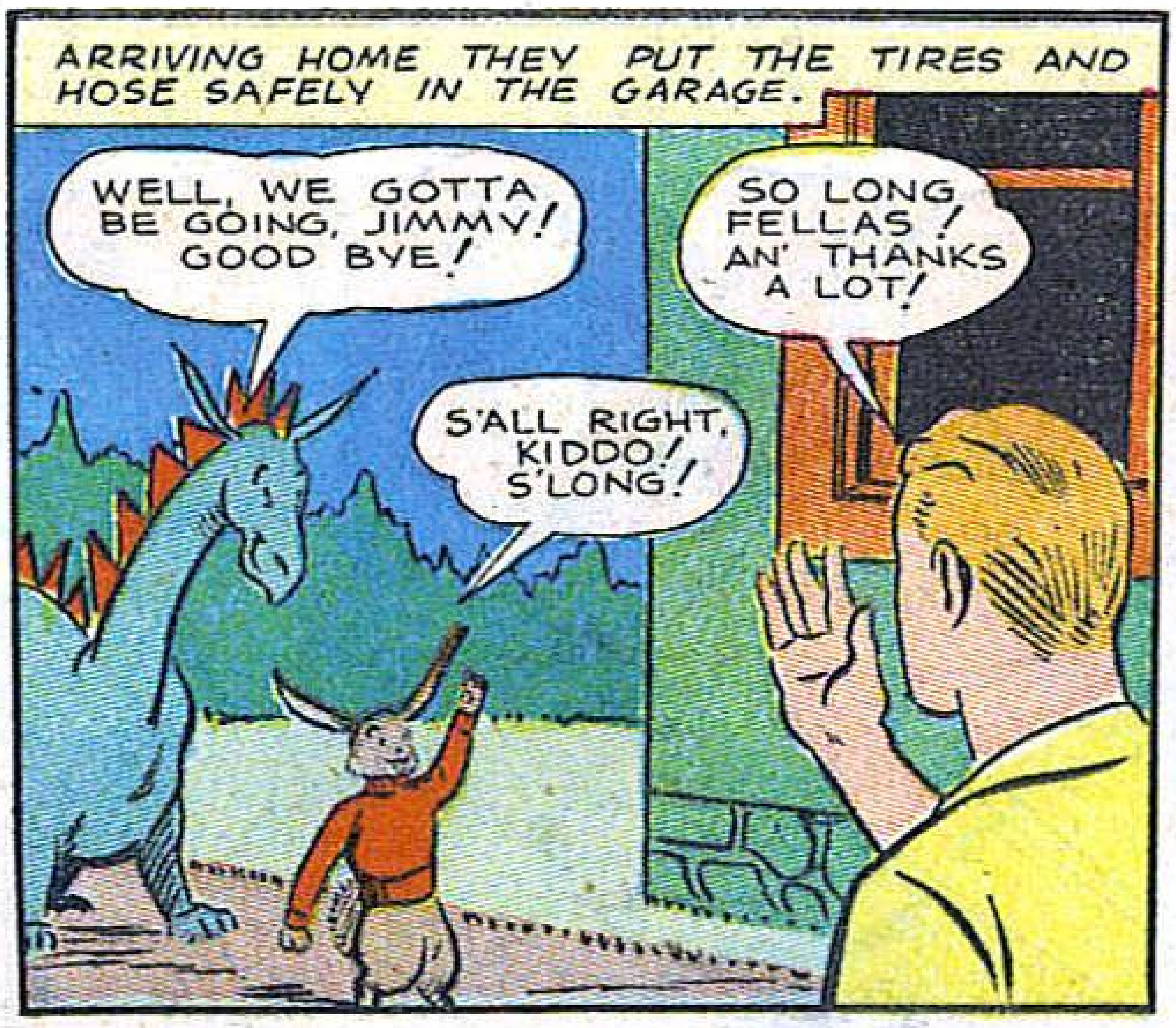

WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN? YOU SEEM WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING!
OH, IT'S THOSE TIRE THIEVES, MARY! I'M WORRIED ABOUT OUR TIRES! THERE HAVE BEEN THREE ROBBERIES THIS WEEK!

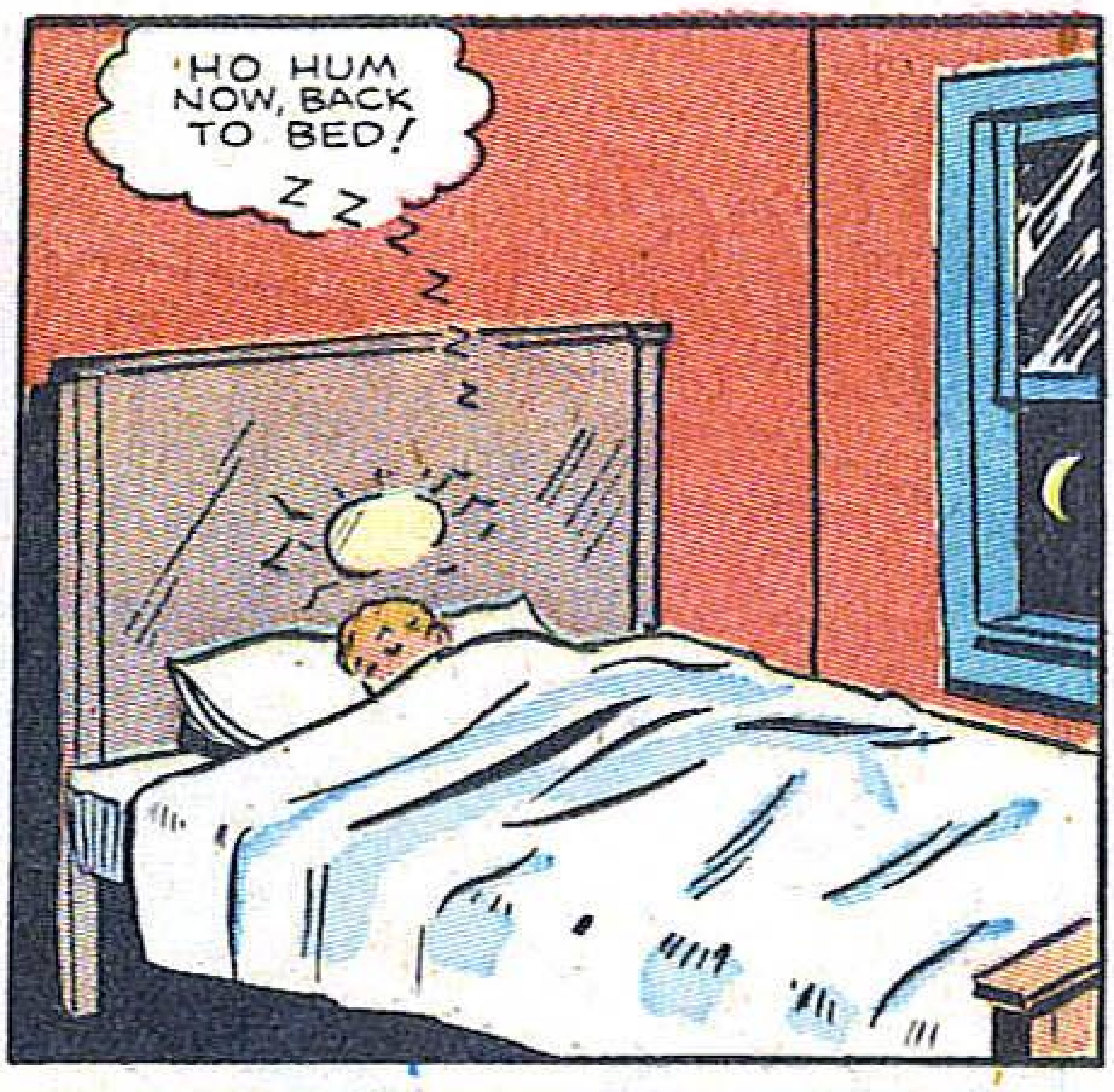

MEANWHILE, JIMMY HAS GONE TO BED... AND BEGUN TO DREAM—
...ABOUT THE WUMPJUMP!
...AND ABOUT THE TOUGH LITTLE BUNNY, BOTH OF WHOM HE HAD MET ON HIS TRIPS TO THE LAND OF NOWHERE!
AND THEN!
WHAT'S THAT?
GEE WHIZ! TIRE THIEVES!
CLANK! CLINK! TINK!
GOLLY! BETTER CALL MY DAD!
PSSST! HEY, JIMMY! WAIT A MINUTE!
WUMPJUMP! ROUGHIE RABBIT!
HIYA, KIDDO!
HELLO, JIMMY!
I GOTTA CALL MY DAD! SOME THIEVES ARE STEALING HIS TIRES!
AW! DON'T BOTHER HIM, JIMMY. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE CROOKS FOR YOU!
YOU WILL?
SURE!
2

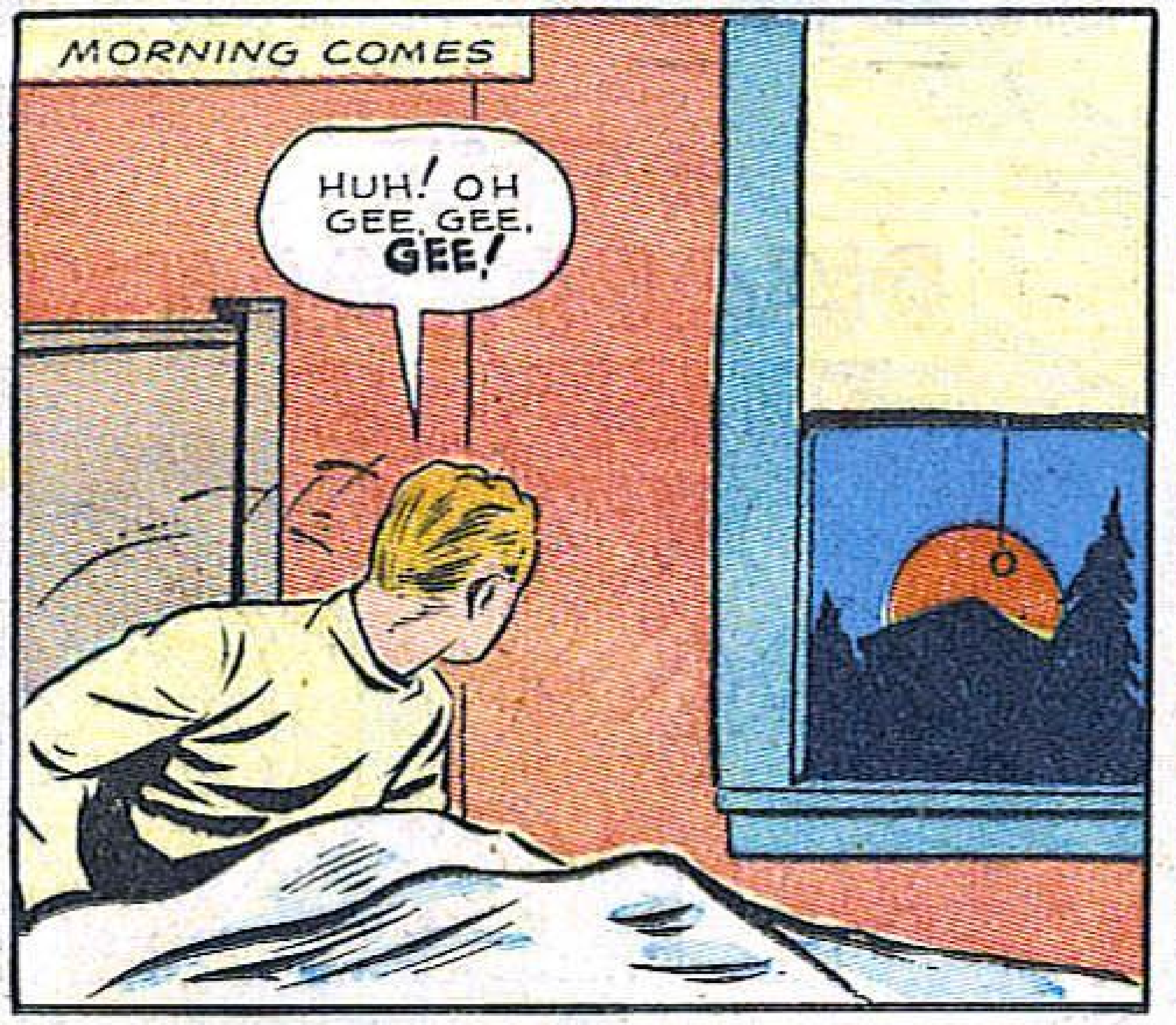

C'MON, JIMMY, CLIMB OUT ON MY HEAD. GET OFF, RABBIT!
OKAY!
OKAY! OKAY!
GEE, THE CROOKS ARE GONE!
WAIT A MINUTE!
THE WUMPJUMP STRETCHES HIS NECK UNTIL JIMMY CAN SPOT THE FLEEING THIEVES...
THERE THEY GO!
AND THE TRIO TAKES AFTER THEM.
C'MON, PEEWEE!
DON'T WORRY, LIZARD! I'LL GET THERE BEFORE YOU WILL!
LISTEN, FLOPEAR! YOU KEEP OUT OF MY WAY WHEN I'M CAPTURING THOSE CROCKS!
HA, WHEN **YOU** CAPTURE 'EM? YOU COULDN'T CATCH YER BREATH!

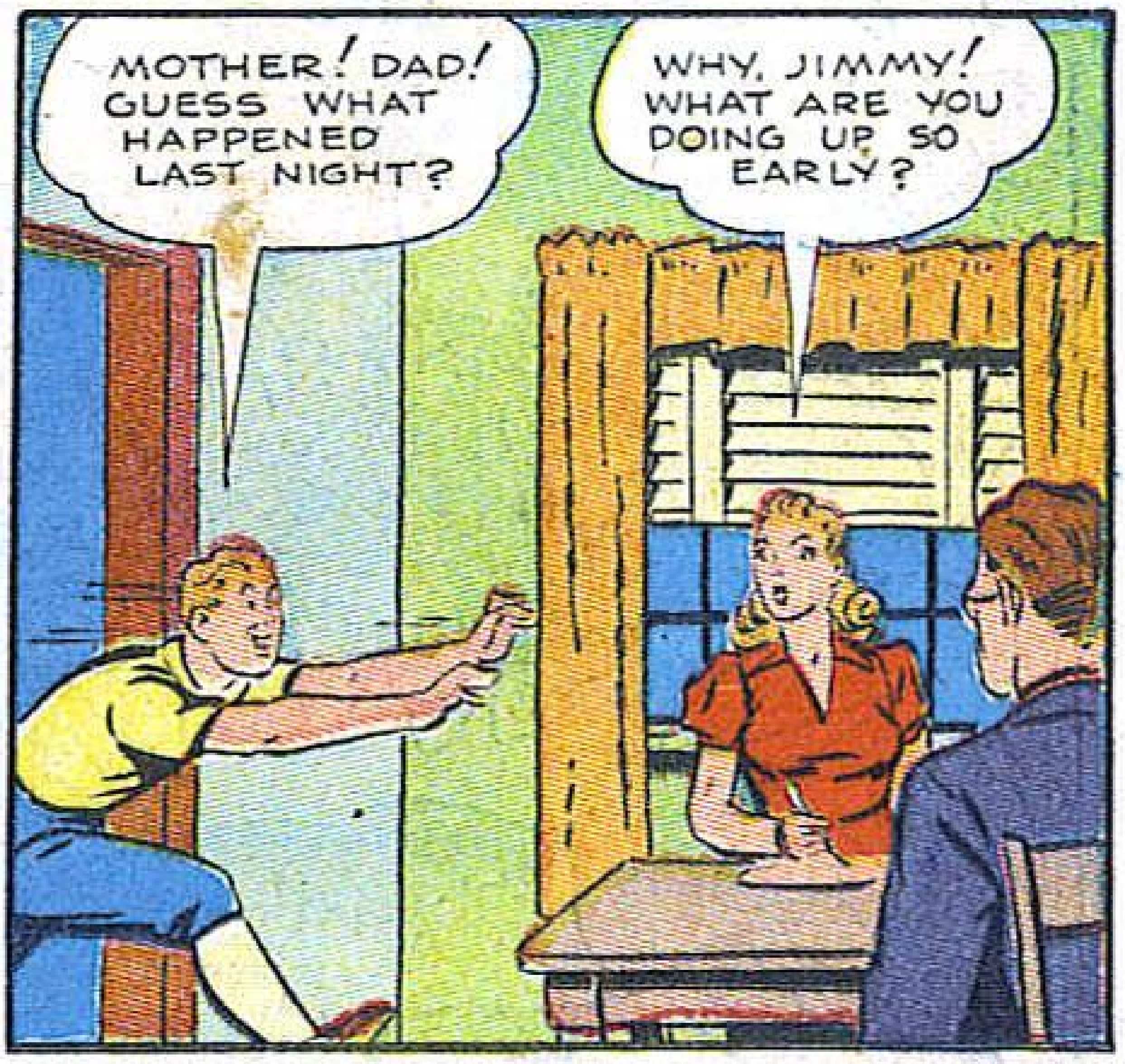

THEY CATCH UP TO THE CROOKS!
OKAY! NOW, RABBIT! KEEP OUT OF MY WAY THIS TIME OR THEY'LL GET AWAY AGAIN!
WHY, YOU BIG SAUSAGE, YOU WANT TO START SOMETHING AGAIN, EH?
OH, DEAR!
LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO ME!
FASTEN THIS HOSE ON HERE, AND TURN THE WATER ON!
YALP!
HARRY! WATCHA DOIN'?
THE SPRAYING WATER BRINGS THE RABBIT AND WUMPJUMP TO THEIR SENSES.
WHY YOU! HUH?
HUH?
C'MON, RABBIT! WE GOTTA HELP, JIMMY!
I'M COMIN'!

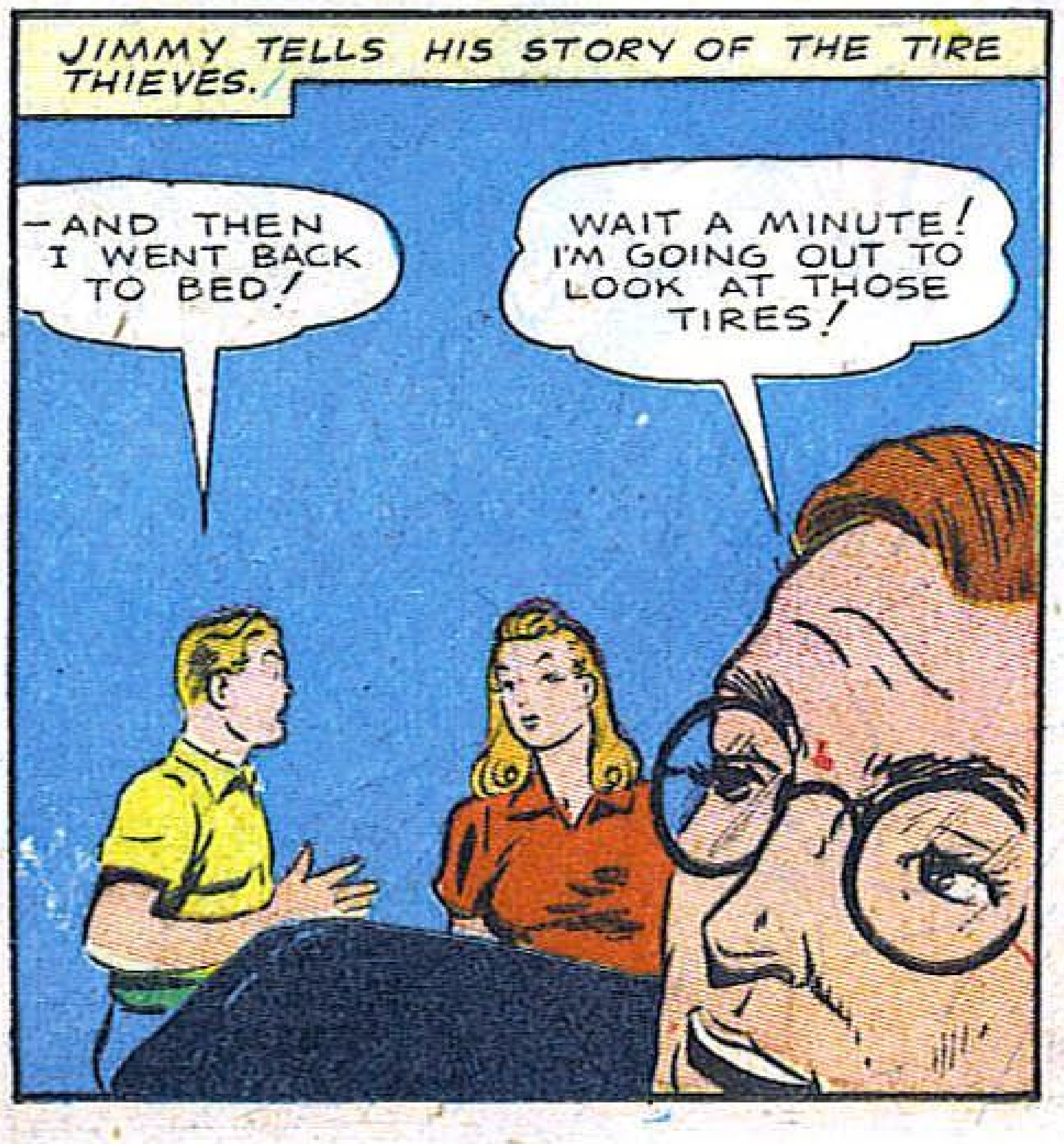

AWK!
HELP!
GET 'IM, ROUGHIE!
GOIN' SOMEPLACE, BROTHER?
TAKE THAT!
RUN, TUBBY!
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
WELL, THAT'S THAT!
YEP, WE GOT OUR TIRES AN' HOSE BACK!
I GUESS I FIXED THEM! HEY, JIMMY?
WADDA YOU MEAN YOU FIXED 'EM. I'M THE ONE THAT CAUGHT 'EM!
G'WAN! ALL YOU DID WAS GET IN THE WAY!
OH DEAR!

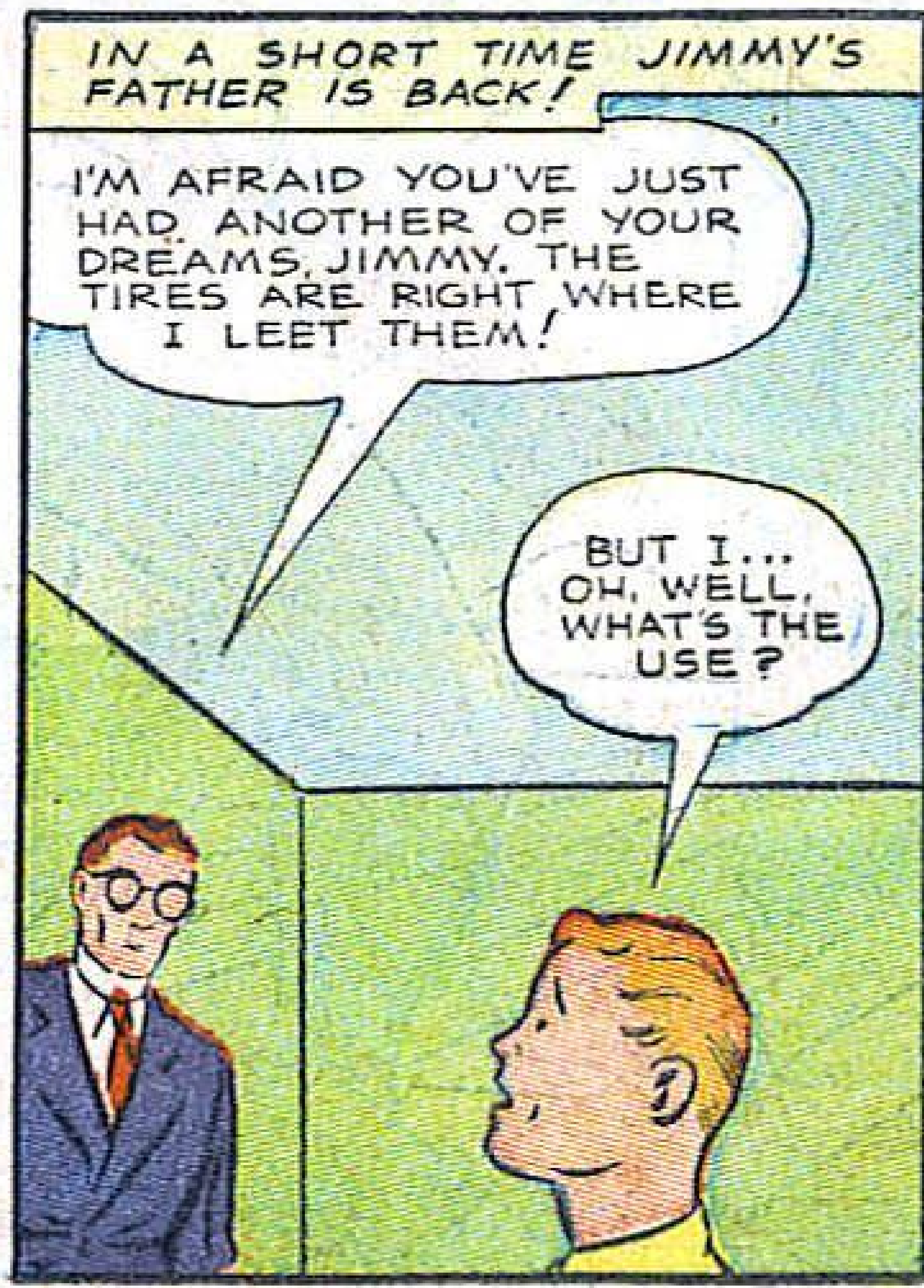

ARRIVING HOME THEY PUT THE TIRES AND HOSE SAFELY IN THE GARAGE.
WELL, WE GOTTA BE GOING, JIMMY! GOOD BYE!
SO LONG FELLAS! AN' THANKS A LOT!
S'ALL RIGHT, KIDDO! S'LONG!


HO HUM NOW, BACK TO BED!
Z Z Z Z Z Z


MORNING COMES
HUH! OH GEE, GEE, GEE!


MOTHER! DAD! GUESS WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?
WHY, JIMMY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP SO EARLY?


JIMMY TELLS HIS STORY OF THE TIRE THIEVES.
—AND THEN I WENT BACK TO BED!
WAIT A MINUTE! I'M GOING OUT TO LOOK AT THOSE TIRES!

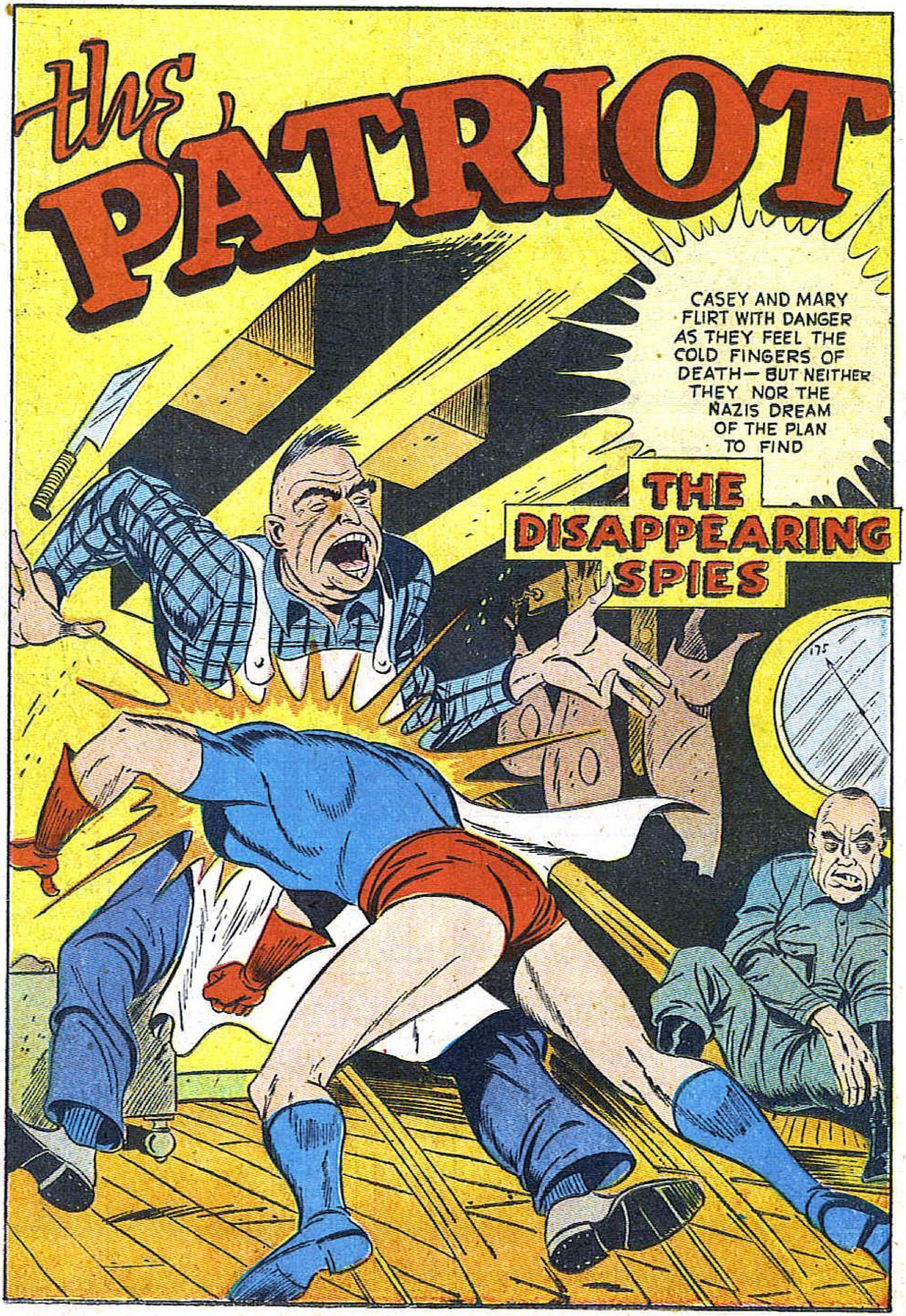

IN A SHORT TIME JIMMY'S FATHER IS BACK!
I'M AFRAID YOU'VE JUST HAD ANOTHER OF YOUR DREAMS, JIMMY. THE TIRES ARE RIGHT WHERE I LEFT THEM!
BUT I... OH, WELL, WHAT'S THE USE?

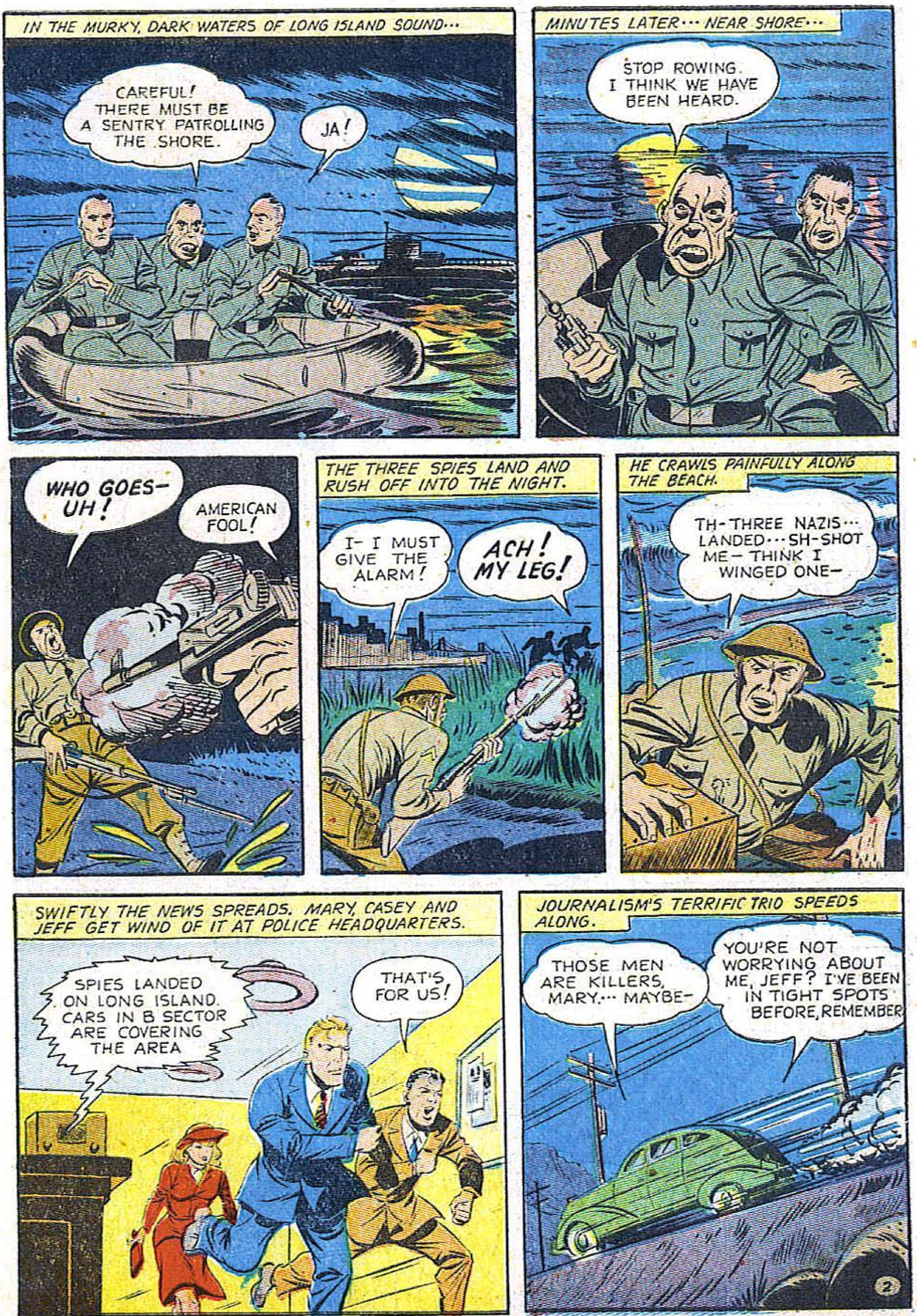
TIRES
WILL ROLL OUR ARMED FORCES ON TO
VICTORY

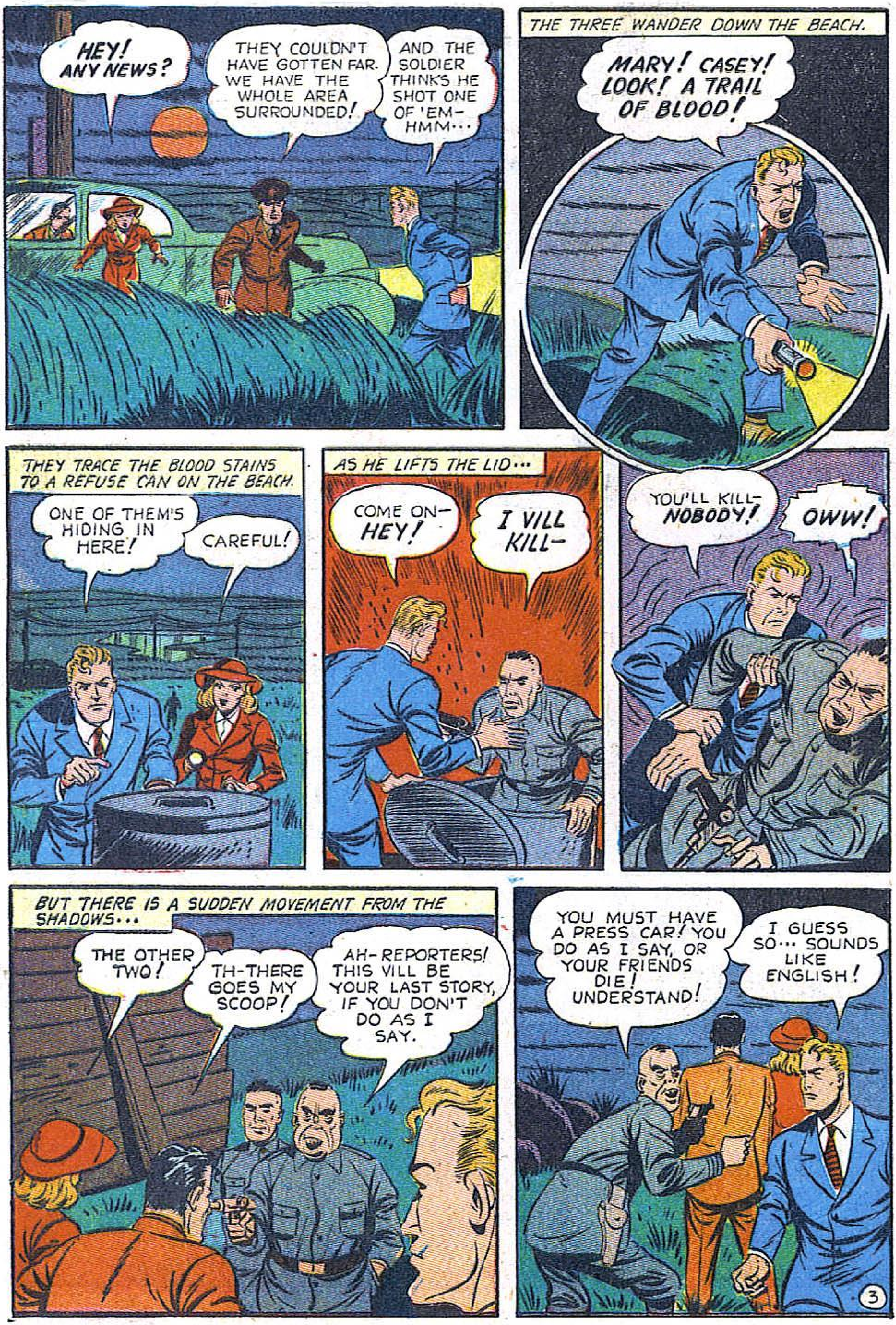
YOU HELP TO BUY THEM EVERYTIME YOU PURCHASE WAR SAVING STAMPS AND BONDS!

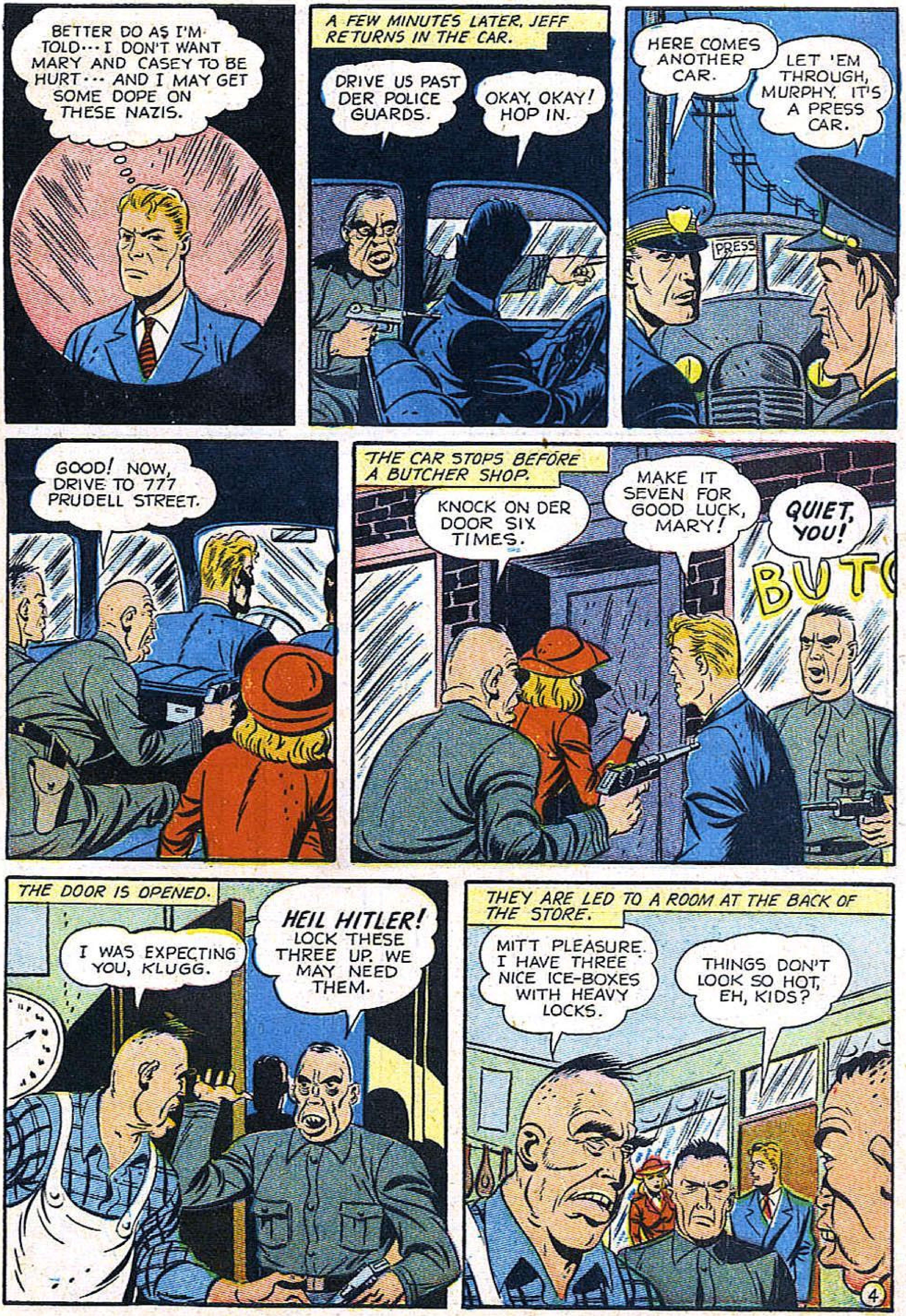
•••

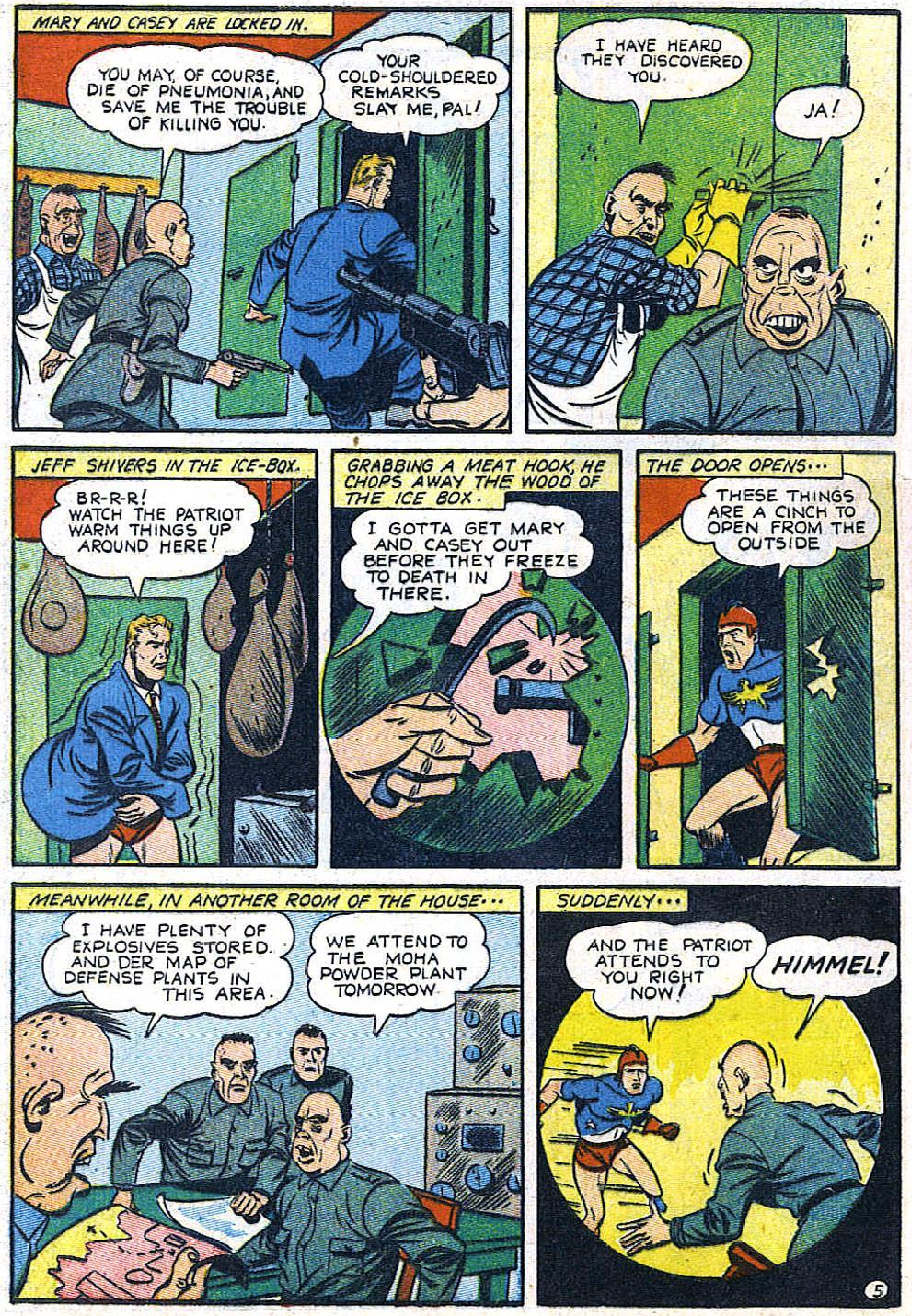
JIMMY JUPITER
APPEARS AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S
MARVEL COMICS

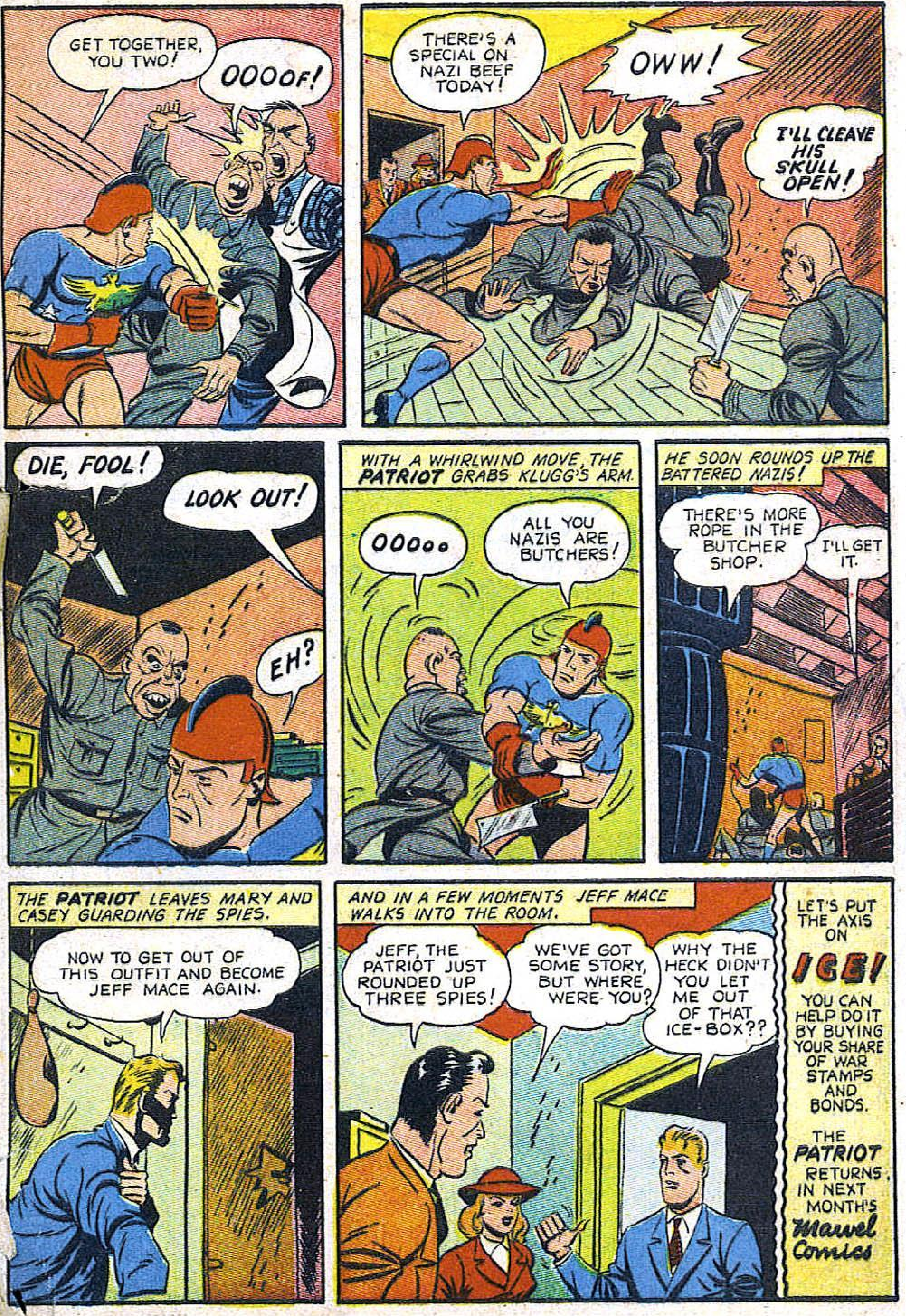

the PATRIOT
CASEY AND MARY FLIRT WITH DANGER AS THEY FEEL THE COLD FINGERS OF DEATH— BUT NEITHER THEY NOR THE NAZIS DREAM OF THE PLAN TO FIND
THE DISAPPEARING SPIES
175

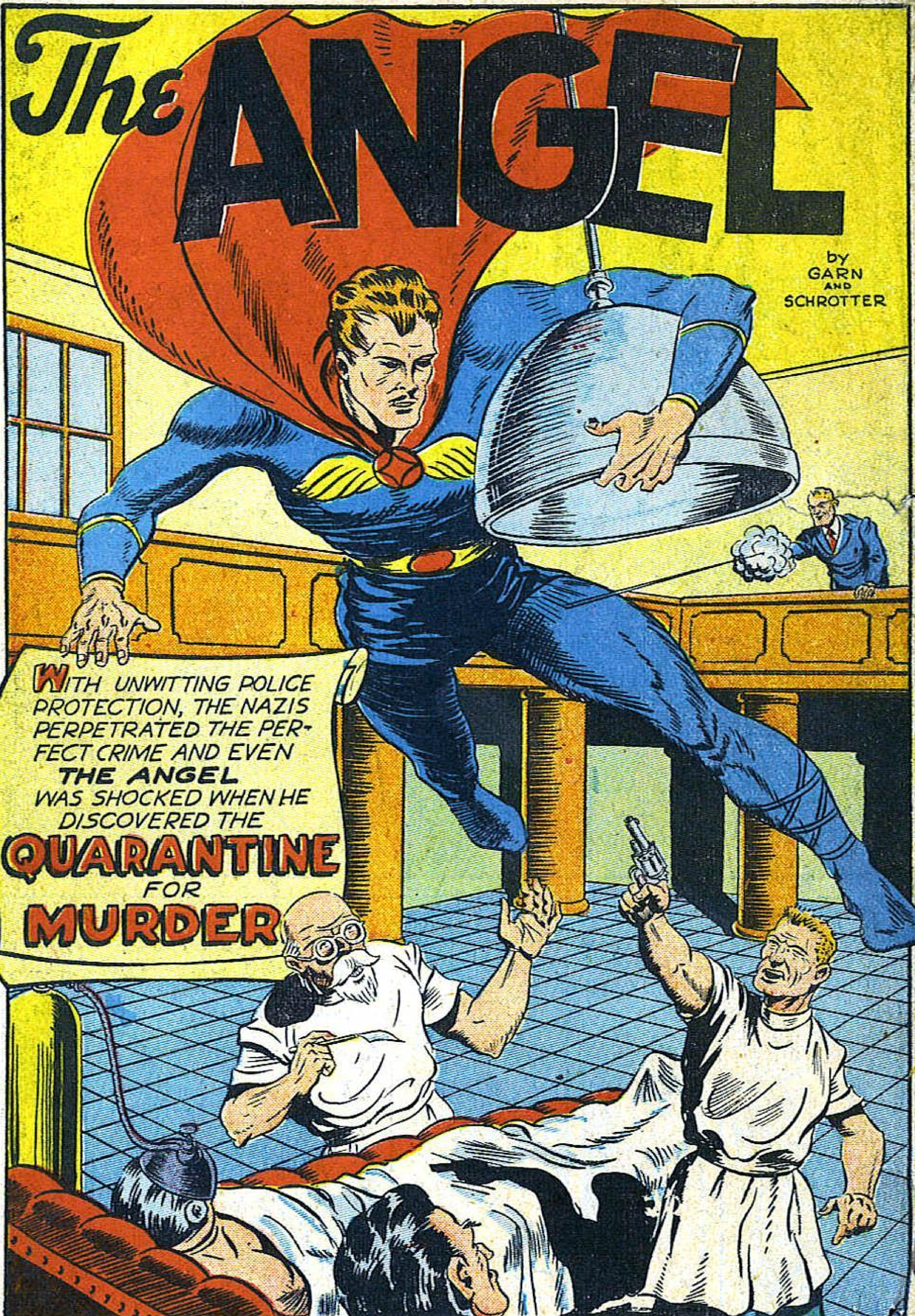

IN THE MURKY, DARK WATERS OF LONG ISLAND SOUND...
CAREFUL! THERE MUST BE A SENTRY PATROLLING THE SHORE.
JA!
MINUTES LATER... NEAR SHORE...
STOP ROWING. I THINK WE HAVE BEEN HEARD.
WHO GOES— UH!
AMERICAN FOOL!
THE THREE SPIES LAND AND RUSH OFF INTO THE NIGHT.
I- I MUST GIVE THE ALARM!
ACH! MY LEG!
HE CRAWLS PAINFULLY ALONG THE BEACH.
TH-THREE NAZIS... LANDED... SH-SHOT ME— THINK I WINGED ONE—
SWIFTLY THE NEWS SPREADS. MARY, CASEY AND JEFF GET WIND OF IT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
SPIES LANDED ON LONG ISLAND. CARS IN B SECTOR ARE COVERING THE AREA
THAT'S FOR US!
JOURNALISM'S TERRIFIC TRIO SPEEDS ALONG.
THOSE MEN ARE KILLERS, MARY... MAYBE—
YOU'RE NOT WORRYING ABOUT ME, JEFF? I'VE BEEN IN TIGHT SPOTS BEFORE, REMEMBER

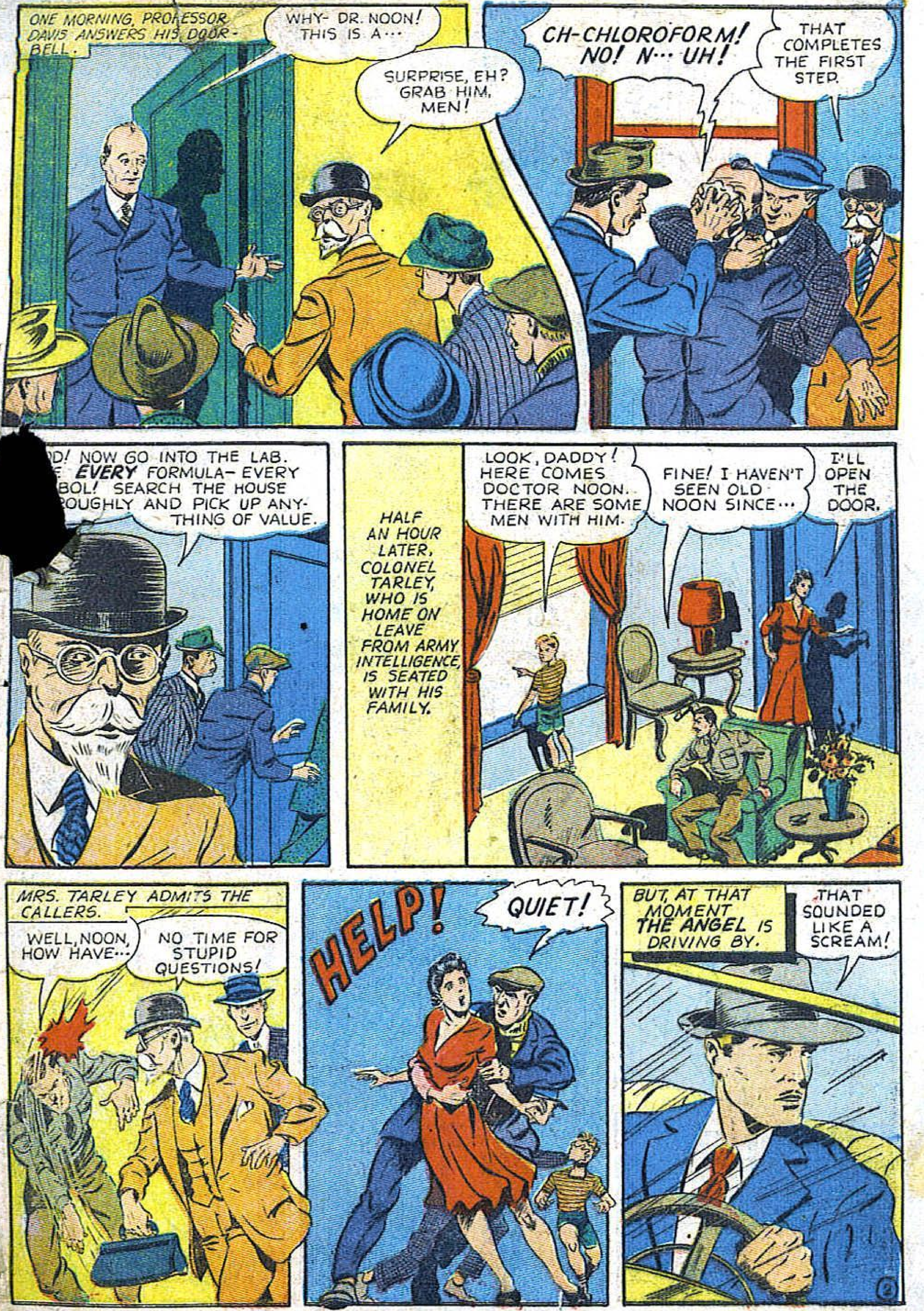

HEY! ANY NEWS?
THEY COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR. WE HAVE THE WHOLE AREA SURROUNDED!
AND THE SOLDIER THINKS HE SHOT ONE OF 'EM— HMM...
THE THREE WANDER DOWN THE BEACH.
MARY! CASEY! LOOK! A TRAIL OF BLOOD!
THEY TRACE THE BLOOD STAINS TO A REFUSE CAN ON THE BEACH.
ONE OF THEM'S HIDING IN HERE!
CAREFUL!
AS HE LIFTS THE LID...
COME ON— HEY!
I VILL KILL—
YOU'LL KILL— NOBODY!
OWW!
BUT THERE IS A SUDDEN MOVEMENT FROM THE SHADOWS...
THE OTHER TWO!
TH-THERE GOES MY SCOOP!
AH- REPORTERS! THIS VILL BE YOUR LAST STORY, IF YOU DON'T DO AS I SAY.
YOU MUST HAVE A PRESS CAR! YOU DO AS I SAY, OR YOUR FRIENDS DIE! UNDERSTAND!
I GUESS SO... SOUNDS LIKE ENGLISH!

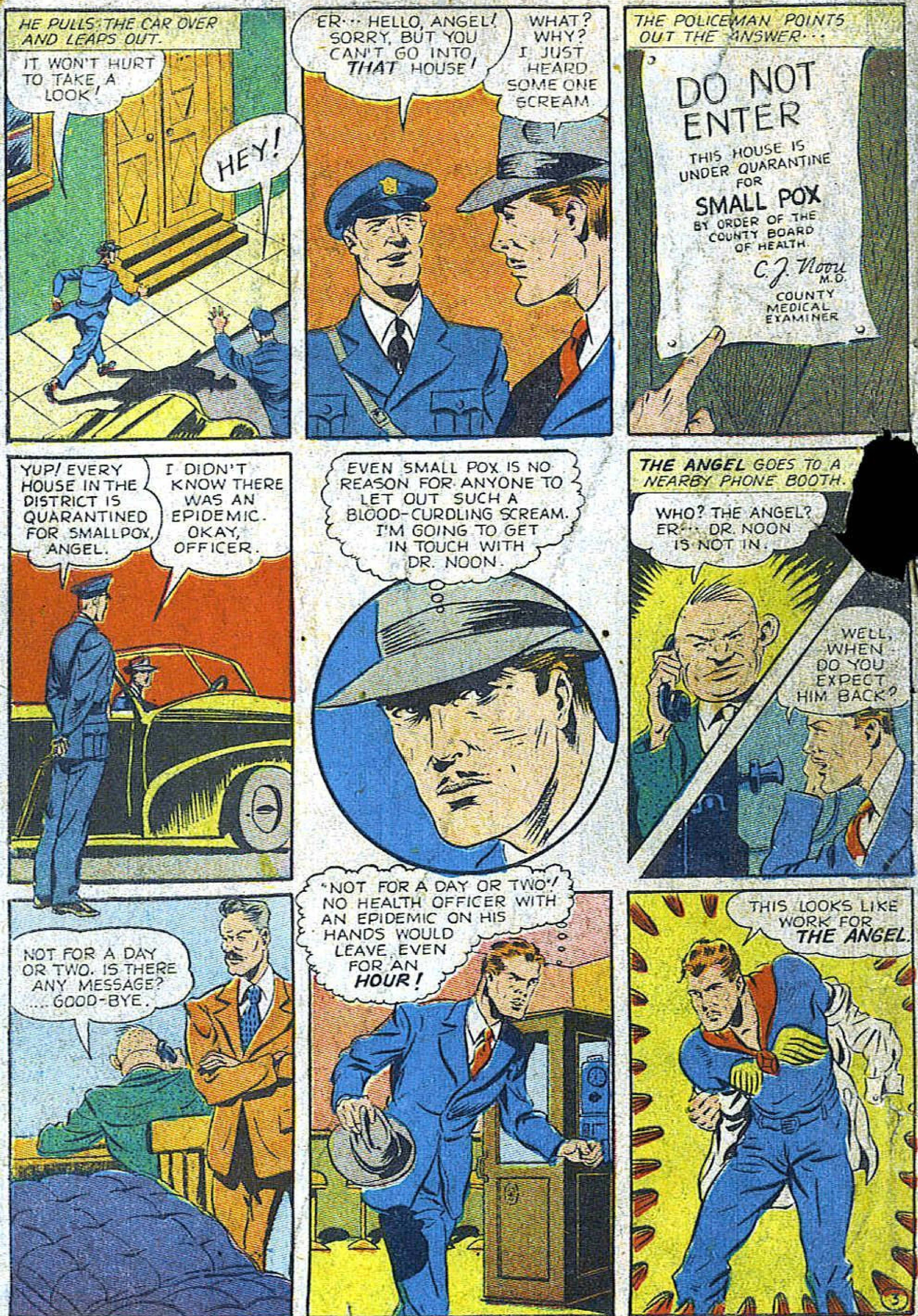

BETTER DO AS I'M TOLD··· I DON'T WANT MARY AND CASEY TO BE HURT··· AND I MAY GET SOME DOPE ON THESE NAZIS.
A FEW MINUTES LATER, JEFF RETURNS IN THE CAR.
DRIVE US PAST DER POLICE GUARDS.
OKAY, OKAY! HOP IN.
HERE COMES ANOTHER CAR.
LET 'EM THROUGH, MURPHY. IT'S A PRESS CAR.
PRESS
GOOD! NOW, DRIVE TO 777 PRUDELL STREET.
THE CAR STOPS BEFORE A BUTCHER SHOP.
KNOCK ON DER DOOR SIX TIMES.
MAKE IT SEVEN FOR GOOD LUCK, MARY!
QUIET, YOU!
BUTC
THE DOOR IS OPENED.
I WAS EXPECTING YOU, KLUGG.
HEIL HITLER! LOCK THESE THREE UP. WE MAY NEED THEM.
THEY ARE LED TO A ROOM AT THE BACK OF THE STORE.
MITT PLEASURE. I HAVE THREE NICE ICE-BOXES WITH HEAVY LOCKS.
THINGS DON'T LOOK SO HOT, EH, KIDS?

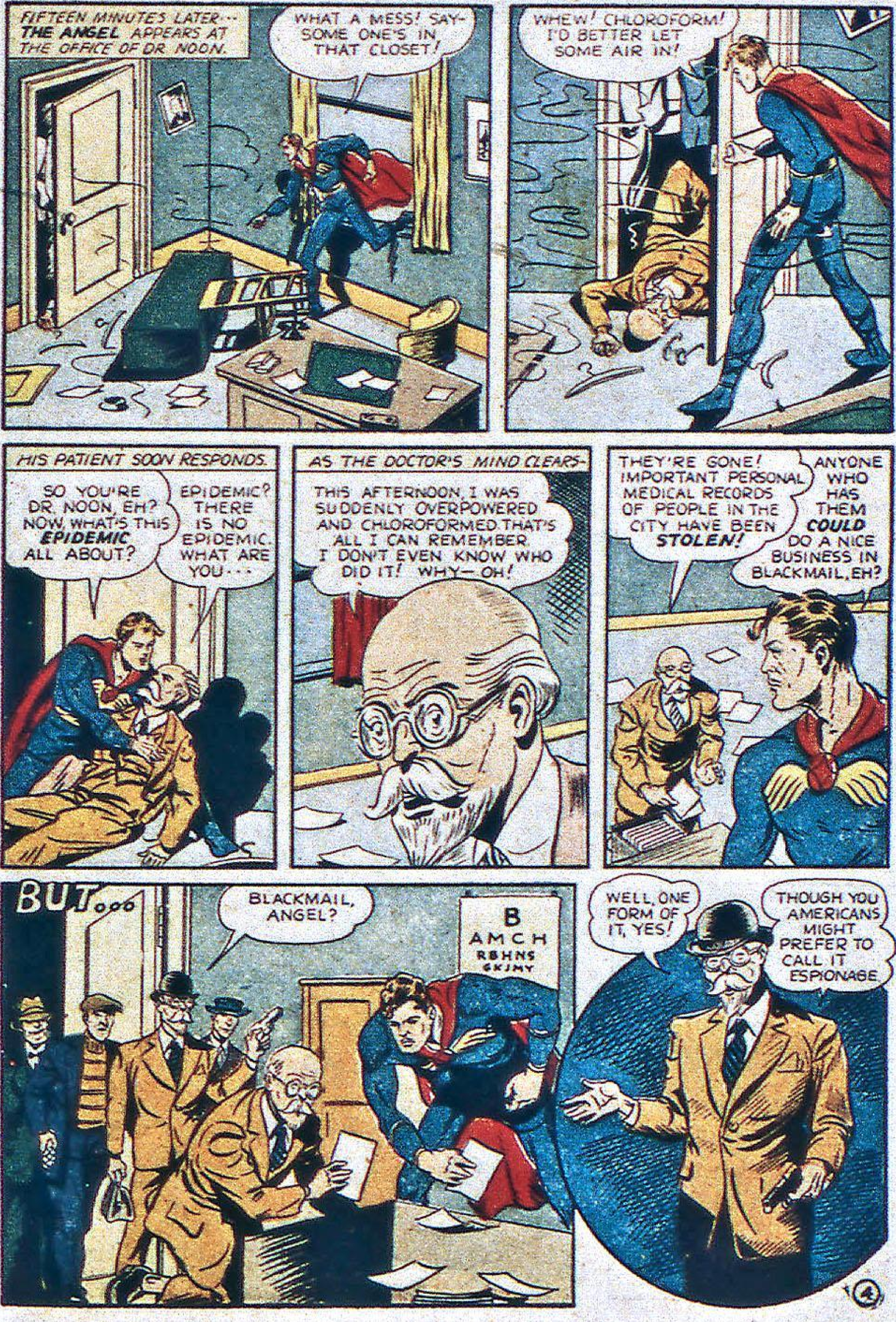

MARY AND CASEY ARE LOCKED IN.
YOU MAY, OF COURSE, DIE OF PNEUMONIA, AND SAVE ME THE TROUBLE OF KILLING YOU.
YOUR COLD-SHOULDERED REMARKS SLAY ME, PAL!
I HAVE HEARD THEY DISCOVERED YOU.
JA!
JEFF SHIVERS IN THE ICE-BOX.
BR-R-R! WATCH THE PATRIOT WARM THINGS UP AROUND HERE!
GRABBING A MEAT HOOK, HE CHOPS AWAY THE WOOD OF THE ICE BOX.
I GOTTA GET MARY AND CASEY OUT BEFORE THEY FREEZE TO DEATH IN THERE.
THE DOOR OPENS...
THESE THINGS ARE A CINCH TO OPEN FROM THE OUTSIDE
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER ROOM OF THE HOUSE...
I HAVE PLENTY OF EXPLOSIVES STORED. AND DER MAP OF DEFENSE PLANTS IN THIS AREA.
WE ATTEND TO THE MOHA POWDER PLANT TOMORROW.
SUDDENLY...
AND THE PATRIOT ATTENDS TO YOU RIGHT NOW!
HIMMEL!

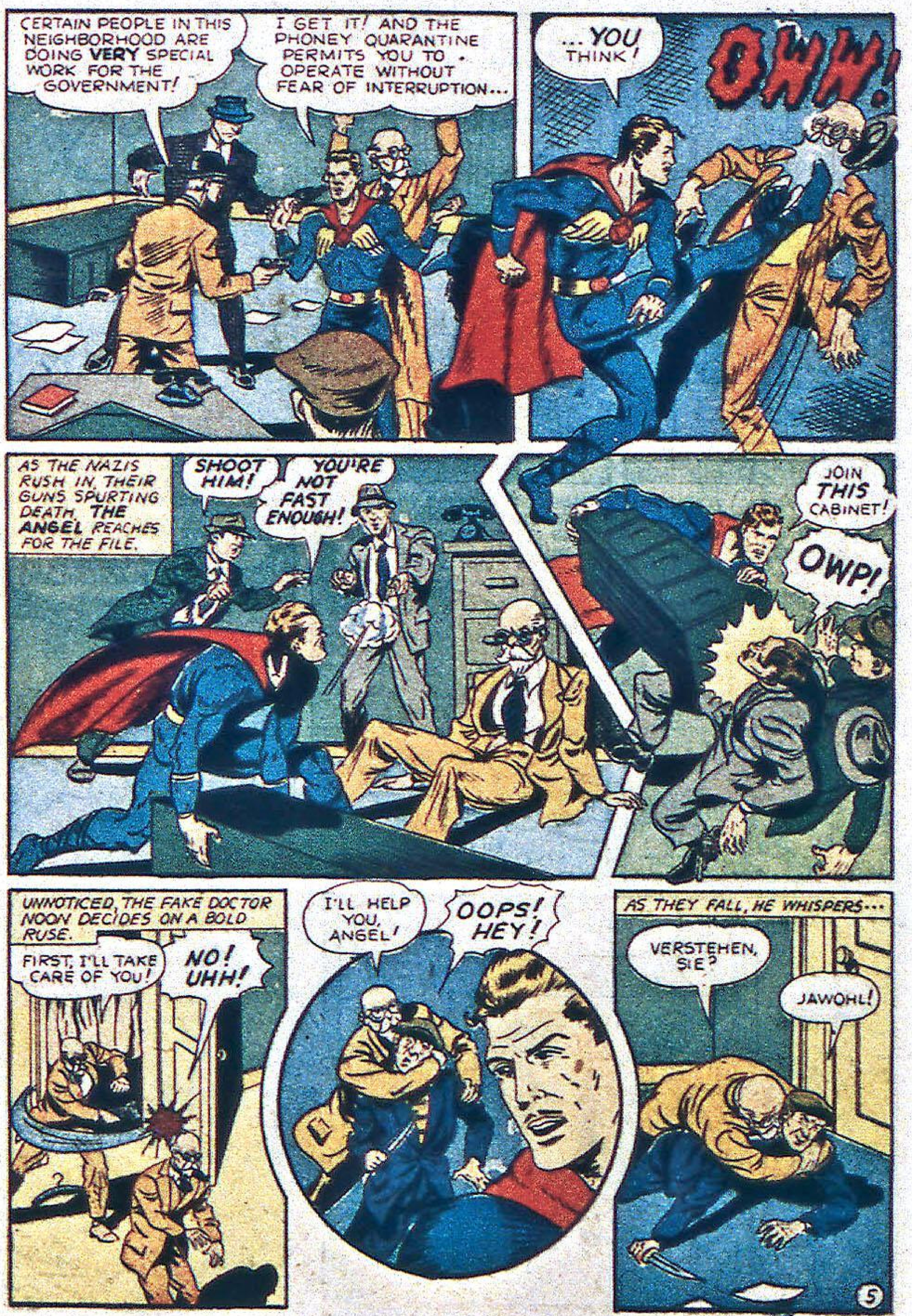

GET TOGETHER, YOU TWO!
OOOOF!
THERE'S A SPECIAL ON NAZI BEEF TODAY!
OWW!
I'LL CLEAVE HIS SKULL OPEN!
DIE, FOOL!
LOOK OUT!
EH?
WITH A WHIRLWIND MOVE, THE PATRIOT GRABS KLUGG'S ARM.
OOOoo
ALL YOU NAZIS ARE BUTCHERS!
HE SOON ROUNDS UP THE BATTERED NAZIS!
THERE'S MORE ROPE IN THE BUTCHER SHOP.
I'LL GET IT.
THE PATRIOT LEAVES MARY AND CASEY GUARDING THE SPIES.
NOW TO GET OUT OF THIS OUTFIT AND BECOME JEFF MACE AGAIN.
AND IN A FEW MOMENTS JEFF MACE WALKS INTO THE ROOM.
JEFF, THE PATRIOT JUST ROUNDED UP THREE SPIES!
WE'VE GOT SOME STORY, BUT WHERE WERE YOU?
WHY THE HECK DIDN'T YOU LET ME OUT OF THAT ICE-BOX??
LET'S PUT THE AXIS ON ICE! YOU CAN HELP DO IT BY BUYING YOUR SHARE OF WAR STAMPS AND BONDS.
THE PATRIOT RETURNS IN NEXT MONTH'S Marvel Comics

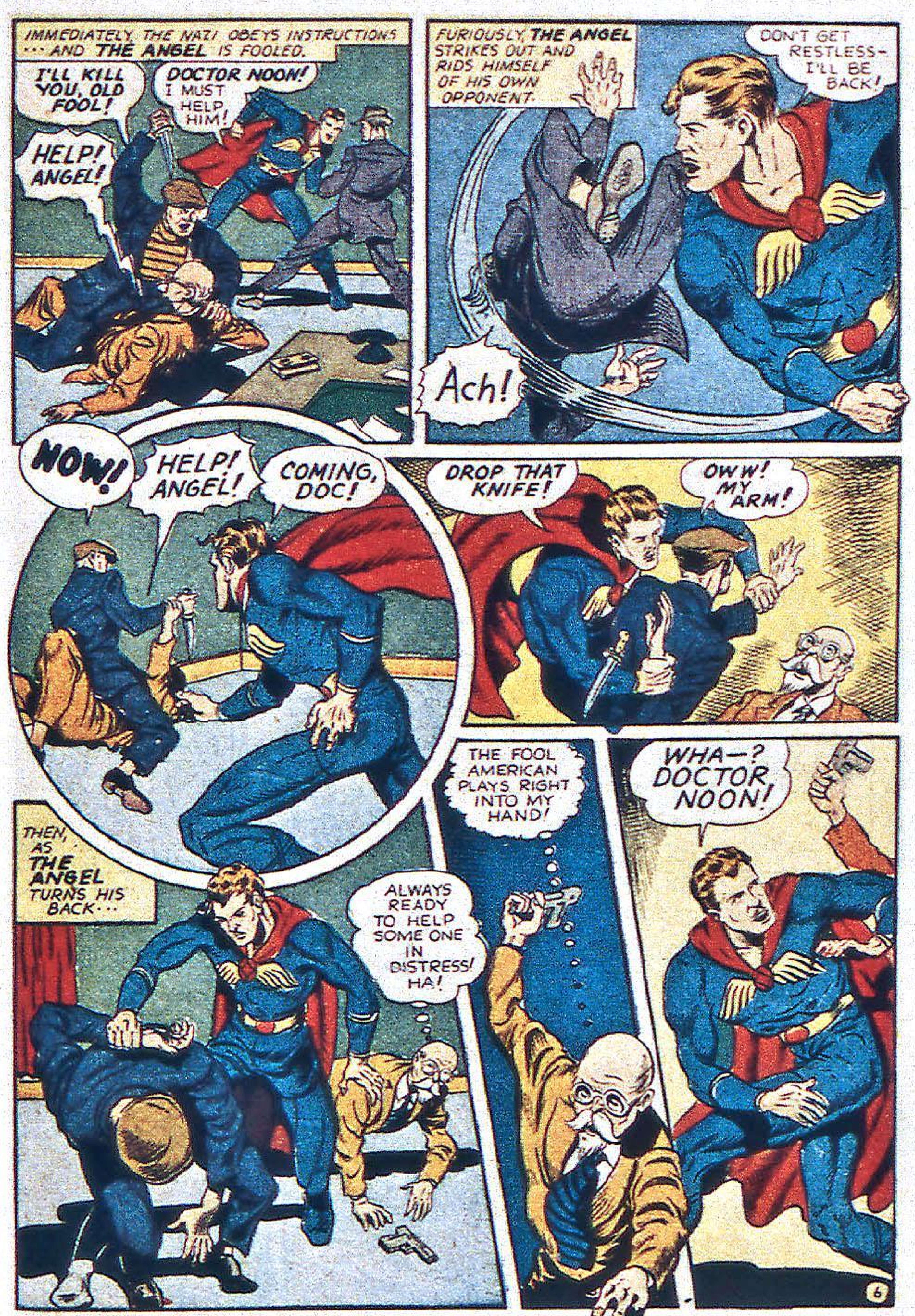

The ANGEL
by GARN AND SCHROTTER
WITH UNWITTING POLICE PROTECTION, THE NAZIS PERPETRATED THE PERFECT CRIME AND EVEN THE ANGEL WAS SHOCKED WHEN HE DISCOVERED THE
QUARANTINE FOR MURDER

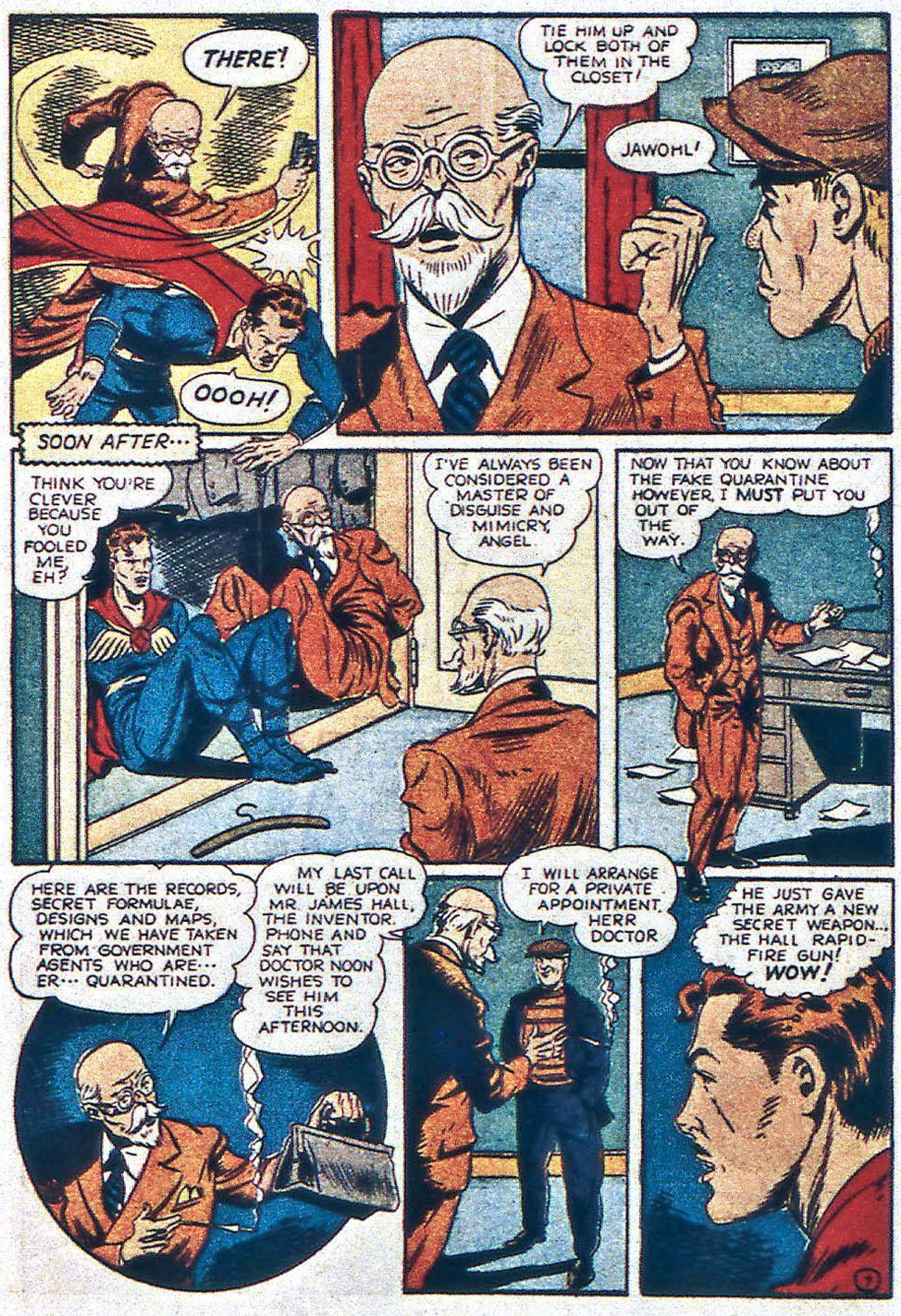

ONE MORNING, PROFESSOR DAVIS ANSWERS HIS DOORBELL.
WHY- DR. NOON! THIS IS A···
SURPRISE, EH? GRAB HIM, MEN!
CH-CHLOROFORM! NO! N··· UH!
THAT COMPLETES THE FIRST STEP.
OD! NOW GO INTO THE LAB. E EVERY FORMULA- EVERY BOL! SEARCH THE HOUSE ROUGHLY AND PICK UP ANYTHING OF VALUE.
HALF AN HOUR LATER, COLONEL TARLEY, WHO IS HOME ON LEAVE FROM ARMY INTELLIGENCE, IS SEATED WITH HIS FAMILY.
LOOK, DADDY! HERE COMES DOCTOR NOON. THERE ARE SOME MEN WITH HIM.
FINE! I HAVEN'T SEEN OLD NOON SINCE···
I'LL OPEN THE DOOR.
MRS. TARLEY ADMITS THE CALLERS.
WELL, NOON, HOW HAVE···
NO TIME FOR STUPID QUESTIONS!
HELP!
QUIET!
BUT, AT THAT MOMENT **THE ANGEL** IS DRIVING BY.
THAT SOUNDED LIKE A SCREAM!
2

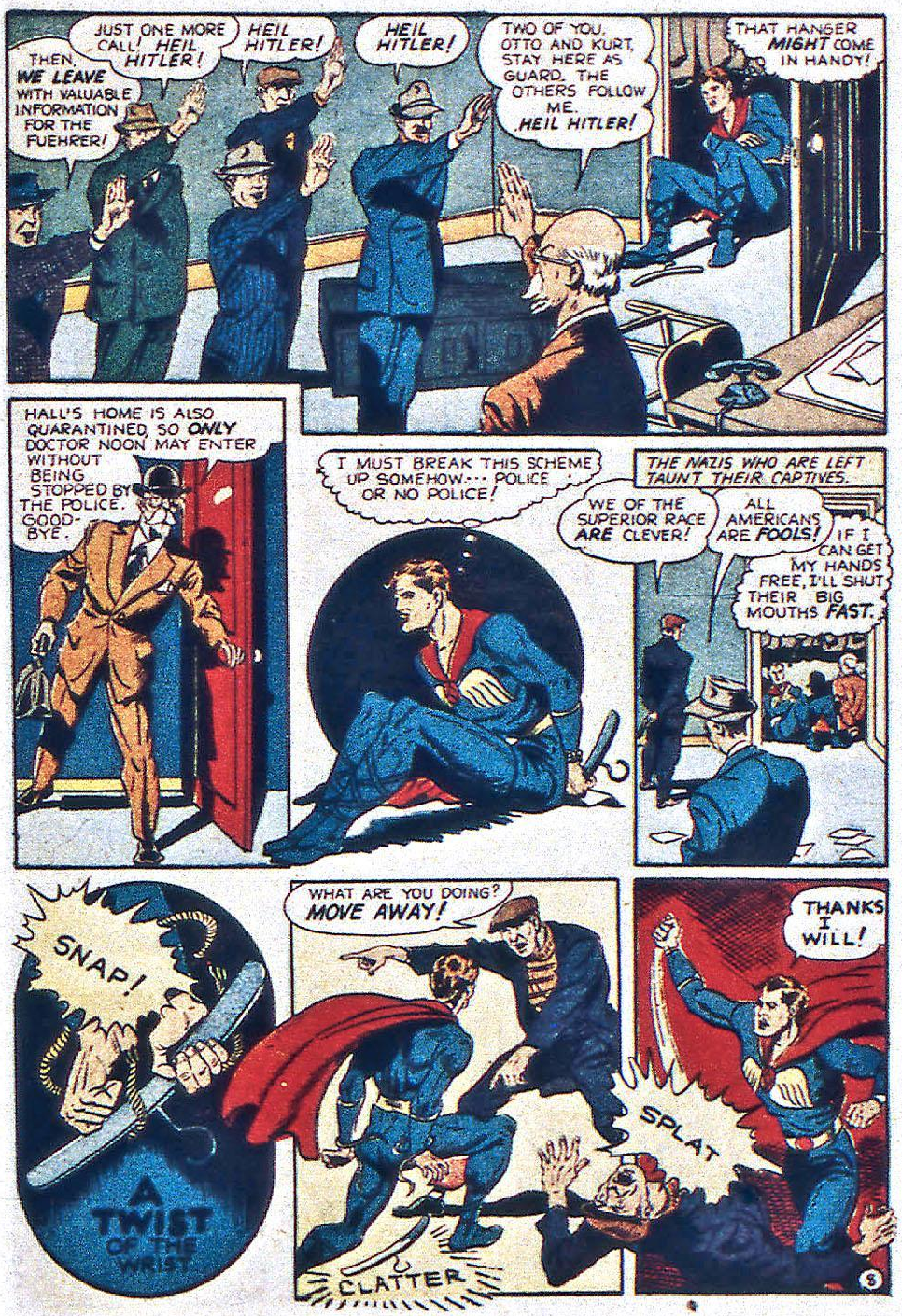

HE PULLS THE CAR OVER AND LEAPS OUT.
IT WON'T HURT TO TAKE A LOOK!
HEY!
ER··· HELLO, ANGEL! SORRY, BUT YOU CAN'T GO INTO, *THAT* HOUSE!
WHAT? WHY? I JUST HEARD SOME ONE SCREAM.
THE POLICEMAN POINTS OUT THE ANSWER···
DO NOT ENTER
THIS HOUSE IS UNDER QUARANTINE FOR
SMALL POX
BY ORDER OF THE COUNTY BOARD OF HEALTH.
C. J. Noon M.D.
COUNTY MEDICAL EXAMINER
YUP! EVERY HOUSE IN THE DISTRICT IS QUARANTINED FOR SMALLPOX, ANGEL.
I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS AN EPIDEMIC. OKAY, OFFICER.
EVEN SMALL POX IS NO REASON FOR ANYONE TO LET OUT SUCH A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM. I'M GOING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH DR. NOON.
THE ANGEL GOES TO A NEARBY PHONE BOOTH.
WHO? THE ANGEL? ER··· DR. NOON IS NOT IN.
WELL, WHEN DO YOU EXPECT HIM BACK?
NOT FOR A DAY OR TWO. IS THERE ANY MESSAGE? .... GOOD-BYE.
"NOT FOR A DAY OR TWO"! NO HEALTH OFFICER WITH AN EPIDEMIC ON HIS HANDS WOULD LEAVE EVEN FOR AN *HOUR*!
THIS LOOKS LIKE WORK FOR *THE ANGEL*.

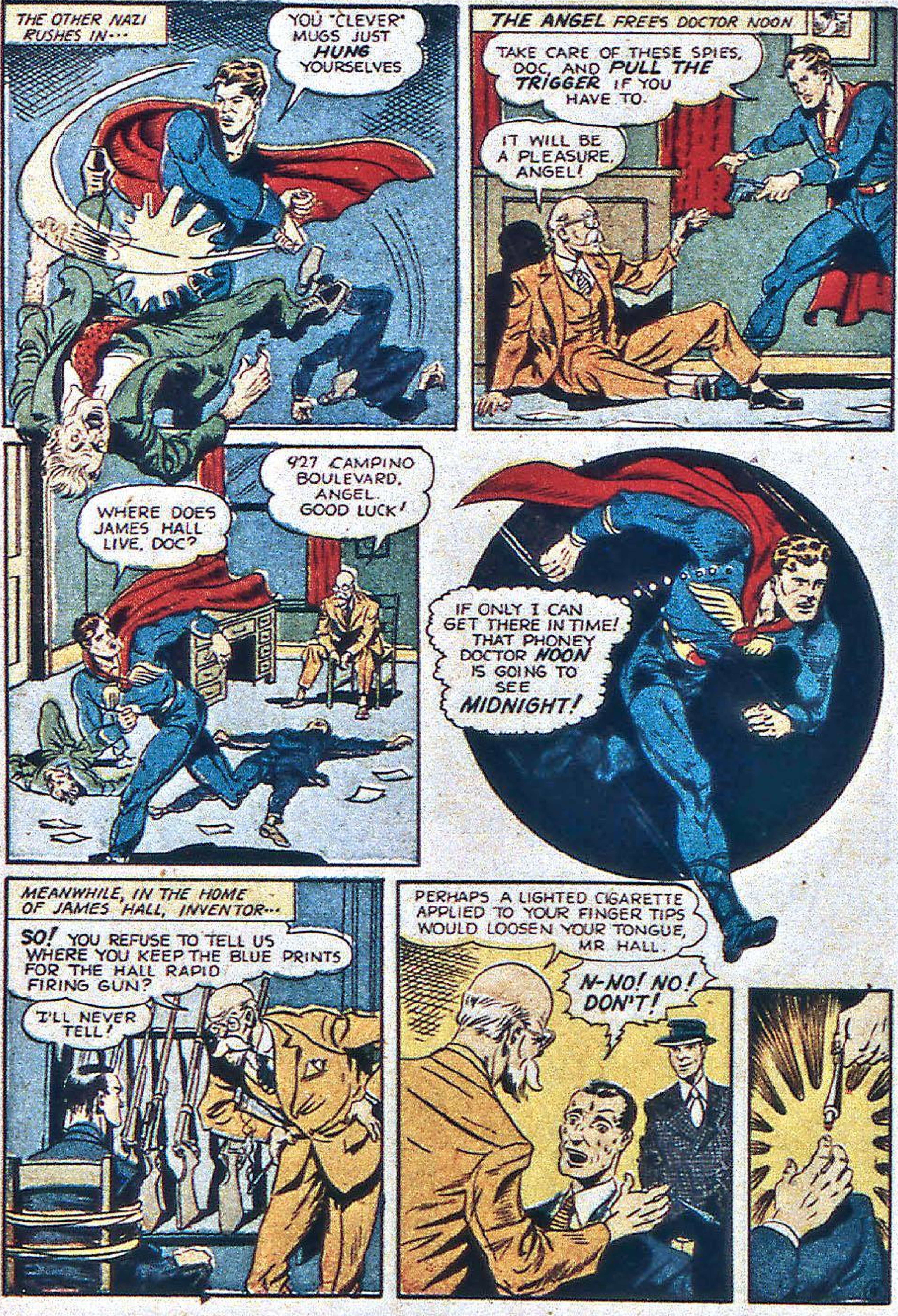

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER... **THE ANGEL** APPEARS AT THE OFFICE OF DR NOON.
WHAT A MESS! SAY- SOME ONE'S IN THAT CLOSET!
WHEW! CHLOROFORM! I'D BETTER LET SOME AIR IN!
HIS PATIENT SOON RESPONDS.
SO YOU'RE DR. NOON, EH? NOW, WHAT'S THIS ***EPIDEMIC*** ALL ABOUT?
EPIDEMIC? THERE IS NO EPIDEMIC. WHAT ARE YOU...
AS THE DOCTOR'S MIND CLEARS-
THIS AFTERNOON, I WAS SUDDENLY OVERPOWERED AND CHLOROFORMED. THAT'S ALL I CAN REMEMBER. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO DID IT! WHY- OH!
THEY'RE GONE! IMPORTANT PERSONAL MEDICAL RECORDS OF PEOPLE IN THE CITY HAVE BEEN ***STOLEN!***
ANYONE WHO HAS THEM ***COULD*** DO A NICE BUSINESS IN BLACKMAIL, EH?
BUT...
BLACKMAIL, ANGEL?
B
A M C H
RBHNS
GKJMY
WELL, ONE FORM OF IT, YES!
THOUGH YOU AMERICANS MIGHT PREFER TO CALL IT ESPIONAGE.

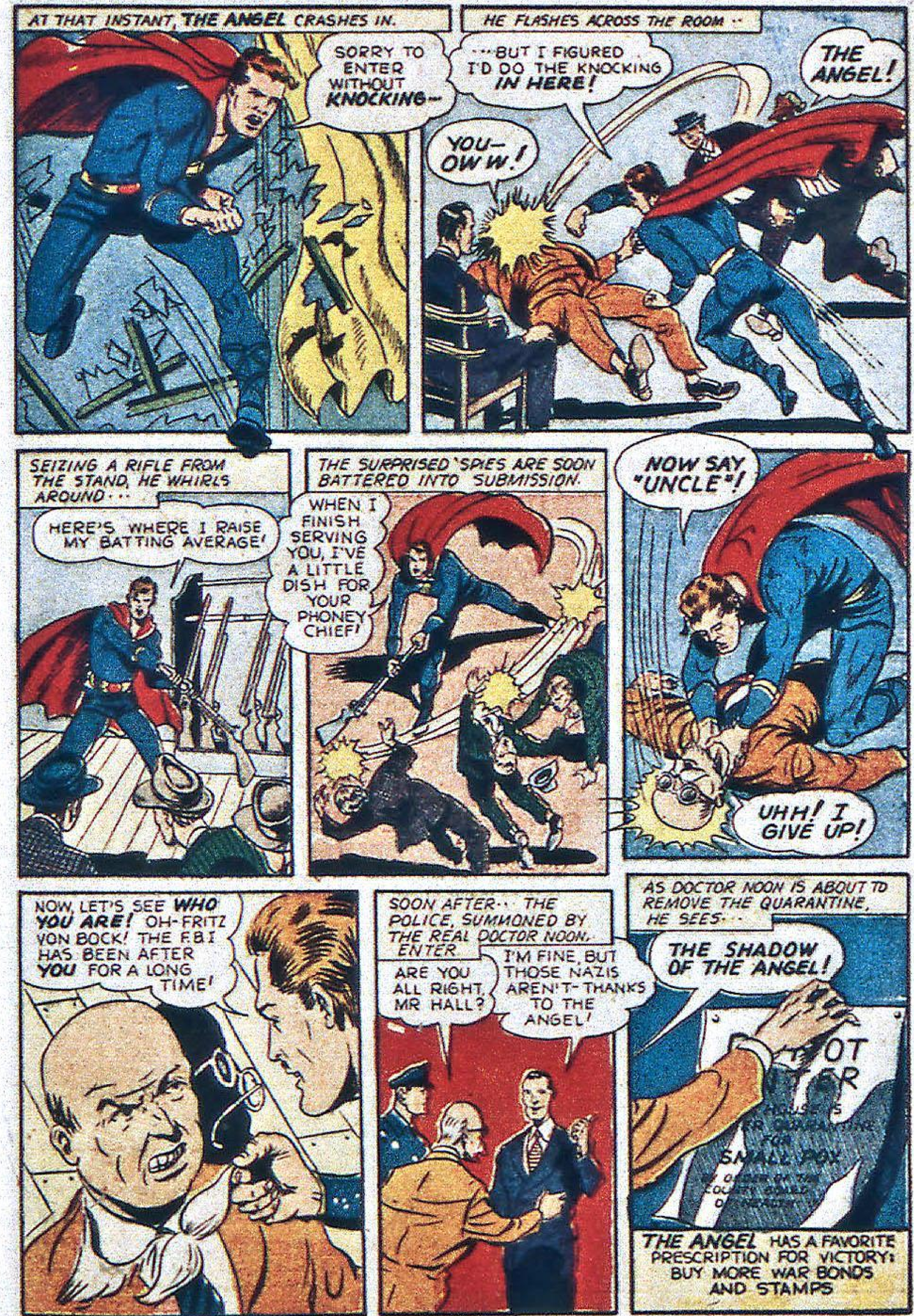

CERTAIN PEOPLE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD ARE DOING **VERY** SPECIAL WORK FOR THE GOVERNMENT!
I GET IT! AND THE PHONEY QUARANTINE PERMITS YOU TO OPERATE WITHOUT FEAR OF INTERRUPTION...
...YOU THINK!
OWW!
AS THE NAZIS RUSH IN, THEIR GUNS SPURTING DEATH, **THE ANGEL** REACHES FOR THE FILE.
SHOOT HIM!
YOU'RE NOT FAST ENOUGH!
JOIN **THIS** CABINET!
OWP!
UNNOTICED, THE FAKE DOCTOR NOON DECIDES ON A BOLD RUSE.
FIRST, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
NO! UHH!
I'LL HELP YOU, ANGEL!
OOPS! HEY!
AS THEY FALL, HE WHISPERS...
VERSTEHEN, SIE?
JAWOHL!


IMMEDIATELY, THE NAZI OBEYS INSTRUCTIONS ··· AND THE ANGEL IS FOOLED.
I'LL KILL YOU, OLD FOOL!
DOCTOR NOON! I MUST HELP HIM!
HELP! ANGEL!
FURIOUSLY, THE ANGEL STRIKES OUT AND RIDS HIMSELF OF HIS OWN OPPONENT.
DON'T GET RESTLESS– I'LL BE BACK!
Ach!
NOW!
HELP! ANGEL!
COMING, DOC!
DROP THAT KNIFE!
OWW! MY ARM!
THEN, AS THE ANGEL TURNS HIS BACK··
ALWAYS READY TO HELP SOME ONE IN DISTRESS! HA!
THE FOOL AMERICAN PLAYS RIGHT INTO MY HAND!
WHA–? DOCTOR NOON!


THERE!
OOOH!
TIE HIM UP AND LOCK BOTH OF THEM IN THE CLOSET!
JAWOHL!
SOON AFTER...
THINK YOU'RE CLEVER BECAUSE YOU FOOLED ME, EH?
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CONSIDERED A MASTER OF DISGUISE AND MIMICRY, ANGEL.
NOW THAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE FAKE QUARANTINE HOWEVER, I MUST PUT YOU OUT OF THE WAY.
HERE ARE THE RECORDS, SECRET FORMULAE, DESIGNS AND MAPS, WHICH WE HAVE TAKEN FROM GOVERNMENT AGENTS WHO ARE... ER... QUARANTINED.
MY LAST CALL WILL BE UPON MR. JAMES HALL, THE INVENTOR. PHONE AND SAY THAT DOCTOR NOON WISHES TO SEE HIM THIS AFTERNOON.
I WILL ARRANGE FOR A PRIVATE APPOINTMENT, HERR DOCTOR
HE JUST GAVE THE ARMY A NEW SECRET WEAPON... THE HALL RAPID-FIRE GUN! WOW!


THEN, WE LEAVE WITH VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR THE FUEHRER!
JUST ONE MORE CALL! HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
TWO OF YOU, OTTO AND KURT, STAY HERE AS GUARD. THE OTHERS FOLLOW ME. HEIL HITLER!
THAT HANGER MIGHT COME IN HANDY!
HALL'S HOME IS ALSO QUARANTINED, SO ONLY DOCTOR NOON MAY ENTER WITHOUT BEING STOPPED BY THE POLICE. GOOD-BYE.
I MUST BREAK THIS SCHEME UP SOMEHOW... POLICE OR NO POLICE!
THE NAZIS WHO ARE LEFT TAUNT THEIR CAPTIVES.
WE OF THE SUPERIOR RACE ARE CLEVER!
ALL AMERICANS ARE FOOLS!
IF I CAN GET MY HANDS FREE, I'LL SHUT THEIR BIG MOUTHS FAST.
SNAP!
A TWIST OF THE WRIST
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? MOVE AWAY!
CLATTER
THANKS I WILL!
SPLAT
8


THE OTHER NAZI RUSHES IN···
YOU "CLEVER" MUGS JUST HUNG YOURSELVES.
THE ANGEL FREES DOCTOR NOON
TAKE CARE OF THESE SPIES, DOC, AND PULL THE TRIGGER IF YOU HAVE TO.
IT WILL BE A PLEASURE, ANGEL!
WHERE DOES JAMES HALL LIVE, DOC?
927 CAMPINO BOULEVARD, ANGEL. GOOD LUCK!
IF ONLY I CAN GET THERE IN TIME! THAT PHONEY DOCTOR NOON IS GOING TO SEE MIDNIGHT!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HOME OF JAMES HALL, INVENTOR···
SO! YOU REFUSE TO TELL US WHERE YOU KEEP THE BLUE PRINTS FOR THE HALL RAPID FIRING GUN?
I'LL NEVER TELL!
PERHAPS A LIGHTED CIGARETTE APPLIED TO YOUR FINGER TIPS WOULD LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE, MR HALL.
N-NO! NO! DON'T!


AT THAT INSTANT, THE ANGEL CRASHES IN.
SORRY TO ENTER WITHOUT KNOCKING--
HE FLASHES ACROSS THE ROOM --
--BUT I FIGURED I'D DO THE KNOCKING IN HERE!
THE ANGEL!
YOU-OWW!
SEIZING A RIFLE FROM THE STAND, HE WHIRLS AROUND --
HERE'S WHERE I RAISE MY BATTING AVERAGE!
THE SURPRISED SPIES ARE SOON BATTERED INTO SUBMISSION.
WHEN I FINISH SERVING YOU, I'VE A LITTLE DISH FOR YOUR PHONEY CHIEF!
NOW SAY "UNCLE"!
UHH! I GIVE UP!
NOW, LET'S SEE WHO YOU ARE! OH-FRITZ VON BOCK! THE F.B.I HAS BEEN AFTER YOU FOR A LONG TIME!
SOON AFTER -- THE POLICE, SUMMONED BY THE REAL DOCTOR NOON, ENTER
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MR HALL?
I'M FINE, BUT THOSE NAZIS AREN'T- THANKS TO THE ANGEL!
AS DOCTOR NOON IS ABOUT TO REMOVE THE QUARANTINE, HE SEES --
THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
OT
R
HOUSE IS
ER QUARANTINE
FOR
SMALL POX
BY ORDER OF THE
COUNTY BOARD
OF HEALTH
THE ANGEL HAS A FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION FOR VICTORY: BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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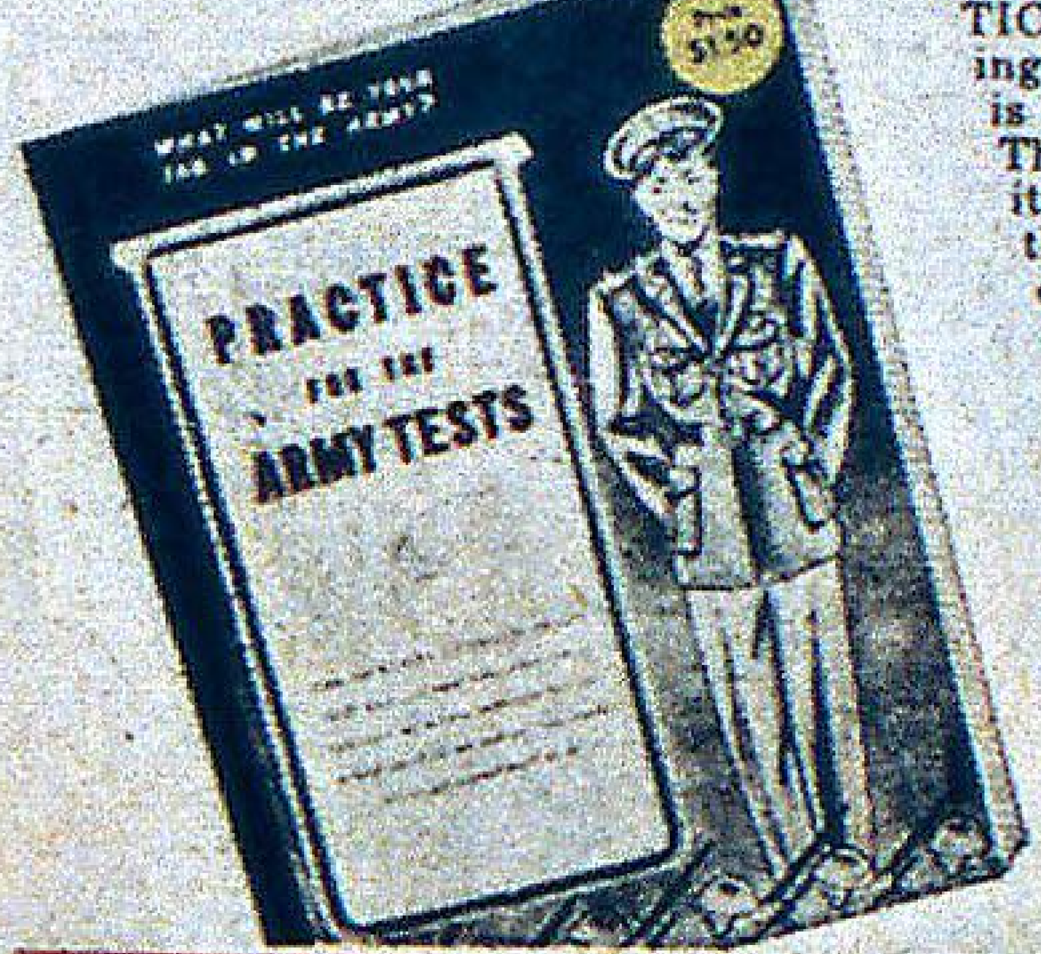
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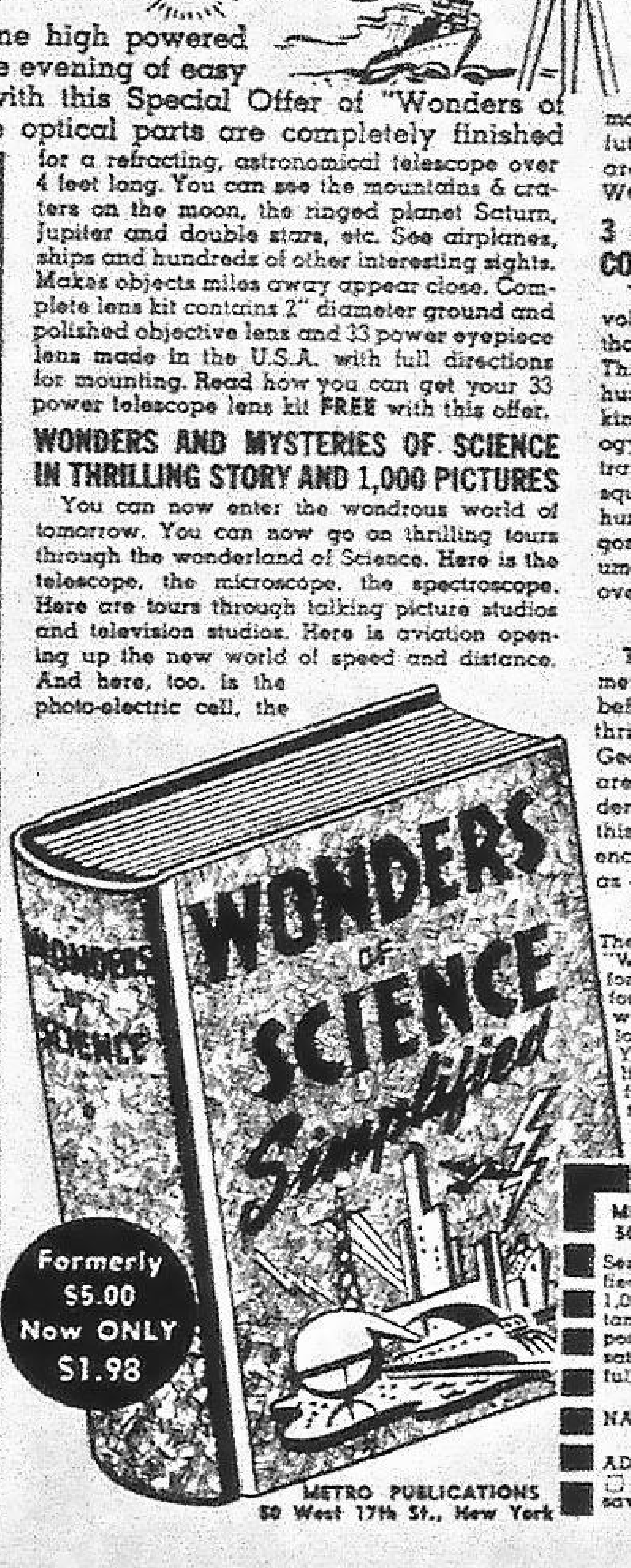

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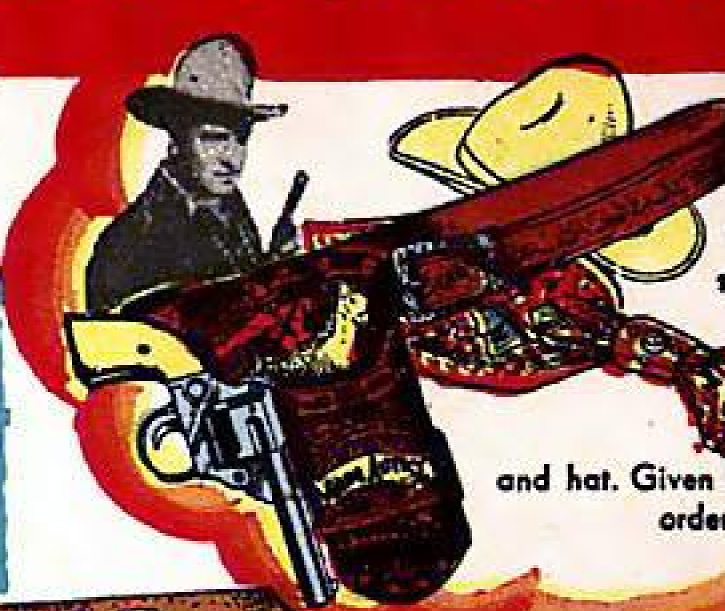

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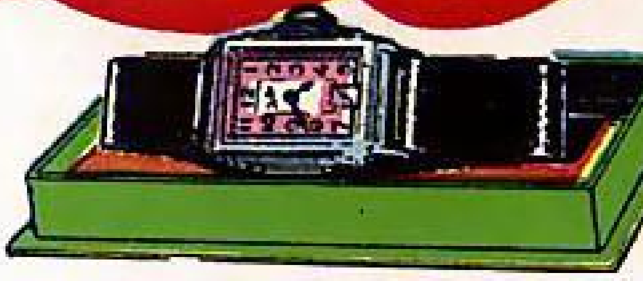

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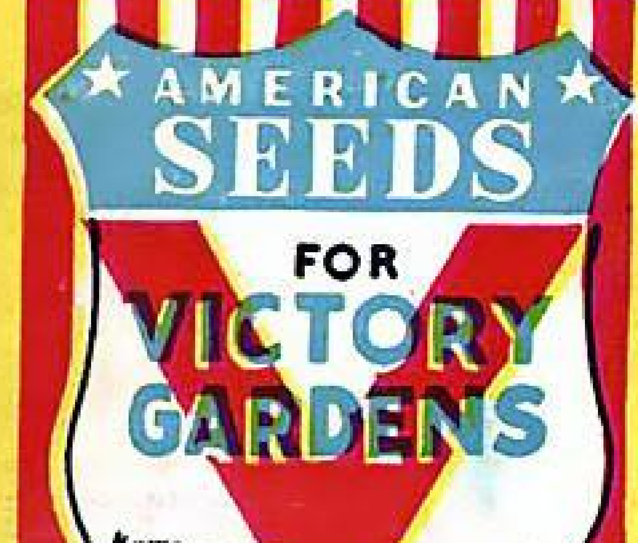

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